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ANGELINA.

Interpersed with the

HISTORIES

OF

Dona VITTORINA, Dom. MATHEO,

AND THE

Chevalier de RIVA FRANCA.

Translated from the **FRENCH.**



L O N D O N :

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MDCCLIII.

ANGELINA

Illustrated with the

HISTORIES

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MUSEUM



ANGELINA.



THE Campaign of 1745, in *Italy*, had been favourable to the united Armies of *France* and *Spain* : the *Austrians*, after their Defeat on the Banks of the *Tanaro*, too weak to hinder the Taking of *Valencia*, *Casal*, and *Arcy*, had been obliged to retreat ; and nothing now opposed the *Spaniards* in their March to *Milan*. The *Austrians*, however, still continued in Possession of the Castle, and were determined on a resolute Defence. The Infant Don *Philip*, justly accounting the Siege of that important Place absolutely necessary, the Success of which would crown all his other Victories, caused

Preparations to be made for attacking the Castle, and came himself in Person to inspire the Soldiers with Resolution. The *French* General, having disposed of his Troops in their Winter-Quarters, repaired immediately to *Milan*, accompanied by several Officers of his Nation.

Among these was the Chevalier *d'Arcy*, a Captain of Horse, who, besides the Advantage of a noble Birth, was possessed of every personal Accomplishment. He had improved the natural Delicacy of his Genius by Books and Travel. His Courage gained him the Esteem of his Troops, and the beautiful Variety of his Conversation, and the Politeness of his Behaviour, acquired him the Friendship of the noblest Persons in the Countries through which he had travelled.

It was rather a Desire of seeing the Capital of the *Milaneſe*, and converſing with its Inhabitants, than any Diversions of the Carnival, which had induced him to ask the Marshal's Leave to attend him to that City. Several Gentlemen of *Casal* had given him Letters of Recommendation, being glad to pro-

procure their Friends so valuable an Acquaintance.

He found *Milan* full of Rejoicing on Account of the Presence of the *Infant*. Never was any Court more brilliant than his. The Nobility, ravished with the unexpected Mildness and Clemency of the Conqueror, crowded to pay him the Homage he so justly merited. The Ladies, desirous of contributing to his Pleasure, were continually giving splendid Entertainments. These Pleasures were also diversified by an Opera, for which no Expence had been spared, to render it agreeable.

Milan, at that Time, afforded a very extraordinary Sight. Chariots decorated in the most superb Manner, filled with different Parties in Masks, drove about the Streets, amidst Waggon and Trains of Artillery, escorted by *Spanish* Soldiers. The Shops were crowded, and the Windows filled with Women of most exquisite Beauty, which was still heightened by the Richness of their Dresses. Such was the Appearance of the Capital of the *Milanese*, when the Chevalier *d'Arcy* arrived there; so that it was

with great Difficulty he reached the Lodgings prepared for him, where he remained all that Day, to avoid the Throng and Confusion which filled the whole City.

The next Day he was presented to his Royal Highness, and attended him to the Opera. This Entertainment was new to him, and he being a perfect Master of the *Italian* Language, and a very good Judge of Music, was extremely delighted with it for some Days. The rest of his Time was spent in Balls and Assemblies.

But the Chevalier *d'Arcy*, being naturally a Lover of Quietness, soon grew tired of these noisy Diversions, where Men perpetually wear a Disguise. Select private Companies, where Candour and Decency reign, were more suited to his Taste. In Order to obtain this Pleasure, he looked over his Letters of Recommendation; the First he took up was directed to Count *Antonio Braviny*, Cousin to the Marchioness *de —*, of *Casal*. *D'Arcy* was not prepossessed in Favour of any particular House; all that had been told him, when he received the Letters was, that he

he might depend upon a becoming Reception.

With this Expectation he went, and delivered his Letter to Count *Braviny*, who read it very attentively; and, looking upon the Chevalier, said to him, ‘Sir, your Countenance, indeed, confirms the Commendations of my Friends; but the best Assurance of it will be in the Honour of seeing you often; therefore, for the future, I beg you would look upon this House as your own. Every Evening, about Fourteen of both Sexes do me the Honour of their Company, and I will introduce you to our little Assembly. Let it be one o’Clock in the Morning before you visit us, that I may have Time to acquaint our small Company of your Coming, as possibly they might not take it kindly, for me to bring, abruptly, a *French* Officer among them. Pardon me, Sir, added the Count, this seeming Impoliteness; the French are witty and agreeable, no Nation equals them in Politeness, but they are sometimes a little forward, and an Adventure of one of our Ladies, in the late War, has put us upon our Guard. However, my

Cousin's Opinion of you, your Birth and Politeness, give me an intire Confidence, and I hope I shall bring all the Members of our Society to have the same good Opinion of you.'

D'Arcy only smiled, and heartily thanked the *Milanese* for his Freedom, assuring him, that a Concern for his own Pleasure would not permit him to fail of coming at the Time appointed; and was going to take his Leave, when Count *Braviny*, stopping him, said, 'It is now almost Dinner-time, and, as you are here, I will introduce you to my Wife and Children. You must see my Family, it will be some Amusement to you; I have only two Daughters, the eldest of which is promised to a Gentleman of *Cremona*, and is soon to be married; the youngest is the handsomest, and the most sprightly. Perhaps, Sir, you may have heard that we *Italians* are prodigiously jealous, but you need not fear any *Stiletto* in this House. Come, we will visit the Ladies in their Apartment. The Letter says that you speak our Language very fluently, but, with us, you

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you may use your own, which will be more agreeable.'

The Chevalier was amazed at such Language. This, said he to himself, is the very Height of Freedom. What do our Writers of Travels mean, by representing these *Italians* as treacherous, reserved, and unfociable? Whilst he was acknowledging the Count's affectionate Reception, in the strongest Terms, which was confirmed by the Glow of his Countenance, they came to the Door of the Countess's Apartment, just as she was coming from her Toilet. 'Madam, said her Husband, this is the Chevalier *d'Ar-ry*, a Captain of Horse in the Army of the King of *France*. The Marchioness *de* — has favoured me with a Letter, in which she declares, she cannot do us a greater Kindness than by recommending this Gentleman, and does not doubt, but she shall soon have our Thanks. Let us therefore do all in our Power to entertain him. I promise myself that nothing will be wanting in you, nor in my Daughters. Where are they? Let them be called.'

The Countess received the Chevalier, with that modest, or rather reserved Air, which is generally at first assumed by the *Italian* Ladies; but she softened it with a Compliment so courteous and polite, that *d'Arcy* was no less pleased with it, than with the Frankness of the Count.

Madam *de Braviny* was in her Thirty-eighth Year; her Complexion, without the Help of Art, still fresh and lovely. The Beauty of her Eyes was heightened by a sprightly Agreeableness, capable of inspiring warmer Sentiments than those of Respect and Esteem.

After about Half an Hour's Conversation, in which the Countess seconded her Husband's Welcome to the Chevalier, the young Ladies entered the Room. The Count, still the same, took the eldest by the Hand, saying to the Chevalier, This is *Leonora*, she does not want Beauty, but is a little lazy; however, she is a good Girl, she loves us tenderly, nor is it lost, for we have provided her a Husband, with whom she is highly pleased. He is a Gentleman of *Cremona*, and so fond of us, that he intends shortly

shortly to remove hither, in Order to be near us. We shall soon have him, and in the mean Time I am his Agent. I do not, indeed, pretend to be an *Argos*; yet let me desire you, Chevalier, not to traverse our Schemes, for such as you are dangerous Persons.

The Count, still in his jocular Strain, led the Chevalier towards the youngest: This, continued he, is my little *Angelina*. Some are pleased to say, that she is almost a perfect Beauty; whatever Mischief she may have done among Mankind, she herself has suffered none; at least she tells me so.

The Chevalier, perceiving that this Facticiousness of the Count put the young Ladies to the Blush, gave a Turn to the Conversation, and spoke to them with all the Gallantry of *French* Politeness.

But *Angelina's* Beauty had already reached his Heart, and he felt Emotions in his Breast, to which he had, till then, been a Stranger.

Angelina, indeed, was one of the greatest Beauties of *Milan*; taller than her eldest Sister, and her Complexion and Shape both

finer. Her Eyes were, as yet, unmeaning, but seemed to wait only the Orders of her Heart for the strongest Expression. Her Hands seemed formed by Love himself to extend his Empire, and hold all Hearts in Chains.

At such an Assemblage of Charms the Chevalier had Occasion for all his Address, to conceal the Agitations of his Heart.

Upon Notice that Dinner was served up, *d'Arcy* offered his Hand to the Countess, and was seated next to her at Table. A Priest, who seemed to be no Stranger, was one of the Company, to whom the Chevalier behaved in the most respectful Manner, very different from most young *Frenchmen*, who are too apt to ridicule and insult Ecclesiastics; though, among the *Italians*, they are a Kind of Stewards, who are not only admitted to Table, but are also generally the Confidants of the Master of the Family.

D'Arcy was not unacquainted with the Raillery of the *French* Officers on these Church Domestics, who, according to them, being only the Spies of jealous Husbands,
were

were unworthy of any Regard from Gentlemen. He, however, thought it most prudent to act on different Principles; and we shall see, in the Sequel, that he was not mistaken.

Don *Matteo*, which was the Name of the Priest, was just turned of forty; he had a greater Share of Learning, Wisdom, and Politeness, than most of his Class: He was, indeed, a Steward to the Count, but particularly esteemed both by his Lord and Lady as their Counsellor and Friend. His Humanity endeared him to the Domestics; in short, he was beloved and respected by the whole Family. As to the Behaviour of the Countess and her Daughters, he never concerned himself with it. In fine, he was a Phoenix, both as an Ecclesiastic and Steward.

The Count's jocular Temper gave a better Relish to the Chevalier's Dinner, which had nothing of the reserved Appearance of a first Visit.

Their Talk of the War was accompanied with Wishes for a Peace: And, in that Part of the Conversation which turned upon

Love, *d'Arcy* delivered his Sentiments with a Discretion and Modesty so different from the Ideas the Countess and her Daughters had formed of the *French* Officers, that they conceived a particular Esteem for him.

Sir, said *Madam de Braviny*, your Language declares you the Man of Virtue and Prudence : Yet I am inclined to think, that more than once you must have felt the Power of Love ; and, from your Appearance, I guess you have had no great Reason to complain.

Madam, replied *d'Arcy*, at thirty Years of Age it is natural to think I should often have experienced the Power of Beauty ; but I must freely confess, that, until this very Day, I have been a Stranger to its Influence.

I had no sooner finished my Exercises at the Academy, than my Father purchased me a Troop of Horse ; in which Station I served all the last War in *Germany*. At the Conclusion of the Peace I returned Home, where my Brother, having married a young Lady, formed to make him happy by her Beauty, Temper, and Accomplishments, I was so charmed with their Company,

pany, that, for two Years, I never left his House, but to go to my Quarters, where my Duty and Reading engrossed my whole Attention. History, which was my favourite Study, excited a Desire of Travelling; and, upon the Death of my Father, and that of an Aunt, who left me an Estate of 20000 Livres a Year, I was determined to gratify my Inclination. Accordingly I went to *Paris*, where I staid no longer than was necessary to pay my Court and obtain my Passports, and embarked for *England*. After making a Tour of that Kingdom, I returned through *Holland*, and Part of *Germany*: But I made so short a Stay in the several Places I visited, that I had no Time to contract Acquaintance; nor did I much frequent the public Places of Resort. So that, in 1740, I sat down in my Brother's House as free as I had left it.

A few Months, however, put a Period to my Stay with that worthy Family. My Regiment, indeed, did not make Part of those different Detachments which marched into *Germany* in 1741 and 1742. However, Care was taken to employ us, and we were soon

soon after sent into *Flanders*, where we had our Share of the War. But, upon the King's Resolution of succouring Don *Philip*, the Regiment was ordered into *Provence*, which was the more agreeable to me, as I had never seen *Italy*; and my Father, who, in his Youth, had been a great Traveller, used to tell me, that, if ever I left *France* to visit foreign Countries, the first ought to be *Italy*, the finest Part of *Europe*. My Duty and Affection for my Family, and my Fondness for Study and Travel, have hitherto employed my Life. The Legacy of my Aunt, added to my own Fortune, and the Produce of my Troop, placed me above the Rank of the younger Branches of a Family. My Brother, who has only one Son, is very urgent with me to marry; but I think the present War will not admit of my taking this Step. Not that I have any Aversion to Marriage: It is no more than doing Justice to the Ladies; and I sincerely believe, that the best Method of procuring Happiness, to a Person of my Way of Thinking, is by Marrying: And I only wait for Peace to try who will accept of me.

This,

This, Madam, added the Chevalier, is the real History of your humble Servant.

You see that Love has had no Share; your Praises are more than my Discretion deserves, not being in a Capacity of following my Inclinations.

The Countess and *Leonora* paid the Chevalier a great many Compliments on his being still in a State of Freedom, and his Prudence in having Regard to Times and Circumstances; and thanked him for the good Opinion he entertained of their Sex. When *Angelina* came to speak, she intimated, with an Air of Gaiety and Raillery, that possibly the Chevalier had given Things the best Appearance, and had not declared all. *D'Arcy*, to whom any Suspicions from *Angelina* must give Uneasiness, protested that he had told the whole Truth. As for the Count, the Chevalier had so ingratiated himself into his Favour, that he declared he believed every Word he said was true.

They rose from Table, and continued the Conversation, retiring into a very magnificent Saloon, which fronted a large and beautiful Garden. If *d'Arcy* applauded the
Elegancy

Elegancy and Richness of every Thing belonging to the Count, he always intermixed, with his Praises, Compliments to the Ladies in general; but introduced them with so much Delicacy and Art that they could not fail of admiring him.

Angelina now began to feel the Effects of the Chevalier's Accomplishments, and, at the same Time, the first Motions of a Passion she had ever dreaded. However, overcome with that languid Sweetness which Love, at the first Foundation of its Empire, diffuses into a Heart, she attentively listened to every Word of the *French Officer*; and it was with a secret Reluctance she complied with her Sister's Intimation to withdraw to their Apartment, as she did not know the Chevalier was to visit them that very Night, *Monsieur de Braviny* not having told them his Design of introducing him to the Assembly. He, indeed, thought it best to open the Matter first to his Lady, and prevail upon her to act in Concert with him, that no Objection might be made to his Admittance.

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When the young Ladies were withdrawn, the Count acquainted his Lady that he greatly admired Monsieur *d'Arcy*; but that it was necessary to gain the Approbation of their Acquaintance. Adding, that he expected to meet with a strong Opposition from the Countess *Ambrosio* and her Husband; but flattered himself the Marchioness's Letter, and their own Commendations of the Chevalier, would prevail upon them to admit a *French* Officer into their Party. I must not conceal from you, Sir, said Monsieur *Braviny* to the Chevalier, the Reason for my Apprehensions, with Regard to this Lady.

During the Winter 1733, and some following Years, our City was crouded with *French* Officers of all Ranks and Ages; they were received with the greatest Politeness in many Families, we having a natural Esteem for the *French*. They are, indeed, the particular Favourites of the Ladies; their Vivacity, Gaiety, and Politeness, are irresistible Qualities with the fair Sex. And, in my Opinion, a *Frenchman*, who tempers these Qualities with a little Reserve and Discretion,

cretion, is a very agreeable Member of Society ; and, in all Countries, cannot fail of gaining the Favour of those whose Esteem is worth his Notice. Some, I dare say, are of this happy Character ; but, during the last War, it was our Misfortune to have great Numbers here who seemed to imagine that a white Cockade was a Privilege for living at Discretion. As to their Success in their Amours, it is not at present the Question ; but it were to be wished, that, after they had obtained Favours, they had not made it a Point of Honour to divulge them ; and, what is still worse, to aggravate this Infamy by insulting the Husbands, who, indeed, suffered many Things with more Resignation than, I am satisfied, the *French* would have done.

Monfieur *de Follanville*, Lieutenant in the Regiment of —, was one of these Heroes, whose boisterous Diversions, and lawless Attempts, excited the Attention of the Government, and the Apprehensions of the Husbands. He happened, at a Ball, to cast his Eyes on the Countess *Ambrosio*, whom we commonly call *Dona Vittorina*. She could

could not but appear beautiful, being acknowledged so by even those of her own Sex, and especially being then only in her seventeenth Year, and but two Months married to the Count *Ambrosio*. *Follanville* approached this young Lady with that volatile Air of Confidence, which, in your Nation, is generally the Concomitant of Youth and Self-love. Having displayed his Wit for some Time in Panegyrics on the Lady's Beauty, he made her a formal Declaration of Love, which he seconded with Protestations, Oaths, and Intreaties, to visit her at her House.

Dona Vittorina does not want Wit, but, having then little Knowledge of the World, she did not interrupt *Follanville*, and, perhaps, gave Credit to every Thing he said. She even consented he should come to her House the very next Day. The Assembly, where this Scene was acted, being full of Officers of *Follanville*'s Acquaintance, this rash young Man, on obtaining *Dona Vittorina*'s Leave to visit her, thought himself sure of his Conquest, and immediately acquainted his Acquaintance of it, adding the most

most indecent Raillery and Triumph. Count *Ambrosio*, being accidentally in the Anti-chamber, overheard the disagreeable Talk of these Debauchees. He immediately returned to his Lady, telling her, with a mild Concern, that her Complaisance should not have carried her so far as to give Occasion to Reports so injurious to her Character. The young Countess was thunder-struck at what her Husband told her; the Horror of her Mind was visible in her Countenance, and her Lord was endeavouring to pacify her, when *Pollanville* made his second Approach, in Order, as he told his Brother Officers, 'To bring the Romance to a speedy Conclusion.' He was amazed to find his imagined Conquest altered to a Woman, whose Coldness and Disregard little suited his Intentions; but imagined the Mask who stood close by her to be some *Italian* Rival, whose Presence was a Check upon the Lady; his Wit supplied him with no better Expedient, than impudently to bid the Count retire, that being his Place. Sir, answered the young Countess, this Gentleman is my Husband; but since, you say, he is in your Place,

Place,

Place, it is proper you should have it again; and, taking the Count by the Arm, rose up to go into another Apartment. *Follanville* followed the Lady, and, stimulated by disappointed Pride, threatened the Husband, and abused the Countess; so that the poor Lady soon found herself surrounded by young Officers, who encouraged *Follanville*, and were rather more impertinent than himself. Some *Milanese* Gentlemen, not caring to enter upon a violent Decision of an Affair, in which they would probably have had the worst of it, hastened to a *French* General Officer, who, expressing a great Concern at the Rudeness of his Countrymen, immediately came to the Assembly, and put an End to the Disorder. By this Time all the other Ladies had quitted the Place, and, instead of the Agreeableness of a Ball, there was nothing but Complaints, Oaths, and Confusion. *Dona Vittorina* and her Husband prudently waited till Day-light, that they might not be molested in their Way Home, the *French* Officers being extremely piqued at such an unexpected Disappointment. The Fright of this Adventure threw
the

the young Lady into a Fever, which had almost cost her her Life ; and it was nearly a Twelvemonth before the Physicians, notwithstanding her Youth and good Constitution, could restore her to her former Health. The Reprimand of the General was lost on *Follanville*, for, getting Information of *Dona Vittorina's* House, and not seeing her appear in Public, he endeavoured to gain Admittance. Accordingly, one Night, by the Assistance of such unthinking Youths as himself, he got over the Garden-wall, and was conveying himself into the Apartments, when Count *Ambrosio*, whom an agreeable Author had kept up later than usual, hearing a Noise, called his Servants, who took the *French* Officer : But the Count, notwithstanding his Crime, only ordered him to be led out of the House. I myself was commissioned to wait on the *French* General with Complaints on this Proceeding. Monsieur *Follanville* was immediately ordered to his Regiment, but did not stay long there ; his Gaming and other Extravagances reduced him to such Extremities, that he was soon obliged to repass the *Alps*.

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Had Count *Ambrosio* been that jealous Man as, in *France*, the *Italians* are supposed to be, this Affair would have terminated in a very different Manner, both with Regard to the Officer, and the innocent *Donna Vittorina*; but *Ambrosio* was so far from giving his Lady any Uneasiness, that he attended her during her Illness: and, indeed, it is thought that his Affection did not a little help to hasten her Recovery. If he complained to the *French* General, the Safety of his Family, his own Quiet, and the public Tranquillity, were sufficient Motives. However, since that Time, he has carefully avoided all Acquaintance with *Frenchmen*. And, if the young Countess happens to be at an Assembly where any of that Nation are invited, it checks her natural Chearfulness.

I believe, Sir, answered the Chevalier, that neither your good Sense, nor your Opinion of the *French* Nation, will allow you to condemn it in general, from the Instance of one impudent Person, destitute of Principles and Education, and possibly no Gentleman. Such a Fellow as this *Follanville* would not, in *France*, be allowed Access to
any

any House of Character ; but the Countess, by her easy Belief, countenanced, in some Measure, his Impertinence. I promise myself that, if I have the Happiness of being admitted into your Society, the Countess *Ambrosio* will be forced to confess that all *Frenchmen* are not the same. Our Case, indeed, would be very deplorable, did our Reputation depend on such illiterate Youths, whose Conversation has been confined to their Relations and Masters. Very true, replied the Count, and I have already intimated that I am very far from imputing the Sallies of a few unpolished Individuals to so polite a Nation as the *French*. Yet my Esteem for that Nation obliges me to wish that a more cautious and decent Behaviour was practised, even by the most polished *Frenchmen*, when they are among Strangers, especially when their Presence is owing to War and Victory.

The Chevalier, being now desirous of amusing himself with a solitary Walk, took his Leave, assuring the Count and Countess that he would not fail to return at the Time appointed.

D'Arcy

D'Arcy left the House of Count *Braviny* elated with Joy, and determined to neglect no Part of Behaviour to confirm the favourable Sentiments entertained of him by the Count and his Family. The Beauty of *Angelina*, and the Motions of his Heart, at every Look and Word from her, would not permit him to entertain a Doubt of his new Passion; the violent Increase of which must be the natural Consequence of the daily Sight of the Object from whence it sprung.

But an Affair of Love seemed little to suit him, in a Country where he foresaw that the Service would not permit him to make any long Stay.

The Court of *Vienna*, having secured its *German* Dominions by a Peace with the King of *Prussia*, sent Re-inforcements into *Italy*. The *Spaniards* carried on the Siege of the Castle of *Milan*, with a Slowness which indicated no Good. These Reflections blended themselves with the first Symptoms of his Passion for *Angelina*, and gave the Chevalier great Uneasiness, lest he should be obliged to leave *Milan* sooner than he expect-

ed : ' Wretched Passion, cried he, thy Pains tread on the Heels of thy Pleasures ! I am hardly acquainted with thee, yet I feel all thy Tortures !'

Full of these dejecting Reflections, he went to the Infant's Court ; every Thing was still the same there. Opera's and Diversions engrossed the Conversation, and he did not hear a Word from any of the *French* Officers, which might give him Room to apprehend a speedy Departure. This gave some Quiet to his Mind, so that he found himself in that serene Temper, requisite for the Pleasures he expected the approaching Night at the Count's Assembly. The remaining Part of the Day, which he hoped to conclude with so much Satisfaction, he spent in his military Duty.

Count *Braviny* and his Lady were concerting Means for bringing their Assembly to consent to the Admission of a *French* Officer. The Count was very easy with Regard to all the Members, except *Dona Vittorina*.

The Countess, on the contrary, was of Opinion, that this Lady would not be the only Opposer, and that there was another
Diffi-

Difficulty, still more hard to be conquered ; for, added she, how will this Stranger bear the Affronts, which, I make no Doubt your Sister *Dona Smorfiona* will be constantly putting upon him ?

I am, indeed, forced to confess, that I do not know a more ill-natured Woman. She is desirous of governing every Thing here, with Regard to your Daughters, and directing them in their Marriages ; this is monstrously wrong. Then she hates me, is continually contriving Means to set us at Variance, and, because she cannot succeed in her wicked Designs, she is determined to oppose me in every Thing. What induces her to come hither every Night ? It is not only your Behaviour, mine, and that of your Daughters, for which she so imperiously talks to us ; but, even at the Assembly, she either sits silent and frowning, or uses some rude Expressions to our Friends. I was to blame in not warning the Chevalier of it. Then she cannot bear the Sight of a *Frenchman*, and is continually exclaiming against that Nation. I wonder what it has done to her ! Did not she say some Time ago, that

she would make no Difficulty of murdering the last of that cursed Race, if she had it in her Power. She will certainly raise some Disturbance ; I expect nothing less. I own, answered the Count, that my Sister deserves all you have said ; but you know, for the Sake of our Children, we must not affront her. I will make Monsieur *d'Arcy* acquainted with her Character, and I hope he will not regard any Thing this indiscreet Woman may say.

The Count and Countess *Ambrosia* were the first who came to the Assembly. Madam *de Braviny* interceded with them for the Admission of the Chevalier *d'Arcy*, which the Count immediately seconded by reading the Letter from *Casal*, and giving his own Opinion of the Person, upon which they both acquiesced ; and *Dona Vittorina* farther promised, that this Officer should have no Reason to suspect the settled Prejudice she had too much Reason to entertain against the French.

The Count expressed his Satisfaction in the most agreeable Manner ; he kissed *Dona Vittorina's* Hand, and affectionately embraced

braced her Husband ; this, said he, is kind indeed, for, I must own, I have conceived a great Opinion of this *Frenchman*, and will forfeit my Life, if he is not as honourable and friendly a Gentleman as lives upon Earth ; you shall see him ; ask my Lady : Truth should be told. We are over-run with the *English* and *Germans*, who are, indeed, a good Sort of People enough ; but when a *Frenchman* possesses certain Qualities, which I think I discern in Monsieur *d'Arcy*, all other Nations must submit. Sir, said the Countess to him, do you know what you say ; suppose I should be so extremely taken with Monsieur *d'Arcy* ? If you are, replied the Count, it will only shew your good Taste, and be no Prejudice to me. I am satisfied of your Affection, and can trust your Virtue. Use your own Discretion with the Chevalier, I shall not interrupt you ; but, the kinder you use him, the more agreeable it will be to me.

During this Conversation, more of the Members of the Assembly came in, and, being informed of the Chevalier's Character, they all readily consented to his Admittance,

and seemed pleased with the Addition of such a Gentleman to their Society. The two Sisters were not a little delighted, when they came into the Room, to hear the *French* Officer was expected. *Leonora* wished for the Return of her Lover *Fiorini*, that he might contract a Friendship with the Chevalier *d'Arcy*; and *Angelina* felt an unusual Fluttering in her Breast.

Word was now brought in, that *Dona Smorfiona* was coming. It had not been thought necessary to wait her Consent for admitting the *French* Officer. This Slight put her out of Humour; but, being an Adept in Dissimulation, her Answer was, that she should be very glad to see this Stranger. Her Eyes, however, sparkled with Envy, and seemed to meditate Revenge. These cloudy Physiognomies are the Bane of Society. Such Dispositions never seem pleased with any Thing that is polite and agreeable, unless it be to do more Mischief.

Soon after the Servant brought Word, that a *French* Officer was entering the Apartment. Monsieur *de Braviny* immediately went to meet him. My dear *d'Arcy*, said he,

he, all the Voices are on your Side ; we are all glad to have you for a Member. *D'Arcy's* agreeable Person, and his polite Manner of coming into the Assembly-Room, prepossessioned the whole Company in his Favour. The Ladies, being desirous of his Conversation, deferred Sitting down to play. The Company became sprightly, and *d'Arcy*, animated by the Presence of *Angelina*, soon confirmed the Commendations given of him by the Count. To the Ladies Praises, without any Vanity of Confidence, he made the most agreeable Answers, looking constantly on the Eyes of *Angelina*, for those Approbations which he most valued. Their Eyes met each other, and *d'Arcy*, at that Instant, had Reason to promise himself a favourable Acceptance of his Addresses. This was, however, unperceived by the Company, who were busy in forming Parties ; but the suspicious Aunt saw through the whole Mystery, and, not willing to lose a Minute in gratifying her Revenge, took the Count *de Braviny* aside : Brother, said she, that fine Gentleman of yours, unless you prevent his Career, will turn your young-

est Daughter's Head. Bless me, replied the Count, how does this concern you? Leave that to me. *Angelina* would be too happy in pleasing Monsieur *d'Arcy*, and nothing could give me greater Pleasure; with Regard to *Angelina's* Prudence and his Honour, I will answer for both, that nothing amiss shall happen; so, dear Sister, be easy, when once you know Monsieur *d'Arcy*, you will be in no Pain for your Niece.

During this Conversation, the Chevalier was entertaining the Ladies, by answering their Questions with Regard to the Fashions at *Paris*, the Customs and Amusements of that gay City. But, tho' he shewed himself very well acquainted with every Thing, he declined giving that Preference to the Capital of *France*, which the *French* in general never fail of making Part of their Relation; though, among Foreigners, this must naturally produce more Envy than Pleasure.

The Count *de Braviny* and his Sister returned to the Company, where Monsieur *d'Arcy* played at Quadrille with Madam *de Braviny* and two other Ladies. The Aunt
re-

refused to play, and left the Company soon after the Parties were set.

She was no sooner gone, than one of the Company, addressing himself to Count *de Braviny*, said, I am greatly mistaken if the Chevalier has had the good Fortune to please your Sister. I really myself am of your Opinion, replied *d'Arcy*; but another Time I'll endeavour to inspire her with better Thoughts; as she is the Count's Sister, it is my Duty to spare no Pains to attain so great a Happiness. Sir, interrupted the Countess, give me Leave to tell you, that all your Address will not be able to perform what you intend; and therefore, if you will take my Advice, do not attempt it: It is very plain the Sight of you offends her, and, would Monsieur *de Braviny* tell you the whole Truth, he could give you a Specimen of her good Intentions for you. Pshaw! answered the Count, it is of no manner of Consequence, with Regard to my Sister's Love or Hatred, Chevalier, I would not have you regard it in the least; she is not to direct us.

The Parties being over, all the Company agreed to visit the Opera next Day, which was to be performed by the Infant's Order.

The Chevalier staid the last of the Company to take his Leave of the Count and Countess. Had I a good Supper to give you, said the Count, you should not leave me so soon; but, in my Family, we have only a light Collation; and this, indeed, is the general Custom in *Italy*. I have also, answered the Chevalier, for some Time used this Regimen, and always found it best. What, replied the Count, are you no Supper-Man! You are certainly in the Right, you shall then drink a Glass or two with us, and we will do all in our Power to divert you. Come, continued he, speaking to his Daughters, give us that fine Song you sung the other Day.

Leonora accordingly sat down to her Spinet, and *Angelina* sung; but how was the Chevalier charmed when he heard her Voice! No Opera for me, cried he, after such Harmony; the very Angels might listen to it with Pleasure! But lovely *Angelina*, continued he, drawing nearer to her, with such a Voice,

a Voice, Judgment, and Beauty, you must certainly mean nothing less than to captivate all Mankind. To this elevated Compliment she made no other Answer than by singing a *Venetian* Song; which she performed in so charming a Manner, that *d'Arcy* was scarce able to conceal his Raptures.

A little Music satisfied Monsieur *de Braviny*; so he calling, the Chevalier, desired him to sit nearer the Fire. I must, continued he, make you a little acquainted with the morose Temper of my Sister; I make no Question but you will be forced to feel it. However, let me beg of you not to be affronted at whatever she says. That would be wrong in the Chevalier, interrupted the Countess; for, in the first Place, she is an Enemy to your Nation in general. Since the Death of her Husband, she has captivated the Heart of a *German*, and pretends to love him, but uses him like a Slave, so that I wonder how *Trimquamberg* can endure it. There is no Mystery in that, answered the Count, she keeps the best of Tables and Wines. What if he meets with nothing but Sights and Insults, *Bacchus* is a so-

vereign Cordial for all Sorrows. Believe me, Chevalier, 'tis a mere Farce to hear their Conversation on the present State of Affairs. The *Cologne Gazette* is their Gospel, and the Source from whence they draw their profound Reasonings. I believe the Author of that Paper, replied the Chevalier, never tells the Truth on either Side. But, since *Dona Smorfiona* is both a Newsmonger and a Politician, I promise you I will yield to her in every Point. I am, indeed, a *Frenchman*, and a Well-wisher to my Country; I love and respect my King, and hope I serve him as becomes a Man of Honour. But, though I am convinced that our King has taken up Arms upon the justest Motives, yet I never begin any Dispute of that kind. When I speak of Princes in general, which, indeed, is very seldom, it is always with the Respect due to their Dignity; and, were my Sovereign's personal Character attacked in my Hearing, I should be very sorry, because I look upon myself as obliged to vindicate it, and private Quarrels are my Aversion: The less of
Politics

Politics the better, where the Company is not thoroughly known.

You are very right, replied the Count, keep in the same Way of thinking : now you know my Sister's Temper ; the rest I leave to your own Discretion.

Dona Smorfiona has above fifteen thousand Livres a Year, of this my Children cannot be deprived, it being intailed upon them ; but then she has at least one hundred thousand Crowns in Cash, and that is worth a little Patience. Now *Madam de Braviny* is not entirely of my Way of thinking. Yet—Not I, indeed, replied the Countess, let her do what she will with her hundred thousand Crowns, if she sets so great a Value upon them ; the Chevalier himself shall be Judge. We have almost fifteen thousand Livres a Year, and, in all Appearance, our Children will be well married : Why then should we bear with her Ill-nature and imperious Temper ? Why should we suffer her to controul us in our Affairs for such a Sum, which may not, perhaps, be so great as is imagined ; and may easily be squandered away by such a thoughtless Creature as your Sister ?

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The Chevalier, instead of deciding the Dispute, contented himself with indeterminate Compliments on the flourishing State of their Fortune.

Before you leave us, said the Count, I have one Favour to ask, which you must not deny; you know that To-morrow our Ladies intend to visit the Opera, and I think your Presence among them may be inconvenient, for this Reason: We are very glad of your Acquaintance, and you shall always find a hearty Welcome here; but we must be excused from receiving any more *French*. Now, if you attend the Ladies, it is reasonable to think your Acquaintance would ask you their Names, and, perhaps, would desire you to introduce them here. *Leónora's* Marriage being shortly to be performed, you must own that this Circumstance requires Precautions. Most certainly, replied the Chevalier, and, if you please, I will not even go to the Opera. No, no, interrupted the Countess, go there by all Means, only you are not to be in our Box. When the Opera is over, walk into the Palace-Yard, and get into my Coach; I will order my

my Servants to receive you, and we will bring you back hither to spend the Evening. *D'Arcy* promised to obey the Countess in every Thing, and, taking his Leave of this charming Family, returned to his Lodgings, having his Breast filled with Joy and Love.

His greatest Difficulty consisted in finding Means of acquainting *Angelina* with his Passion. He was no Stranger to the Language of the Eyes, and could read some happy Presages in those of the Lady. Nothing, indeed, could be more suitable than her Birth and Fortune; but to settle at *Milan* little suited his Inclination, and that *Angelina* and her Parents should consent to such a distant Removal was more than he could expect. If his Declaration should please the Lady, but meet with Opposition from the Parents, it would kindle the Flame of Discord in a happy Family. *D'Arcy* therefore resolved to adhere to the strictest Probity, and sound the Intentions of all the Family, before he made the young Lady any Declaration of his Passion.

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These Thoughts were interrupted by Sleep, and in the Morning his Valet de Chambre awaked him to let him know, that two Servants from Madam de Braviny waited below with a Present of Chocolate from that Lady. D'Arcy, remembering that the Evening before, the Countess seemed greatly pleased with a Snuff-box he had shewn, sent it her in Return. In it was an exquisite Piece of Painting in Miniature, representing *Cupid* shooting his Arrows against a Cuirass, several of which had pierced it through, and the Motto was:

Ancor che fosse fatta da Vulcano.

Though made by *Vulcan* himself.

This Piece of Gallantry was accompanied with a Present for Dom. Mattheo, and, according to the Custom of *Italy*, he did not forget a Gratuity to the Count's Domestics, by way of *Bona Mano*, as the Expression is.

Afterwards he went, according to his Custom, to pay his Duty to his General, and attended him to the Opera, where he saw the

the Countess and her Daughters, tho' he was cautious not to look upon them with any particular Attention; but in a Gallery he met Count *Braviny*, who said to him, with great Earnestness, in the *Italian* Language, Sir, if you know a *French* Officer named *d'Arcy*, inform him, that four Fellows are hired by Count *Braviny* to assassinate him, as he comes out of the Opera, for making a Present to his Wife, which she has accepted. You may, let Monsieur *de Braviny* know, answered the Chevalier, that, as the Lady has accepted the Present, it will be no Trouble to him to die. Well, but seriously, replied the Count, my Lady is a mere Child, and is so proud of that Toy you sent her, that she shews it to all the World, and adds, as an Addition, that it cost her an hundred Louis d'Ors in *Paris*. You are to expect no Thanks from me, till she has discharged the Debt. I take, however, your Present to Dom. *Mattheo* very kindly, and he does nothing all Day but talk of you and your Generosity. Adieu, Chevalier, do not fail us this Evening.

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The Conclusion of the Opera gave *d'Arcy* most Pleasure, and at the Door he found a Valet belonging to the Countess ready to shew him her Coach, where he had hardly seated himself before the Ladies appeared. Are not we *Italian Women* fine Creatures, said *Madam de Braviny*, not only to receive Presents from Gentlemen, but also to make Appointments with them? I was for sending back your Snuff box, as Things of that Consequence are not to be parted with, but I apprehended it might vex you; and I farther confess, that I was too much charmed with it to withstand the Temptation; but I shall not give you the Honour of it, for what would the World say? It is enough that the Count knows of it. *D'Arcy* assured her, that nothing could have given him a greater Concern than her Refusal; that it was a Woman's Snuff-box, which had fallen into his Hands accidentally; but to his great Happiness, as it gave him an Opportunity of shewing his Respect for her.

The Countess seemed more affected than surprised at the Chevalier's polite Answer. She also did not forget his Regard for
Dom.

Dom. *Matteo*. You cannot think, said she, how kindly I take your Present to our worthy Ecclesiastic. He is my Husband's, sincere Friend and best Counsellor. You see the Harmony and Tranquillity among all the Branches of our Family; we owe, in a great Measure to him so extraordinary a Happiness. The Conversation then turned on the Beauty of the Opera, and the amiable Qualities of the Infant.

D'Arcy took an Opportunity of telling *Angelina*, she had been so attentive to the Opera, that he never could meet her Eyes. You are mistaken, Sir, answered she, briskly; I could repeat every Part of your Behaviour in the Government's Box; and I observed to my Sister, that the *French* are continually passing from one Lady to another; which, probably, was the Foundation for their being accounted careless and fickle. I am, however, myself, of a different Opinion; for, in Public, I abominate the eternal Duo's between the same Persons, which always declare what should be concealed. This Conversation was interrupted by a Valet, who brought Monsieur *d'Arcy* a large
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Packet of Letters; upon which he desired Leave to withdraw. And, returning soon after, he informed the Count, that the Packet came from his Brother; informing him, that an Uncle of their's, at *St. Domingo*, died in that Island about six Months ago, with Grief, for the Loss of an only Son: And that this affectionate Uncle had made his Brother and he sole Legatees. That his Fortune consisted of two Plantations, worth above Two Millions four Hundred Thousand Livres, besides an Hundred Thousand Crowns Worth of Sugars in his Warehouses: So that he should get Ninety Thousand Livres a Year, besides a considerable Quantity of Cash. My Brother, continued he, has made Use of this sudden Turn of Fortune, strongly to renew his Instances for my quitting the Service and marrying; but I am determined to see a Peace before I leave my Post. As to Marrying, it is Time enough to think of that. One Thing is certain, added he, turning towards the Ladies, that is, my Riches, very probably, will not forward me in what I desire. Brave News, indeed, said the Count, embracing him. A younger
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Brother, with Ninety Thousand Livres a Year! You will have Offers from all Parts! That is not unlikely, Sir, answered the Chevalier; but at present I am not disposed to accept of any.

Monsieur d'Arcy, said *Angelina* to the Count, will now doubtless go to *Paris*, that he may find a Lady equal to his Fortune. That, at present, is far from my Thoughts, replied the Chevalier. Peace and Retirement are the Objects I admire. I am no Friend to the Diversions of the Court, and averse to all Intrigue. I shall take Care not to marry beneath myself; but the Daughter of an honest Gentleman, with a moderate Fortune, whose Temper is agreeable to mine, and who has sincerely that Esteem and Affection for me, which are now so hard to be found, I would, without any Hesitation, prefer to the greatest Fortune of *Paris*, who would, very probably, lead me an uneasy Life.

Angelina had received from the Chevalier Compliments of more Force, and more distinguished Marks of Respect than the others; and, though her Mother did not want Beauty,

ty, yet the Chevalier's Endeavours to ingratiate himself in her Favour seemed to have a double Tendency. But, as yet, he had not said any Thing expressly, which Silence she wondered at, in a Man to whom she had Reason to think she was not indifferent, and whose Love daily became more valuable to her. However, whilst this Addition to his Fortune was the Subject of the Conversation, she was pleasing herself with having discovered *d'Arcy's* Opinion of the *Paris Ladies*. As Love is always attended with Sollicitude, she apprehended he might have a secret Passion for some young Lady in his Province. To satisfy herself in this Respect, leaning towards her Sister, she said, loud enough to be over-heard, you will find, that the Chevalier has some Country Amour, to which he will generously sacrifice the advantageous Offers he may expect from his Fortune.

Give me Leave, Mademoiselle, to assure you, answered the Chevalier, that all I said Yesterday, on my State of Freedom, was then strictly true; but I wish, added he, that Love does not make me dearly pay for the Tranquillity he allowed me, through all
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the Countries I have travelled, as well as in my own. *Angelina*, thinking she had discovered enough for one Evening, withdrew with her Sister, in order to indulge her Reflections. But *Leonora*, who, for the last two Days, had perceived an unusual Thoughtfulness in her Sister, was at no Loss to guess the Cause, and, tenderly embracing her, said, My dear *Angelina*, I plainly perceive you now want a Confident, and pray chuse no other than myself. In short, you are in Love with Monsieur, d' *Arcy*, and doubt how he stands affected to you. From hence proceeds your Perplexity, and I sympathize with your Disquietude. But, my dear Sister, allow me to assure you, that, if this *Frenchman* does not love you, there never was such a Thing as Love. With Regard to his Silence, it proceeds entirely from Respect. When he came to *Milan*, his Heart was his own; he has seen you, and has lost it; he adores you; and, if you did not understand him, it was your own Fault. Yes, dearest Sister, answered *Angelina*, I love the Chevalier; but, before I disclosed my Weakness to you, I was for being sure of it. Alas, it is but

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but too certain. I continually discover in him those Qualities with which I am most delighted; but, were his Disposition filled with that tender Sensibility I could desire, I foresee very great Obstacles to our Union. By giving my Hand to the Chevalier, I shall separate myself from my Family, and from you, my dear *Leonora*, with whom I have been brought up, and who has always taken such Care of me. I must remove from my Country, and deprive myself of those Comforts, which a Woman, at a Distance from her Parents, particularly stands in Need of. On the other Hand, the Chevalier's Family will plead his Riches, and the Advantage he might make of them, by a suitable Marriage. Ah! my dear Sister, it is not a slender Passion, that can break through such Oppositions.

It is a just Observation, replied *Leonora*, that Roses and Thorns grow together. Our Separation could not, nay, ought not, to be made without Tears; but you would soon be comforted by a Husband, who would become dearer to you than yourself. And I am persuaded, that with Monsieur *d'Arcy*
you

you will never have any Occasion to regret leaving your Family. His first Appearance here shewed him a Man of Wit, Candour, and Virtue; and to these you have added Tenderness. You will certainly be the happiest Woman in the World. Why should his Family disturb you? He is his own Master, and it is not above an Hour since you heard his Opinion of great Fortunes. Take my Advice, be satisfied, and very careful to behave in such a Manner, that the Chevalier may be no less charmed with the Qualities of your Heart and Mind, than, if I am not greatly mistaken, he is already with your Beauty. But, what shall we do with the *Florentine*? I know he is not greatly in your Favour; and also that, before his Departure for *Vienna*, whither he was ordered by the Emperor, he had a Conference with my Father, who told him, you should not be married this two or three Years. I am glad of it, replied *Angelina*; whenever he returns, I'll use him so at his first Visit, that he shall not be very desirous of making a second. I had much rather go into *France*,

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than *Tuscany*; the Gentlemen of that Country are my Aversion.

The Chevalier, at taking his Leave of the Count *de Braviny*, had told him, that the Substance of his Answer to his Brother should be, that he intended to remain in the Service till a Peace; which, with the Addition to his Fortune, would induce him to marry; begging him, in the mean Time, not to pitch on any Person, being determined to keep the Choice, on which his Happiness depended, in his own Hands. But, with Regard to the Disposal of their Possessions in *America*, he entirely submitted to his Management.

D'Arcy continued coming to the Assembly every Evening; and, though his Love for *Angelina* daily increased, he could not prevail on himself to make a formal Declaration of it. But so charming were the Answers of the lovely *Angelina* to the Chevalier's Gallantries, that it was impossible for him long to continue silent. This *d'Arcy*, himself, now began to be sensible of.

Some Time after, the Countess told him, that she would engage him next Day for a Ball.

Ball, on Condition that he should not take off his Mask, nor make himself known to any *French* Officer, and speak only *Italian* all the Night. Madam, says *Angelina*, I'll watch him; he shall hand me, and keep my Place and Fan, whilst I dance: And, as I stand much on my Honour, he must not pretend to speak to any one without my Consent. Perhaps, an Office of such Confinement may little suit his *French* Vivacity; but do not be cast down, Chevalier, added she, a few Hours, and your Slavery will be over. It is only in Obedience to my Mamma, that I put Chains upon you. Charming *Angelina*, replied *d'Arcy*, I resign myself to them with the greatest Pleasure, and prefer them to Wreaths of the finest Flowers.

The Count *de Braviny* bantered the Chevalier on his Captivity. Poor *d'Arcy*, said he, thou art caught. Take my Advice, my Friend, and lengthen your Chains; but, however, do not violate the Articles of the Ball.

The Chevalier promised the most punctual Obedience to every Thing proposed. I cannot, said *Leonora*, help being delighted at

the Chevalier's Complaisance, and admire his Readiness in agreeing with our Customs. They are so proper and agreeable, Mademoiselle, replied *d'Arcy*, that a Person must be totally destitute both of good Sense and good Nature, not to be pleased with them, and I hope I shall adopt them with the greatest Pleasure.

The Chevalier continued that Day at the Count's, and, whilst they were all engaged in a chearful Conversation, a Valet brought the Countess a sealed Billet; which having opened hastily, and read, she gave it to her Husband, saying, you may communicate the Contents to the Chevalier and your Daughters, as it seems to concern them. Accordingly, the Count read as follows:

" I must inform you, my dear Countess,
 " that it is necessary to take Precautions
 " with the Marquis *Trissino*, who often
 " comes to our Society. You are not ignorant,
 " that he is an intimate Friend of
 " Count *Testamatta*, the *Florentine*, one of
 " Lady *Angelina*'s Lovers; and his Agent
 " here, taking Care of his Affairs of all
 " Kinds. But I must acquaint you, that he

" has

“ has been so imprudent, as openly to say,
 “ he had informed his Friend, that a *French*
 “ Officer was become his Rival. I have al-
 “ so been credibly informed, that he is of-
 “ ten in Conference with your Sister-in-law,
 “ and it is not doubted but they will both
 “ join to oblige you to dismiss the Chevalier
 “ *d'Arcy*. What Measures, my dear Coun-
 “ tefs, are most proper, I must leave to you
 “ to determine ; but your Friends would be
 “ very sorry if any should be taken, that
 “ would deprive them of the Pleasure of
 “ seeing the Chevalier.”

This is a Jest, indeed, says the Count ; I
 must go submissively to her, to know who I
 shall admit into my House ! Not I, indeed.
 However, I own it gives me some Uneasi-
 ness, lest *Testamatta*, who is now at *Vienna*,
 should prejudice us at Court. But I cannot
 think any Offence can be taken at my Civi-
 lity to a Stranger, who is so strongly recom-
 mended to me. Besides, I cannot be charged
 with any Thing. We never speak against the
 Government. What, only for entertaining
 a *Frenchman* !—Sir, interrupted the Countefs,
 I hope there is no Danger ; we must, howe-

ver, be cautious, especially with the *Florentines*, as they are very revengeful; yet, without any Coldness to Monsieur d'Arcy. He may depend on our Esteem, and that, we shall see each other as constantly as before. Sir, added she, to the Chevalier, to-morrow you shall mask yourself at *Dona Vittorina's*; it is from her this Billet came. I'll immediately write an Answer, and acquaint her of it; so that you shall come hither with her, without being known, and we will set out together for the Ball. D'Arcy, turning to Monsieur de Braviny, said, I own myself extremely concerned at the Occasion of the Lady's Letter. Nothing could give me more Uneasiness, than to be the innocent Occasion of prejudicing the Government against your Family. I will be entirely guided by your Directions; and therefore I beg you would, at all Times, freely inform me how you would have me act.

The young Ladies were not less uneasy than himself, especially *Angelina*; who, when they were withdrawn to their Apartment, said, embracing her Sister, Did not I tell you, that my Inclination for this *French Gentleman*

man would cost me dear? We shall not, perhaps, for the future, be allowed to see him. What spiteful Creatures *Trissino* and my Aunt are! But, my dear Sister, why should the Court take Notice of this? Really, replied *Leonora*, I cannot tell; but, in order to bring some Trouble upon us, our Family may be reported to countenance its Enemies. These Things must be entirely left to our Parents, who best know how to proceed. Their Esteem for the Chevalier will not permit them to take any harsh Resolutions. How happy are you, my dear Sister, replied *Angelina*. Nothing has happened to obstruct your Inclinations for Count *Fiorini*. You are almost arrived at your Happiness, whilst I am just entering a Labyrinth of Miseries, which will be daily increasing. *Leonora*, who omitted nothing which might tend to her Sister's Happiness, advised her to use the greatest Care to conceal the Emotions of her Breast. Let nothing of your Passion, added she, be discovered, and then we shall easily baffle all the Designs and Intrigues of *Trissino* and my Aunt. In the mean Time the Count and Countess had agreed to use a lit-

the prudent Diffimulation, to carry it fair to their Sister, but still to admit the Chevalier's Visits, as often as possible, without making themselves Enemies at the Court of *Vienna*.

D'Arcy went from Count *Braviny's* to the Opera, where he saw the Ladies, and met Count *Braviny*, with Count *Fiorini*, whom he presented to him. And the most cordial Politeness passed between these two Gentlemen.

D'Arcy's Passion was now grown to a Violence not to be concealed, and the Ball, he thought, offered him a favourable Opportunity, as he had been appointed to hand *Angelina*.

After the Opera was over, he went to the Countess *Ambrosio's*, where he was expected to Supper, and found two Gentlemen of the Count's Acquaintance. After Supper, *Dona Vittorina* confirmed all she had writ to *Madam de Bravini*; and the Chevalier assured her, he would readily comply with any Directions. Every one now began to dress for the Ball, and *d'Arcy*, in a white Domino, with green Ribbands, attended *Dona Vittorina* to the Count de *Braviny's*, where he met

met *Leonora's* Lover, and another Gentleman dressed exactly like himself. This was a Contrivance of *Leonora's*, in order to deceive any Spies. Though *Trissino* was no great Friend to a Ball, he was, however, willing to sacrifice one Night's Rest to the Affair of his Friend. On the other Hand, Care was taken to deceive him as much as possible; and the Countess *Braviny* had told him that Evening, that such Gentlemen were of the Party, and that the Chevalier *de Martinengo*, a Relation of her's, who two Days before came *incognito* to *Milan*, was to hand *Angelina*.

The Chevalier *de Martinengo* was a Person of Distinction at *Verona*, and, his Family being entirely in the *Sardinian* Interest, he prudently concealed himself, to avoid being molested by the *French* and *Spaniards*. It was surmised, he had some Inclination for *Madam de Braviny*; nobody, indeed, could more readily agree to any Thing she proposed; and, to please her, he promised no Services in his Power should be wanting to *Monsieur d'Arcy*. Accordingly, that Night he waited on the Countess. About Mid-

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D'Arcy went from Count *Braviny's* to the Opera, where he saw the Ladies, and met Count *Braviny*, with Count *Fiorini*, whom he presented to him. And the most cordial Politeness passed between these two Gentlemen.

D'Arcy's Passion was now grown to a Violence not to be concealed, and the Ball, he thought, offered him a favourable Opportunity, as he had been appointed to hand *Angelina*.

After the Opera was over, he went to the Countess *Ambrosio's*, where he was expected to Supper, and found two Gentlemen of the Count's Acquaintance. After Supper, *Dona Vittorina* confirmed all she had writ to *Madam de Bravini*; and the Chevalier assured her, he would readily comply with any Directions. Every one now began to dress for the Ball, and *d'Arcy*, in a white Domino, with green Ribbands, attended *Dona Vittorina* to the Count de *Braviny's*, where he met

met *Leonora's* Lover, and another Gentleman dressed exactly like himself. This was a Contrivance of *Leonora's*, in order to deceive any Spies. Though *Trissino* was no great Friend to a Ball, he was, however, willing to sacrifice one Night's Rest to the Affair of his Friend. On the other Hand, Care was taken to deceive him as much as possible; and the Countess *Braviny* had told him that Evening, that such Gentlemen were of the Party, and that the Chevalier *de Martinengo*, a Relation of her's, who two Days before came *incognito* to *Milan*, was to hand *Angelina*.

The Chevalier *de Martinengo* was a Person of Distinction at *Verona*, and, his Family being entirely in the *Sardinian* Interest, he prudently concealed himself, to avoid being molested by the *French* and *Spaniards*. It was surmised, he had some Inclination for *Madam de Braviny*; nobody, indeed, could more readily agree to any Thing she proposed; and, to please her, he promised no Services in his Power should be wanting to *Monsieur d'Arcy*. Accordingly, that Night he waited on the Countess. About Mid-

night the young Ladies appeared. *Leonora* was dressed in the Habit of a Sultana; the Taste of which, and the Disposition of her Jewels, were greatly admired by all the Party; and *Angelina* shewed her Elegancy in the Habit of a German Shepherdess. *D'Arcy* was not the last in complimenting her charming Appearance, though *Dona Vittorina's* Information kept him upon the Reserve. The Party set out for the Ball, desirous of contributing to the general Entertainment.

The Apartment for this Diversion consisted, first, of two Anti-chambers, where the Servants waited; at the Door of the third, were placed Guards; and, though this was well warmed and illuminated, it only led to a more spacious one, lighted in a very grand Manner, in which were two *Pharao* Tables; and the Bankers already seated, with large Heaps of Sequins, *Spanish* Pistoles, and Louis d'Ors, before them. Next to this Gaming-room was the Saloon for the Ball, adorned with *Venetian* Branches, filled with large Wax Lights. Along the Walls, decorated with artificial Flowers,

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instead of Tapiftry and Paintings, were narrow Sopha's, covered with Crimfon Velvet and Gold Lace; and feveral Rows of Benches, covered in the fame Manner, were ranged before the Sopha's, where about three hundred Perfons might fit, while the others were dancing. On one Side of this Saloon was a Gallery with twelve Beaufets, filled with the moft exquisite Refreshments of all Kinds. Oppofite to this Gallery were four Rooms, two of which were for Gaming, and the other two for the Ladies. *D'Arcy* admired the Magnificence and Order obferved in the Distribution of thefe large Apartments, which now began to be crowded with Company. The Parties who came together were not yet feparated, the Ball not being opened, and every one kept on his Mask. The Gentlemen handed their Ladies, obferving the Place, and examining the Difpofitions of the feveral Apartments, that they might find each other when the Ball was over. *D'Arcy* was fo careful in obferving his Promise in fpeaking *Italian*, that not a *French* Word came from him. I cannot help, faid he, to *Angelina*, admiring this

Sight ; for I assure you, that I never saw any Thing at *Paris* to be compared with it. You never find any Fault, replied *Angelina* ; every Thing you see here is sure to meet with your Approbation. Is it really so, or do you only speak out of Complaisance ? *D'Arcy* assured her, that what he said was strictly true ; and that every Thing he saw could not fail of being admired by all Strangers. Upon hearing the Music, the Countess, who was the Head of this small Party, moved towards the Saloon, that the young Ladies might dance a few Minuets. The Company being seated, so as not to disturb the Ladies, they took off their Masks. *Leonora* and her Sister expressed their Willingness to dance before the Room was too much crouded ; and, accordingly, after having danced with the Gentlemen who attended them, they also danced six or seven Minuets with others.

When *Angelina* returned to *d'Arcy*, he felt a lively Emotion of Joy. She told him she was fatigued, and would dance no more all the Night ; adding softly, because I shall the better observe your Behaviour, and prevent any Sallies. Temptations, you see, are
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not wanting. Here are a great Number of beautiful Ladies. Tell me, do not you find an Inclination to trespass a little on your Promise? I see nothing here so lovely as yourself, answered he; or, rather, I see only you. And it is you alone that could have brought me hither. My Eyes, my Heart, my Mind, desire no other Object. I never knew what Joy was before. May Heaven defend it from being followed with the most piercing Grief. Alas, what will be my Condition when I shall be ordered from you? I shall leave the best Part of myself at *Milan*. There I shall leave this Heart, which adores you, and which will be ever yours, and yours alone. *Angelina's* Surprise would not, for some Time, admit her to return an Answer; at last, she said, with a Smile, Indeed you shew yourself well qualified for your Office; but do not you carry its Privileges too far? Shall I ask my Mamma's Advice? Do what you will, replied the Chevalier; you may even add, that I loved the first Moment I saw you, and that nothing can excel my Passion in Tenderness and Sincerity. My Life is lost, if you shew no sympathising Sense of
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my Passion. Sir, replied *Angelina*, I have a very great Esteem for you ; it is what you must have perceived ; but you are not ignorant, that it becomes me to regulate my Sentiments by the Directions of the most indulgent Parents. Is it not some Failure, in Point of Gratitude for their great Regard for you, to endeavour to instil into a Child, whose Happiness is so dear to them, a Passion, which, as yet, cannot be attended with their Consent ? You are of *France* ; I of *Italy*. What is my Fortune, in Comparison of your's ? Then you may receive Orders to quit this Country, even To-morrow. Therefore, why will you — Ah ! charming *Angelina*, interrupted the Chevalier, I will live for you, and shew that your Happiness is alone my Care. The Difference of Nations, could I have the Happiness of pleasing you, will make no Difficulty. What are my Riches, when compared to your Beauty, Virtues, and Accomplishments ? I have already told you, replied *Angelina*, that I esteem you ; and I will add, that I could not, without Concern, see you leave this Country. Our Family have admitted you into
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the Number of their Friends, and I freely came into the same Sentiments. This Friendship, I promise you, shall be lasting. Nothing but Friendship? replied *d'Arcy*. Indeed I place a high Value on that; but Friendship alone will be far from satisfying my Heart. What then? replied *Angelina*, briskly. It must be, answered he, some Tenderness, some Love—Alas! replied *Angelina*, with a Sigh, I have been hearing you this Half-hour, and is not that granting you too much? The Countess, who had hitherto continued talking with the Chevalier *Martinengo*, looking towards *Angelina*, said, Bless me, my Dear, what is the Matter with you! Madam, answered she, I am almost overcome with Heat, and was just going to ask your Consent to desire the Chevalier to fetch me a Glass of iced Fruits. The Countess told her, she need not ask her Leave for that; but charged the Chevalier not to stay, nor discover himself to any Officer, she having just heard, that the Infant had brought a great many with him. *Angelina*, during this Interval, informed her Sister of Monsieur *d'Arcy*'s Declaration; which *Leo-*

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nora heard with the greatest Pleasure. *D'Arcy*, returning with the Glass, more gay than usual, said so many fine Things to the Countess, in the purest *Italian*, that *Martengo* declared he would never be taken for a *Frenchman*, and that he might safely speak to any Body. But *d'Arcy*, thanking him for his Compliment, alledged the Conditions of his being at the Ball, and which he would not break on any Account. This being the fortunate Moment he had so long wished for, he soon seated himself, as before, between *Angelina* and her Sister. What a Number of People are here, said he, and I the happiest of them all! Yes, adorable *Angelina*, my Passion cannot have escaped your Knowledge. Never doubt my Constancy. Love, founded on such Charms, can be terminated only by Death. I know I must leave this Place, but it will be for no long Time; and I shall bring back to you a Heart which has remained faithful, amidst all the Varieties of a Military Life.

In this Half-hour's Conversation, these Lovers tasted those delicious Pleasures, known only to those who feel the like Sentiments.

ments. *Angelina*, however, with a Prudence above her Age, did not conceal from him her Sense of the great Obligations she lay under, not to take any Step which would in the least displease her Parents. She told him, she had already acquainted her Sister with his Declaration, and desired him, as the greatest Proof of his Tenderness, to make his Intentions known to her Mother.

Leonora then joined in the Conversation, and seconded the Motion of her Sister. The Ball becoming now less tumultuous, and the Ladies chusing rather to amuse themselves with Walking, left their Seats, and visited the several Divisions of the Apartments. A frightful Mask, dressed in the Habit of a Gypsy, who had followed them above a Quarter of an Hour, came up to them, and said to the Chevalier, I know you, Sir; looking, at the same Time, for his Cross of St. *Lewis*. The Gypsy was disappointed, when the Chevalier, altering his Voice, answered her in the *Italian* Idiom, and seemed persuaded that it was not Monsieur *d'Arcy*. However, not too hastily to abandon her Design, she said, fixing her Eyes
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on *Angelina*, My pretty *German Maid*, you deserve to be happy, and you will be so, if you shun Love; especially when it comes from the Banks of the *Seine*. You must expect nothing but Misfortunes from thence. After this Admonition, the Gypsy retired; but she had said enough to convince every one that she was no other than *Smorfiona*. Count *de Braviny*, who came up at that Instant, was not surprized to hear of this new Instance of his Sister's Malice; but the greater Regard was to be paid to her Presage, as this wicked Woman herself was capable in a great Measure of fulfilling it, and bringing a Reproach upon his Family. All the Company, intending to visit the Opera in the Evening, left the Ball.

D'Arcy, finding himself with the only Persons to whom his Passion was known, renewed all his Protestations of Tenderness, Honour, and Constancy, and took the Liberty of kissing his dear *Angelina's* Hand, with all the Transports of a newly initiated Lover. He then retired to his Lodgings with more Tranquillity than before, being pleased with his Confidence in declaring his Passion

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to the Object of it. In Compliance, with the Directions of *Angelina*, he was forming in his Mind the Conversation he was to have with the Countess, whose Consent he found was absolutely necessary.

It was now Noon, and Word was brought to him, that Dom. *Matteo* was below. *D'Arcy* immediately gave Orders to admit him into his Chamber; and, after asking Pardon for his being still in Bed, desired him to sit down by him. The first Thing Dom. *Matteo* informed the Chevalier of, was, that the Countess desired him, when the Opera was over, to be in her Coach, as before; but not to take the Trouble of coming to their House in the Day; adding, that he had not before had an Opportunity of thanking him for his Present, and that one of the principal Motives for his coming was to discharge that Duty, which he did with the more Pleasure, as he had loved and esteemed the *French*, for which he had such strong Reasons, as made it an indispensable Obligation; and that shortly he would relate the Affair to him, which would shew the Cause for his sincere Attachment to that

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Nation: But at present, continued he, I have Things to tell you, relating to the *Braviny's* Family, that the other must be omitted. You are no Stranger, Sir, to the inveterate Hatred of *Dona Smorfiona* for the *French*, nor to her Desire of being Mistress of her Brother's House. The deserved Reception you have met with from the Count and Countess, together with the Disregard shewn to her Advice by her Brother, has redoubled her Perverseness; and she has entered into a Plot with the Marquis *de Trissino*, which they have conducted in the following Manner:

When our Generals were obliged to leave the Imperial Troops with the King of *Sardinia's* Army, for the Defence of *Piedmont*, convinced that it would be impossible to hinder the Infant from coming to *Milan*, they threw a numerous Garrison into the Castle, and supplied them with every Thing necessary for making a vigorous Defence. They have also put the City of *Mantua* in the best Condition possible; and, as by the late Peace with *Prussia*, their Forces will not be employed on that Side, they hope to be
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here again shortly, with an Army that shall carry all before them. The Marquis *Pallavicini*, before his Departure, left a Commission with three Senators, whose Names are not known, to keep an exact Register of all Persons who shall appear Friends to *Spain*. These Gentlemen hold their Meetings every Evening, but in different Places, where they communicate their Discoveries; their Secretary copies them, and they are weekly sent away privately to *Mantua*; from whence they are forwarded to *Vienna*. Now, to be reported to these Inquisitors is attended with the greatest Danger: For, should the Affairs of *Italy* take a Turn, we should soon have here a List of Outlaws, who, perhaps, would not be excused with a pecuniary Punishment.

So unnatural has the Malice of *Dona Smorfiana* proved, that she has reported the Family of her own Brother. This, I assure you, is certainly true: I was informed of it by the Secretary himself, who is under some considerable Obligations to me. The Pacquet does not go away till after To-morrow; and I will now inform you how Count *Braviny's*

Braviny's Name may be erased. But, first, let me acquaint you with something relating to the Marquis *Trissino*. He is a Relation and firm Friend of the Count *Testamatta*, of *Florence*; who, during his Stay here, was greatly in Love with Lady *Angelina*. The *Florentine* has a Fortune suitable to his Rank, but has the Character of being jealous, stingy, suspicious, and sullen. It was not, however, on this Account only, that Monsieur *de Braviny* told him, he should not, as yet, marry his Daughter. The Count is certainly a very brave and worthy Man, but, withal, is too easily imposed upon. Being one Day at his Country-seat, a Company of Fortune-tellers happened to pass by; one of them, to whom he must needs shew his Hand, among a Heap of other Lyes, said to him, 'Sir, beware of marrying your second Daughter, till she has at least completed her twentieth Year; for, if you do, dismal will be her Fate.' The *Italians* are too apt to give Credit to these Impostures,—and the Count was no wiser than the rest of his Countrymen; so that you may be assured, he will not consent to her Marriage with

with any one till she is at least twenty. This, with the Marriage of her eldest Sister, and the present excessive Taxes, induced him to give such an Answer to the Count *Testamatta*: So that the Count will have sufficient Time to shew his unwearied Constancy. But, if I have any Knowledge of Mankind, the *Florentine* is not less in Love with the Father's Ducats, than with the Daughter's Beauty.

Let us now return to *Dona Smorfiona*, and the Means of rendering abortive her unnatural Scheme; but, before I offer my Advice, I could wish to be informed, how the Chevalier stands affected, with Regard to our Family. Oh, interrupted the Chevalier, briskly, you are for going on sure Grounds, Monsieur l'Abbe. You may depend upon it, that your Family is as dear to me as my own. My Life and Fortune are both at its Service. Dom. *Matteo* smiled at this Declaration, and resumed his Discourse with the same Deliberation. Without enquiring into the Motives, said he, which, in so short a Time, have produced such Malice, I must declare, it is little more than what the Count
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deserves; though his Courteousness to you is a Compliance with his Father's dying Orders, as well as the Effect of your Accomplishments. With Regard to the Countess, she is the best of Women; she has a Goodness of Heart, rarely to be found. *Leonora* is certainly a very amiable young Lady, with whom any Man of Sense and Temper cannot fail of being happy; but *Angelina* is the greatest Beauty, formed for making the strongest Impressions. I could wish, that Monsieur, Chevalier, one Day might—But, continued he, observing the Chevalier look downwards, without playing the Busy-body, if you have any Views on that young Lady, and my Service can be of any Use to you, I have already given you my Promise; at present, I am satisfied with what I have heard, with Regard to your Attachment to our Family.

You are no Stranger to the World, Monsieur, and cannot but know, that, in all Countries, Mankind are nearly of the same Cast, swayed by Interest. As much as the Secretary of this Inquisition, for I can give it no other Name, is my Friend, there will
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be no getting Count *Braviny's* Name erased out of that black List, but by Dint of Money. I am for doing him this Piece of Service, unknown to him; and, indeed, the rather to save him the great Concern it would give him, than the Expence. I thought on you, and herein of your Riches—You concluded very right, replied *d'Arcy*: How much will be sufficient? The gay Life of an Officer runs away with Money apace; but I believe I have nine Hundred Sequins here, and, if that Sum will not be sufficient, I will make up the Deficiency with a Diamond Ring, which any Jeweller will give four Hundred Pistoles for. Yes, yes, replied Dom. *Mattheo*, the Sequins will be more than sufficient. Friendship, and five Hundred, shall get the Name erased. However, let me observe to you, that I must not conceal my Proceedings from the Countess: She cannot fail of approving it, and must be charmed with your Generosity.

During this Conversation, *d'Arcy* had been dressing himself; and, opening his *Escrutoire*, took out five Hundred Sequins; which, with a cordial Embrace, he delivered

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to Dom. *Matteo*. To prevent such dismal Consequences, said he, is an Employment becoming your Profession; you have done me the greatest Pleasure in making me the Instrument; and, I am certain, you will lose no Time. It shall be finished this very Evening, replied Dom. *Matteo*; and I may depend on Secrecy, for you will not publish your own Praise: Our worthy Count must not know a Word of this Mystery of Iniquity.

D'Arcy was greatly delighted at doing the Count this good Office, and preventing Misfortunes, of which he would have been the innocent Cause. But, when he remembered the malicious Disposition of *Dona Smorfiona*, he thought every Thing was to be feared from such implacable Malice. His whole Comfort depended on his Progress with the beautiful *Angelina*; nothing seemed painful, nothing difficult, which tended to procure her Affections.

It being now near Six o'Clock, he went to the Opera with a *Spanish* Officer, in his Chariot. *D'Arcy* ordered his Servants to wait for him in the Palace-Yard, and his Coach

Coach to follow at some Distance. As they were coming out of a long narrow Street, near the Cathedral, they heard a Cry of Murder; upon which, the *Spanish* Officer ordered his Coachman to stop; and, asking, What was the Matter, a Woman told him, a Gentleman had just been assassinated, in a Hackney Coach. The Chevalier immediately threw open the Chariot-door, and the *Spanish* Officer following him, they ran towards the Croud. *D'Arcy*, at the Sight of his own Coach, made his Way up to it, where he found one of his Servants binding up a Wound his Comrade had received in the right Side. They told him, that, the Coach being stopped, a Man, raising himself upon the Step, struck the Person nearest him, and escaped up a narrow Passage. A Surgeon, being fortunately passing by, examined the Wound, and assured *d'Arcy*, that it was not mortal. Upon which, after putting the Surgeon and wounded Man into his Coach, he went to his Lodgings to give Orders, that the greatest Care might be taken of his Servant; and, after making a Gratuity to the Surgeon, and desiring his farther Attendance,

he returned towards the Opera with the *Spanish* Officer, who desired him to take Warning by this Accident; for that certainly he was the Person aimed at, and that it was an infinite Pleasure to him, that he had prevailed upon him to take Part of his Coach. *D'Arcy* replied, he was sensible of it, and acknowledged he was obliged to him for his Life; but, having neither a Quarrel or Amour, the Assassin was certainly mistaken; however, he would be more careful for the future.

This Adventure reaching the Opera above half an Hour before the Chevalier, a *Milanese* Fop came abruptly into the Countess *de Braviny's* Box, saying, a *French* Officer has just been wounded in his Coach. Heavens! cried the Countess, Is he known? No, answered he, but they say he is a very fine Gentleman; however, he is not dead, and I will go and hear more Particulars of the Affair. Ah! it is surely he, said *Angelina*, it is surely he! I am really afraid it is, replied the Countess. Worthy Chevalier! Unhappy for him, that he ever saw *Milan*. His Fate calls for our Grief more than you
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imagine, added she, to her Daughters, in a lower Voice; for, Heaven only knows, what would have been become of us, had not his Generosity prevented the Consequences. That Fury, your Aunt, had falsely informed against us; and our Family was registered on that black List which is every Week sent to *Vienna*; but the Mischief is prevented by Means of five Hundred Sequins, which he gave to Dom. *Matteo*, who, by that Means, procured your Father's Name to be erased. Count *de Braviny*, who, upon the first Noise of it, was for knowing the Truth, had no sooner got a full and satisfactory Information, than, knowing how greatly it would affect his Family, he ran to the Countess's Box, and acquainted them with the whole Affair, and that the Chevalier owed his Life to his not being in his own Coach. He is, however, safe, added he; but, from his innate Goodness, gone to his Lodgings, to have his Servant taken Care of. Ah, Sir, said the Countess, this is happy News, indeed; but, is the Villain taken? No, replied the Count, he made his Escape, though closely pursued.

Alarming, as it is, I wish I could drive it from my Thoughts; the Idea distracts me, lest I discover the Arm which endeavoured to plant a Dagger in the Chevalier's Heart. The Opera-House being full of *French* Officers, this Report caused such a Confusion, as for some Time interrupted the Actors. Orders were immediately issued for Guards to patrol in all the little Streets near the Cathedral, and the House, out of Respect to the Infant, who was present, became silent when *d'Arcy* appeared. The whole Court expressed their Concern at his Danger, and the Ladies called to him from all Parts of the House, to know the Truth of the Affair. His Answer was constantly the same, That he had given no Provocation to any one, and was firmly persuaded, some other Person was aimed at.

D'Arcy happened that Day to be dressed very richly. At his Coming to *Milan*, he had ordered a Suit of Purple Velvet, lined with Ermin, and curiously embroidered with Gold. This Dress, and the Blush which this Adventure had brought in his Face, added to his natural Comeliness. *Angelina's*

Angelina's Eyes followed him through all the Boxes, nor were her's the only ones which were fixed on him. The Heart of more than one Beauty was affected at the News of his Danger; but *Angelina* could not satisfy herself with looking on her Conqueror: How worthy did he appear to her of being so? The great Danger he had been in, his important Service to the Family, his manly Beauty in his whole Person and Behaviour; in short, she looked upon him, as the Object who best deserved her unalterable Affection. Too happy *d'Arcy*! could his Eyes then have met those of *Angelina*, he would have read in them a Heart equal to his Wishes. He would have perceived, in their Lustre, Love, Constancy, and a tender Concern for his Safety. Never did the Countess think the Opera so long, and *d'Arcy*, equally impatient to be with the Ladies, found out the Countess's Valet, who led him to the Coach, and he stepped into it unperceived by any.

The Ladies being arrived, the Coach moved on, No-body speaking a Word; but this Silence was not destitute of Eloquence.

D'Arcy held one of the Countess's Hands, which he could not kiss without a Tear. *Angelina* grasped his other Hand with all the Tenderness of Joy. *Leonora* held her Sister round the Waist, sharing in the general Joy at the Safety of the Chevalier. Thanks to Heaven, poor Chevalier, said the Countess, you are once more among your Friends. Our Concern for you was inexpressible. It is true I am now in Raptures, but I tremble for the future; Care must be taken to secure you from your Enemies. My Enemies, Madam! replied *d'Arcy*, who are they? What are their Intentions? Ah! replied the Countess, it is too plain, that *Smorfiona* thirsted for your Life. This Affair is entirely her own. You do not know, Chevalier, how wicked a Woman my Sister-in-Law is; tho', with Regard to Murder, I could not have thought she would have attempted it. There is no Accusing her of it, yet, Madam, answered *d'Arcy*, the Villain has made his Escape, and the Danger, I suppose, is now over. They have been disappointed in their Aim, and such Strokes as these are seldom repeated; besides, the Infant has been

been pleased to order the Guards to patrol near the Cathedral for my farther Security. This, in some Measure, quieted the Ladies. Their Intention, said the Countess, is to oblige us to forbid you our House, but they will find themselves greatly mistaken; and, if possible, you shall be more welcome. The more they plot, the more I will vex them. Are these the Methods they make use of to serve Count *Testamatta*! Were he worth Millions, nay Emperor, he should not have my Daughter. No, my dear *Angelina*, I will never sacrifice thee to such Monsters. It is not all their Poignards shall frighten me to give up my Child to such Brutes and Murderers. *Angelina* and *Leonora*, at these Expressions of parental Tendernefs, threw themselves into their fond Mother's Arms, expressing, in Tears and broken Expressions, their Love, their Thanks, and Gratitude for her Care of them. Where, *d'Arcy*, was thy Heart, at this affecting Scene! How charming did this Family then appear to thy Mind! Not less than *Angelina* to thine Eyes. Such Raptures, cried he, I never felt before! It is impossible, my Life

should ever know more Happiness than at present. Tender Mother! adorable Children! The sincere Friendship of the whole World is too little for such Virtues. And, ah, that I were worthy—Who more so than yourself? replied the Countess. Dom. *Matteo* has informed me of the polite Manner in which you assisted him to complete his Scheme, for which no Gratitude can be too much. And yet, alas! while you are purchasing our Safety, your Life is attempted by Villains.

They were no sooner arrived at the House, than the Count came to meet them, and embracing the Chevalier, without speaking a Word, led him to the Assembly-room, where he found *Dona Vittorina*, who, not having been at the Opera, was come to wait for the French Officer at Monsieur *de Braviny's*. *Dona Vittorina*, addressing herself to the whole Company, said, I take the Liberty to propose, that, from this Moment, our Assembly, to which I have always come with the greatest Pleasure, be suspended during the *Spaniards* Stay at *Milan*; or rather during that of Monsieur *d'Arcy*.

d'Arcy. I imagine, that I am not unacquainted with the Authors of this horrid Contrivance; but having no Proof, and Suspicions ought to be avoided, the best Way is to shun their Company. My House, which shall be visited by such only as can be relied on, is at the Company's Service. Dom. *Matteo* now brought in Word, that *Dona Smorfiona* had come to see her Brother, and that, not meeting with him, she came to his Apartment, to let him know that she was informed of Monsieur *d'Arcy's* being at the Ball with her Sister-in-Law; which Intimacy with a *Frenchman* would bring her Brother into Trouble; and that she, as one of the Family, should take it amiss, if he did not turn that Foreigner out of Doors; for his free Access and daily Visits would be looked upon by every body, as intended to her Sister-in-Law and her Nieces; which would be the worst Thing that could befall them, as it could not be a Secret to Count *Testamatta*, whose Love for *Angelina* was an Honour to the Family, being immensely rich, a Man of Rank, and an *Italian*, with great Interest at Court. A *French* Com-

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mission, she says, is nothing, compared with the former. I told her, said Dom. *Matteo*, I could not imagine why she should make me acquainted with her Grievances; and, with Regard to the little I had seen of the *French* Officer, he appeared a very discreet and agreeable Gentleman; and was persuaded that neither the Count nor his Children would be the worse for his Visits. With Regard to Lady *Angelina*, she was not to be married for some Time. No, truly, said the Count, let us first see her twentieth Year completed, before we think of Marriage.

Dona Vittarina's Offer was accepted, and the Chevalier was to be admitted in the Habit of an Ecclesiastic. And they concluded to give out, that the Chevalier *d'Arcy*, judging Self-preservation his Duty, and by the Desire of the Count *de Braviny*, had determined never more to visit his House. These Measures were concerted for the present, and others to be taken according to Emergencies.

Come *Angelina*, said the Count, as your mischievous Beauty is partly the Cause of Monsieur *d'Arcy's* Disguise, you ought at least

least to give him a Name. Sir, answered *Angelina*, let him be called the Abbe *Fortunati*, from *Rome*. Dom. *Matteo* was commissioned to procure the ecclesiastical Habit, with the short Cloak, and all other Necessaries. The good-natured Priest promised every Thing should be ready the next Day by Six in the Evening, and that he would be with the Chevalier by Seven, to assist him at his first putting on the Habit so opposite to his Profession.

Dona Vittorina taking her Leave, the Count and the young Ladies withdrew to their several Apartments. Chevalier, said the Countess, I am very glad of this Opportunity of having a little farther Conversation with you, in Order to desire you to be more careful of your Life. You seem very easy in the Affair: do not you consider how precious it is to your Family and Acquaintance, I am at least satisfied it is so to us. Our Regard for you could not be greater, if you was our own Son. My Heart places such a Value on that Relation, answered the Chevalier, that I would omit nothing in my Power to deserve it. Why, replied the
Coun-

Countess, smiling, there may be some Truth in what you say ; you seem, indeed, to have no Aversion to *Angelina*, and one so young may be too much taken with you. I believe her to be discreet, but I depend on your Honour. Charming Countess, replied *d'Arcy*, it does not become me to conceal from you, that the lovely *Angelina*, the first Moment I saw her, captivated a Heart, till then free. She is, indeed, in all Respects, your Daughter, your very Picture ; so that the Greatness of my Passion is no more than natural. I shall farther freely confess, that I have endeavoured to make her sensible of the Effects of her Beauty. She serenely answered, she esteemed me, in which she only followed your own Example ; but, in Duty to you, she would entertain no Sentiments, but by your Permission. To say she loves me would be presumptuous, she having never told me so ; and to say she hates me would be false, nothing of that Kind having fallen from her. Such, Madam, is the State of my Love. And, as I have freely told you every Thing, you may depend on my Probity. My Fortune is no Stranger to you,
nor

nor my Sentiments for the rich Ladies of *Paris*. An *Angelina* is seldom seen, I have found her, and my Happiness depends on her. It is your Consent only can crown my Wishes ; speak the Sentence of Life or Death. Yes, adorable Countess, added he, throwing himself at her Feet, this Life, for which you express such Concern, is in your own Hands. The Countess raised the Chevalier, telling him she could prevail on herself to part with *Angelina*, to a Person of his Merit ; that, with Regard to herself, instead of being averse to their Union, it gave her the greatest Pleasure ; but had little Power in the Affair, the Husbands in *Italy*, being more arbitrary than in other Countries, absolutely determined the Marriages of their Children, and, therefore, advised him to consult Dom. *Mathea*, and flattered herself, that, with his Assistance, to gain the Consent of Monsieur de *Braviny*. But, for Heaven's Sake, added she, do not mention a Word of marrying *Angelina* at present, that would put him quite out of Humour ; besides, the present Posture of Affairs does not suit with such an Union. We may now be
safe

safe by being Enemies. Our Court is extremely jealous, so that, before we sign any Contracts with the *French*, it would be necessary our Sovereigns should sign their Agreement. It is to be hoped we shall enjoy a Peace one Day or other, and, in the mean Time, *Angelina* will have completed her twentieth Year. I must, however, inform you that we will not hurt ourselves to marry our Children. We give but eight Thousand Livres a Year to the eldest, and, since the War, we have been obliged to reduce it to six. Neither the Count nor I are in Years; so that our Children may, perhaps, stay a long Time before they enjoy the Remainder of our Estate.

Madam, replied *d'Arcy*, these Things have no Weight with me: All I ask is *Angelina*, as an Equivalent to the largest Fortune. I do not know, said the Countess, whether your Love may continue the same after you have left *Milan*, and whether some small Alloy of Interest may not insinuate itself into your Affection. An hundred Thousand Livres Forfeit, Madam, replied *d'Arcy*. No, Sir, returned she, I can neither

ther take nor give ; but I promise, as far as is in my Power, to keep *Angelina* for you, and to improve her Heart and Mind, that she may increase the Happiness of so deserving a Lover. But, as I before observed, Dom. *Matteo* must, by all Means, be made your Confident : His Assistance is, at least, no less necessary than mine. Adieu, Chevalier, and be assured of my Friendship.

D'Arcy left the Countess, greatly pleased he had acquainted her with his Passion for *Angelina*, and that she seemed to countenance it, hoping that, as she was so greatly beloved by the Count, his Addresses would be brought to a happy Issue ; especially as he had been informed that Count *Fiorini* owed his Success in gaining *Leonora* to her Influence.

The Countess, being a very discreet Woman, looked upon *d'Arcy* as an advantageous Match for Lady *Angelina*. In her Inventory of Monsieur *de Braviny's* Estate she had not, indeed, exceeded the Truth ; but however, had omitted to mention, that an Estate of ten Thousand Livres *per Annum*, belonging to the Count, was a Fief, which
could

could not be inherited by Daughters. Besides, she was yet young enough to have more Children, and, for some Days, had even had some Suspicions of Pregnancy. On the other Hand, this Lady perceived the Danger of planting in the Heart of *Angelina* a Passion which might not succeed, and must, at least, give her Uneasiness till its Accomplishment. The Chevalier, being determined to continue in his military Employment till a Peace, seemed exposed to a Multitude of Dangers ; and, should any fatal Accident befall him, what would be the Fate of her Daughter ? This Uneasiness, however, something abated, when she reflected that *Italy*, being, in general, very mountainous, did not admit of the Cavalry's engaging, unless in very few Parts ; and, consequently, the Chevalier would not be so much exposed to Danger. But the great Animosity which subsisted between the Powers at War seemed to cut off all Hopes of a speedy Peace. Madam *de Braviny*, however, being, like most of the Ladies of *Milan*, no Stranger to the History and Politics of *Europe*, concluded that the War
could

could not continue above two Years longer. *France*, 'said she, has indeed powerful Enemies ; but, though she has the worst of it at Sea, her Armies are generally victorious.

Such were the Reasonings of the Countess ; and it is but Justice to the Ladies of *Milan* to say, that their Conversation is not so full of those Levities, to give them the softest Name, which compose that of the fair Sex in other Parts : A Vein of Wit, Literature, Delicacy, and Judgment runs through all their Discourse and Behaviour.

Whilst Monsieur *d'Arcy* was returning to his Lodgings, well guarded, and flushed with the Success of his Conversation with the Countess, she herself was undressing for Bed : But the Transactions of the Day, and the Chevalier's Declarations and Danger, gave her little Inclination to sleep. She accordingly enquired whether the young Ladies were in Bed ; and, being told they were reading, she ordered them to be called down. When they came into the Countess's Apartment, she bid them sit on her Bed-side, and, after making Reflections on the monstrous Plot of their Aunt and the

Marquis

Marquis *de Trissino*, she took Occasion to represent to them the Ways of the World, with its Snares and Dangers. She earnestly recommended to them the Practice of Wisdom and Virtue, as the only sure Foundations of Happiness, there being innumerable specious Appearances by which the Unwary were often fatally deceived. I do not doubt, my dear Children, added she, but you are thoroughly persuaded of the Truth of what I say. Your Happiness and Welfare are continually the greatest Objects of my Care: I am perpetually concerned for your Quiet; but this is only to be secured by Discretion. Believe me, the more virtuous you are, the less Uneasiness you will experience; whereas Vice and Sorrow always accompany each other. Then, turning to the youngest, *Angelina*, said she, are you persuaded of my Tenderness for you? I apprehend you are not; for why should you conceal from me that Monsieur *d'Arcy* had said some soft Things to you? Madam, replied *Angelina*, — But, my Child, interrupted the Countess, I am no Stranger to the whole Affair. The Chevalier could trust me with the Secret

cret of his Tenderness for you ; and, for some Time, I have perceived you are not insensible of it. Should not I have been consulted before you had permitted your Heart —— ? I suppose, replied *Angelina*, that Monsieur *d'Arcy* could not tell you —— O! my Dear! he told me nothing that in the least reflects on your Virtue. And, repeating all her Conversation with the *French Officer*, added, You see, my dear *Angelina*, that I am not insensible; but remember what I am going to say : *D'Arcy* certainly merits your Esteem ; he is handsome, discreet, good-natured, and rich ; so that Endeavours must be used to gain your Father's Consent. You know we have still two Years : Dom. *Mattheo* will join with us, and I flatter myself we shall not be disappointed. I cannot, however, as yet, lay my Commands upon you to look upon *d'Arcy* as the Person destined for your Husband : A thousand Accidents may deprive you of him : You must expect he will be soon ordered from hence, and Absence may cool his Passion, if not entirely divert it. He has the Character of extreme Bravery, which, besides

besides the natural Dangers of War, renders his Life very uncertain. Besides, he is one of our Enemies, how, therefore, shall we hear from him? In fine, Peace is the Term fixed by himself for his Marriage: And you very well know, that, even supposing your Father should give his Consent, Peace is absolutely necessary to your Union with a *Frenchman*. Therefore, for your own and our Sakes, be cautious how you flatter yourself with the Hopes of giving your Hand to Monsieur *d'Arcy*; and, therefore, you must put a proper Constraint on your Passion. Be polite with the Chevalier, shew him Friendship and Confidence; but, at the same Time, let him see your Virtue, your tender Fear of disobliging me, and your entire Submission to your Father's Will. By these Means you will, at once, please him, and oblige him to love you with unalterable Constancy.

I am, my dear Child, what I ought in Justice to be, your best Friend. You are always discreet; your Sister is constantly with you: In a Word, I am perfectly satisfied with your Conduct and Behaviour.

Angelina

Angelina threw herself into her Mother's Arms, shedding a generous Flood of Tears. The Countess tenderly embraced her, desiring her carefully to observe her Instructions, and leave the rest to Providence. Behave, said she, to Monsieur *d'Arcy* in the same Manner you have hitherto done, which is all I ask at present.

The two young Ladies retired to their Chamber, where they continued the Subject between themselves, commending the Chevalier's Punctuality in performing his Promise; and, after recapitulating what the Countess had told them, concluded they had more Reason to hope than fear. *Angelina*, being now easy with Regard to her marrying the *Florentine*, which neither she nor her Mother could bear the Thoughts of, was entirely taken up with anticipating her Union with the Chevalier; and resolved to merit his Constancy by regulating her Conduct entirely by the Directions of her Mother. The two young Ladies had, in the mean Time, been preparing a little Entertainment for Monsieur *d'Arcy*; and, knowing he had, for some Time, been searching for Flowers to

to send to a Lady at *Paris*, *Angelina* would, by all Means, make him a Present of some. She accordingly told her Intention to *Leonora*, who, being at more Liberty by her approaching Marriage, bought every Thing, and got it ready for the next Day, according to *Angelina's* Desire.

D'Arcy was not a little surprized next Morning, when his Valet informed him, that a Box was left for him, by a Person who would neither tell whence he came, nor receive any Thing for his Trouble. The perfidious Aunt being not yet out of his Mind, he for some Time hesitated about opening the Box. At length, Curiosity prevailed, and he found a small Basket, adorned with Gold and Silver Ribbands. At the four Corners of the Basket, were four Representations of *Cupids* making Garlands. In the Middle, was a Kind of Square, containing a Piece of Painting; in which, *Cupid* was throwing a Veil over a Heap of Arrows, intermixed with Flowers, and the following Inscription, in *Italian*:

“ Since Love, favourable to our Vows,
 “ adorns his Shafts with Ribbands and
 “ Flowers,

“ Flowers, let us, with impenetrable Secrecy, conceal both his Arrows and his Favours.”

Passionate Lovers only can form an Idea of the Chevalier's Transports, at the Sight of this elegant Piece of Gallantry. Dear *Angelina*, cried he, in a Rapture of Gratitude, these Flowers, to me, are Flowers of *Paradise*! Yes, the Secret shall be impenetrable! Mystery becomes such transcendent Goodness! Divine *Angelina*, What Return can I make? But no, added he, were I to indulge my Sense of your Goodness, I should betray the Secret. My Heart, alone, is a Present proper to be offered to such Beauty! Having closed the Box, which he valued too highly to send to *Paris*, he went as usual to Court, where he was informed, the Infant intended the next Day to visit the Works which were carrying on against the Castle, and return to the Opera. *D'Arcy*, having obtained Leave to attend him, spent the Afternoon in Visits, and returned in the Evening to his Quarters, according to his Appointment with Dom. *Mattheo*, who so exactly observed his Promise, that the Clock

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struck

struck Seven, just as he entered *d'Arcy's* Chamber with the Disguise. *D'Arcy* admitted only his Valet and a trusty Servant on this important Occasion; and, that no Precaution might be omitted, he sent away his Coach, and ordered a Chair. By Eight o'Clock he was so far metamorphosed, that *Dom. Mattheo* was extremely pleased at it. Now, says he, you look as well as the handsomest Prelate in *Rome*; and he must be very sharp-sighted, that can discover you are a Captain of Horse. *D'Arcy* was very merry with his Appearance, and, whilst the Servants were gone for the Chair, he communicated his Passion, his Views, and Proposals to *Dom. Mattheo*, pursuant to the Advice of the Counsellors; desiring him to interest himself in his Favour. But why, added he, am I thus urgent with you? It is an Affront; you have already given me your Promise; I cannot doubt of it. *Dom. Mattheo* assured *d'Arcy*, he would confer with *Madam de Braviny*, and act in Concert with her; but, added he, I cannot promise you to practise so soon upon the Count; for I must use Precaution with him, his Consent being

being to be obtained by Degrees: However, added he, I suppose, when two Years and a-half are elapsed, and a Peace concluded, the Count may be no less pleased at your asking his Consent, than you with receiving it. Two Years and a-half! An Age to the Impatience of Love; but, after being acquainted with the Count's Prepossessions, it would be Madness to attempt an Abatement. The Chevalier was very desirous of having *Angelina's* Picture; but, not daring to ask it, without the Consent of the Countess, he desired Dom. *Matteo* to gratify his Passion in that Particular. The good-natured Ecclesiastic promised it him; but, added he, get your own drawn at full Length; I will recommend you to a good Hand, and I am sure it will be a very acceptable Present to Count *Braviny*. You may depend on its being placed where no profane Eyes shall have a Sight of it, meaning *Dona Smorfiona*. They durst not, indeed, suspect her of being concerned in the intended Murder; but Dom. *Matteo* promised the Chevalier to examine the Mystery to the Bottom: And, with Regard to her other Plot, added he, your five

Hundred Sequins has entirely rendered it abortive: No Reports against the Count will be regarded for the future. This Account completed the Chevalier's Satisfaction; so, taking his Leave of Dom. *Matteo*, he was set down, about Eight, at *Dona Vittorina's* House, where he was expected with more Impatience, on Account of his Disguise. At his Appearance, all the Ladies cried out, How charmingly he looks! The Abbe *Fortunati*, however, being more embarrassed since his last Conversation with the Countess, approached her with an Air of Timidity, which was construed an artful Conformity of his Behaviour to his Habit. The Count could not look upon him without laughing, to see how admirably he kept his Countenance, and personated a *Romish* Ecclesiastic. On the Abbe's informing the Ladies, that the Prince went the next Day to inspect the Siege, and that he, among others, was to have the Honour of attending him, the Countess earnestly desired him, not to let a precipitate Ardor of distinguishing himself carry him too far, as he went thither only out of Complaisance. *Angelina*

also

ANGELINA. for

also could not forbear expressing her Apprehensions on this Occasion. You will go with the Prince, says she, and, from a Fondness of being taken Notice of, venture farther than any of the *Spaniards*; and, perhaps, throw away a Life, valued by every one more than by yourself: Since you must go with him, keep near his Person. *D'Arcy* promised all that was required of him; and intimated something of the Box of Flowers to his lovely *Milanese*. She told him, she was entirely ignorant of what he said, and would confess nothing.

This Evening seemed so agreeable to the whole Company, that it was resolved to accept frequently of the complaisant Offer of the Countess *Ambrosio*. On the Abbe's taking his Leave, the Countess *de Braviny* said to him, Take Care you do not repent Tomorrow's Walk, and do not, for the future, be so desirous of the Honour of attending Princes. However, I hope to see you at the Opera, and the rest as usual.

The next Day the Prince, with a brilliant Retinue of Officers, about an Hour before Sunset, went to inspect the Siege of the Castle. The

Besieged kept a continual Fire, and, Count *Braviny's* House being at no great Distance from the Castle, the Ladies heard all the Horror that attended it. Every Shot seemed to reach *Angelina's* Heart, and threw her into the greatest Agony. That dear *d'Arcy*, said she, is there, and how far may his Thirst of Glory carry him? I am now far from his Thoughts, or else, for my Sake, he would not thus court Danger. And, alas! what must I expect, but that his Duty will soon call him away, and we shall have no Opportunity of hearing from each other? Ah! the Happiness of Insensibility! What dreadful Pangs has my fond Heart to suffer, during the Continuance of the War! She waited, with Impatience, the Return of the Prince and his Retinue: And *Madam de Braviny*, little more composed than her Daughter, ordered the Coach to be got ready, and went sooner than usual to the Opera, that she might not hear the dreadful Thunder of the Artillery. In her Way, she called on *Dona Vittorina*, who accompanied her to the Theatre.

The chief *Spanish* Engineer, in Order to have a nearer View of the Dispositions, advanced,

vanced, in Company with several Officers of Artillery, and others of the Prince's Court, who came thither out of Curiosity. *D'Arcy* was among these curious Volunteers, contrary to the Advice of several of his Countrymen, who were far from being timorous. At that Instant, the Fire from the Besieged growing hotter, a Bomb fell near the Place where he happened to be, among others who had followed the Engineer. They had just Time to throw themselves on the Ground, but were soon covered with Dirt and Stones; by which, two Spanish Engineers were dangerously wounded, and *d'Arcy* received a small Contusion in his left Arm. The Engineers were carried off to the Hospital, and *d'Arcy*, not feeling any great Pain, refused, for some Time, to be searched; but the Pain and Tumor increasing, he applied to a Surgeon, who, finding there was no Fracture, assured him, that, by keeping his Arm still, the Swelling would be gone by the next Morning. The Surgeon, however, obliged him to make Use of a Scarf for that Evening. *D'Arcy*, after generously

rewarding the Surgeon, returned to the Infant, and attended on him back to the Opera, sharing both his Dangers and Recreations. The Actors waited the Coming of the Infant, and never did Music impart more Joy to an Audience, than the Overture which was played at his Appearing. For, though the *Milanese* were in general attached to the Court of *Vienna*, the many amiable Qualities of this Prince had prevailed against all Prejudices, and gained him the general Esteem.

The Countess, overjoyed to find the Chevalier was safe, concluding he was among the Infant's Attendance, listened with Pleasure to the Opera, this being the first Night the Piece had been performed; and no Person would pass any Judgment on it, till the Countess *de Braviny's* Opinion was known. *Angelina's* Eyes roved through all the Boxes, eagerly searching after her dear *French* Officer; but, not finding him, she cast a Look to that of the Government. *D'Arcy*, indeed, was there, and speaking to one of the Prince's Officers; but, his Back being turned towards the House, it was not easy to know him, especially, as it was the first Time he

appeared at the Opera in his Military Dress. How penetrating are the Eyes of Love! *Angelina* was persuaded she knew his Shape, but the Scarf surprized her. Tears stood in her lovely Eyes, and, leaning towards the Countess, who was taken up with the Opera, said, with a broken Voice, Dear Madam, look in the Government's Box: Is not that Monsieur *d'Arcy*? *Dona Vittorina*, who came to the Theatre rather to see the Company, than hear the Music, answered, I was just thinking the same. Bless me! it is he! Heavens, he is wounded! Wounded! replied the Countess. *D'Arcy* having now turned his Face towards the Audience, they were confirmed in their Conjectures; but the Scarf filled them with Fears. They pitied him, praising his Courage; but the Countess added, that Love should always predominate in the Heart. However, from his gay Behaviour with the other Officers, they flattered themselves the Wound was of no great Consequence, but determined to give him a severe Reprimand. *Angelina*, with her Eyes continually fixed on the Box, said, within herself, You ungrateful Creature, how I could chide you! Is this the

Manner you obey my Commands! Is this your Care of a Life, whose Happiness, you say, depends on me! Your Courage will never suffer me to be easy.

Count *Braviny*, coming into the Box, said, I will venture a Wager you are looking at that inconsiderate Person *d'Arcy*. You are, I suppose, terribly frightened about his Wound, which is no more than he deserves. These *Frenchmen* are fond of Dangers; they mind Cannons no more than we do Violins. This pretty Gentleman, without any Orders or Necessity, must go with the chief Engineer, to view the Enemy's Works. I shall tell him, plainly, that, if he had been killed, and, indeed; he very narrowly escaped, he would not have died in doing his Duty. Every body would have said he had no Business there. However, I will meet him, and tell him, you expect him in your Coach, as usual; as *Dona Vittorina* is pleased to admit him to the Entertainment she gives us this Evening.

Dona Vittorina had not forgot to desire the Countess, that, after the Opera, she would bring *d'Arcy* to her House. The Chevalier

valier had, unknowingly, captivated this amiable young Lady. Her Counsels to *Madam de Braviny*, the Offer of her House, her passionate Concern at the Attempt of the Assassin, together with that she had so lately betrayed at the Sight of his Scarf, were Proofs of a growing Passion; nor was she wanting to reflect upon it. She was too well persuaded she loved the *French Officer*; but at the same Time was satisfied, there was no Hopes, had her Desires not been accompanied with a Crime. No great Penetration was necessary to convince her, she had, in *Angelina*, a formidable and beloved Rival. She was her Friend, and, in a Heart like that of the Countess *Ambrosia*, Love never raises those terrible Tempests, whose Effects are felt by those of a different Character. This Lady lived very happily with her Husband: His Affection, Regard, and preventing Goodness, excited, in this grateful Lady, an inviolable Determination to oppose and conquer her Passion for the Chevalier, the Discovery of which must be fatal to her Character and Happiness. These Reflections had greatly agitated her Mind all the Day ;

but, Virtue and Friendship gaining the Ascendency, she sacrificed to her Duty, the Happiness of her Husband, and her Friendship for *Angelina*, all her Affection for the Chevalier. But, how weak are our Resolutions! Though she was satisfied she could not see the Chevalier without the strongest Emotions, she could not forbear indulging herself with the Sight of him, as often as her Acquaintance with the Countess would give her Opportunity. I will be careful to hide my Weakness, lovely *Angelina*, said she, to herself. My Regard for him shall not affect your Happiness. Alas! it is not in my Power to obstruct, in the least, your Happiness; for you, both in Beauty and every other attracting Accomplishment, are infinitely my Superior, besides the charming Bloom of Youth. You, in all Respects, deserve the Preference and Attachment of the Man, who can make you most happy. No, *Angelina*, you have nothing to fear from me. That I love the Chevalier is true; but he shall for ever be ignorant of it. Nor shall you ever perceive it, unless my kind Offices to you and your Lover, which shall
always

always be the greatest Happiness of my Life, should betray the Secret. In such Reflections the Countess *de Braviny* found her immersed. She, however, received her very politely, and *Angelina*, who looked upon her as her sincere Friend, had thrown herself into her Arms. *Vittorina* joined her Embrace with no less Fondness, shedding Tears, which alarmed the young Lady. What is the Matter, my dear Lady? said *Angelina*. Heaven forbid any Misfortune should have happened to your Family. You shall one Day know the Cause, answered *Vittorina*, but Secrecy at present is best. Do not distrust my Friendship; I sincerely love you, and will shortly gratify your Desires. *Angelina* could not forbear importuning *Vittorina* to trust her with the Secret, offering her all the Service in her Power. *Vittorina* prudently answered, Her History would better suit another Opportunity, as any Thing melancholy would be rude and misplaced at a Party of Pleasure. *Vittorina's* Tears at the Opera could not escape *Angelina's* Notice; from which, and the lively Concern she had shewn at every Thing

Thing that affected the Chevalier; she suspected it was not impossible she might be her Rival. "But no, said *Angelina*, to herself, I certainly wrong her. The Countess *Ambrosia* is married; her Conduct is irreproachable. She has also constantly shewn the tenderest Regard for me. No, she cannot endeavour to deprive me of the Heart of Monsieur *d'Arcy*. But she has Eyes, and a Heart, and that is sufficient to distinguish him from all others. Alas! were my Suspicions true, I could only pity her, nor esteem her the less for her Affection." Rare and exalted Sentiments! only to be found in those pure Hearts, where Love delights to reside in the Midst of Tenderness, excluding that monstrous Passion, Jealousy, which renders the most sincere Affection violent and dangerous.

The Conclusion of the Opera brought the Ladies to the Coach, where *d'Arcy* had some Time waited for them. The Reprimands he received from the Countess and the young Ladies may easily be imagined. *Madam de Braviny* reproved him in a very serious Manner; and told him, That to expose

pose his Life unnecessarily was no Part of true Courage. *D'Arcy* acknowledged the Truth of all she said, pleading, in Excuse, his Desire of seeing the Enemy's Works, and assured them, that his wearing the Scarf was only in Compliance to the Orders of the Surgeon, and, as the Pain was considerably abated, he should lay it aside the next Day. *Angelina* said but little, reserving her Lecture for a more proper Opportunity.

They arrived at *Dona Vittorina's*, who, going to meet the Company, paid the Chevalier the most polite Compliment on his Accident. The Count *de Braviny* took a different Method: Chevalier, said he, are you mad? You no sooner escape one Danger, than you run headlong into another. If you have no Care of yourself, you should reflect on the Uneasiness of your Friends. My Father, on his Death-bed, desired me always to have a Kindness for the *French*. I suppose he was under some Obligations to that Nation; but, in Truth, a sincere Affection for your Countrymen, and especially the Officers, is attended with too much Uneasiness. I was saying to these Ladies, The
French

French are mad. If ten Dangers attend any Post, they will be sure to take eight to themselves. A Gentleman, and especially a Soldier, ought certainly to be a Man of Courage; but then there is also a Thing called Prudence, without which, Courage is of no Consequence. I cannot help paying some Regard to the last Commands of my Father; besides, you *Frenchmen* have something in you very agreeable; but, if you proceed in this Manner, you may possibly be the last with whom I shall chuse to contract a Friendship. I find Trouble enough in Life, without endeavouring to increase it by Acquaintance.

This Compliment of *Monsieur Braviny* made the Company very merry, and the Chevalier answered it with an Embrace. No, no, said the Count, you are not to impose upon me in this Manner. You are persuaded, every one has a sincere Regard for you; but, notwithstanding, you run headlong to the Mouths of the Enemy's Cannon. Ask *Angelina*, continued he, if you do not deserve to be severely reprimanded: And I may venture to say, that

she

she and her Sister will rattle you sufficiently. You had, therefore, better go and ask Pardon; and, as you cannot now join with these Ladies in a Party at Cards, I will supply your Place. The Countess was now sat down to play, and the Chevalier looked at her, to obtain her Leave, which she signified by a Smile; and *d'Arcy*, seeing the whole Company engaged, said, he would obey Monsieur *Braviny*, by making his Submission to the young Ladies. Accordingly, he advanced towards the two Sisters, who affected to talk very severely to him. He pleaded guilty, though the Crime imputed to him could not fail of establishing him the more in their Favour; no Virtue having the good Fortune to please the Ladies so much as Courage; and *Angelina* was particularly pleased to find her Lover possess it in so eminent a Degree. *D'Arcy* informed her, that, pursuant to her Orders, he had imparted his Love for her to the Countess. I know it, answered *Angelina*, and that dear Mother is heartily inclined to promote it to the utmost; but, during two Years and a-half, an infinite Number of Accidents may
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attend us, besides the Difficulties the inveterate Malice of *Testamatta* and *Smorfiona* may raise; so that the Consequence is at best but very uncertain, and fills me with Apprehensions. Can you even answer for yourself, that you shall be always the same? Dear *Angelina*, answered *d'Arcy*, when I cease being the same to you, may I be no more. I love you with a Passion and Constancy equal to your Charms.

The Lovers were continuing their Protestations, when the Company left Play, to sit down to Table. They were very chearful, and both *Angelina* and *Vittorina* were overjoyed to see the Chevalier in such high Spirits. The Count *Braviny* continued his jocular Discourse, and the Countess discovered that agreeable Chearfulness, which Minds free from Passion can only experience. In short, the whole Party were entirely pleased, and broke up, hoping shortly to enjoy the same Satisfaction.

It was now the latter End of *January*, and *d'Arcy* expected shortly to be ordered to his Regiment. This filled his Mind with Apprehensions. It was, however, some Com-

Comfort to hear a Picture of his dear *Angelina* was drawing for him, he having already sat for his; and, little now remaining besides the Drapery, the Painter promised him the Piece in a few Days; adding, he hoped it would not be thought much beneath the accomplished Original.

On The next Day, finding his Arm much easier, he laid aside the Scarf, and went as usual to Court; but the News he heard there, seemed to plant a Dagger in his Heart. He was informed, that the first Column of *Austrian* Reinforcements had reached *Trent*, and the others were on their March. He was now satisfied the Time of his Departure was approaching, the Thoughts of which plunged him into a Labyrinth of Grief. At Five in the Evening, he went in his Coach to the Opera, dressed in a negligent Manner, where he sat remarkably pensive during the whole Representation.

The Countess desired to know the Reason for his Seriousness during the Opera; but, being desirous of delaying, as long as possible, giving any Uneasiness to the Society,

ty, he prevailed on himself to continue his usual Chearfulness, and only said privately to *Angelina*, I was reflecting, adorable Lady, on the Torments I must shortly experience by being separated from you. Be satisfied, replied the charming *Milanese*, on my Account, I shall never listen to any Thing that may tend to prejudice you in my Heart.

We must not omit to mention, that Dom. *Matteo* had done the Chevalier a singular Favour; he had not only caused Count *Braviny's* Name to be erased out of the fatal List, but (being informed that the Inquisitors, to give the Queen greater Proofs of their Zeal and Exactness, had, together with the Names of the Families suspected to favour the *Spaniards*, sent also those of the most remarkable *Spanish* and *French* Officers of the Infant's Court, their Characters, Discourses in Public, and the Ladies to whom they seemed to pay their Addresses) this sincere Friend had caused the Name of Monsieur *d'Arcy* to be inserted in this List, as a discreet, learned, and polite *French* Gentleman, a true Friend to his King and Nation, but always speaking of the War with great
Mode-

Moderation, and of the Princes who opposed *France* and *Spain*, with that Regard due to crowned Heads.

The Chevalier withdrew that Night later than ordinary. This Society, which always parted with some Regret, was induced to prolong the Time, at the earnest Request of *Dona Vittorina*, who was delighted with the Company of Monsieur *d'Arcy*. However, *Angelina* alone reaped the Advantage, *Vittorina* only enjoying insignificant Compliments, which a *Frenchman*, especially, could not forbear paying a beautiful Lady, who performed the Honours of her House in so elegant and generous a Manner. At last the Clock struck Two, beyond which the Society never continued. The Weather was serene, but something cold, and the Moon shone very bright; so that *d'Arcy*, ordering his Coach to follow him, walked with his Sword under his Arm, attended by two or three of his Servants. On hearing a Noise, and the Clash of Swords, at a Kind of Cross-way, he hastened thither, where he saw two Men attacking one, who, notwithstanding a vigorous Defence, must shortly have

have been overpowered by his Antagonists: 'Traytor, cried they, this Night shall be thy last.' Though the Name carried an odious Idea, *d'Arcy* could not patiently behold the Inequality; so that drawing his Sword, he ran to the Assistance of him who had so gallantly defended himself against Adversaries, who seemed determined not to spare him. Enraged to see their designed Victim assisted, they both fell upon *d'Arcy*, but in so precipitate a Manner, that the Chevalier soon laid one of them on the Spot, on which the other made off.

The Enemy being thus routed, *d'Arcy's* first Concern was to view the Person he had preserved. He saw him leaning against a Door almost spent, having, as he informed *d'Arcy*, been engaged above a Quarter of an Hour. But, upon finding it was the Chevalier, he cried out, Bless me, Monsieur *d'Arcy*, is it you! I do not know a Man to whom I would sooner owe my Life. *D'Arcy*, on a nearer View, found him to be the Chevalier *de Martinengo*. He embraced him, saying, he thought himself extremely happy that he had persuaded himself to walk, since
he

he had, by that Means, saved the Life of so worthy a Gentleman. It would, indeed, answered M. *Martinengo*, have been soon over with me, if you had not fortunately come to my Assistance ; for, though I am not wounded, I could not have defended myself above two Minutes longer ; and I am satisfied my Adversaries would have given me no Quarter. They are no Strangers to me ; that unfortunate Man, who lies yonder, courted a Lady, whose Coldness he imputed to me, which was probably the Reason for this Attempt upon my Life. *D'Arcy's* Servants were standing about the Body, from whence they were called by the Chevalier, who put *Martinengo* into his Coach, and drove to the Palace to find the Officer of the Guard, which happened to be the same Gentleman who had saved *d'Arcy's* Life, by taking him in his Chariot to the Opera. The Chevalier afterwards set *Martinengo* down near Count *Braviny's*, where he lodged ; and it will naturally be imagined, that, besides the Generosity of the Action, he was not a little pleased he had saved the Life of the Countess's best Friend.

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It was not Eleven o'Clock, before his Servant waked him, with News that Dom. *Matteo* was below. This Gentleman, coming alertly into his Room, cried out, Hail to the valiant and generous *d'Arcy*! Monsieur *de Martinengo* is now at the Countess's; she herself was not stirring, but his Thundering at the Door soon brought the young Ladies down, who ran themselves and opened the Door to Monsieur *de Martinengo*, whose Behaviour, besides his being a Relation, had endeared him to the whole Family. He was no sooner in the House, than he cried out with Transport, Long live the Chevalier *d'Arcy*! It is to him alone I owe my Life! Come join in my Gratitude to him. Let us for ever countenance and love him, in Spite of all the Furies below, and their Emissaries upon Earth! The Ladies were surprized, and gazed at each other, not knowing what he meant by these Extasies; but, Count *de Braviny* coming in, Monsieur *de Martinengo* related to him the Transaction of the Night; how you came in the critical Minute to his Assistance, and with what Alacrity you dispatched one of the Assassins.

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The Countess, on hearing this, immediately sent for me, and, with Tears of Joy, directed me to bring you her Thanks for the dangerous Service you did her Relation. He must, by all Means, cried Monsieur *de Martinengo*, dine here ; but the Countess, taking him aside, after a few Minutes, desired me to tell you to send, in your Stead, the Abbe *Fortunati*, dressed to the best Advantage. I am also commissioned with a thousand Compliments from the Count and the young Ladies.

D'Arcy, being obliged to go that Morning to Court on indispensable Business, was dressing himself, when his Picture was brought him, framed, in the most elegant Manner, according to his Order. There it is, says the Chevalier to Dom. *Matteo* ; but I am so unreasonable, as to desire one in Exchange, that is worth a Million of it. Well, Sir, answered Dom. *Matteo*, your Unreasonableness, however, shall be gratified ; but pray do not mention it to any Person, not even to *Angelina* herself. It is an Affair of such Consequence, that I must insist on your Honour for keeping it secret.

As for your own, you may present it before you leave *Milan*; and believe me, you shall carry that of your dear Object away with you. *D'Arcy* then took Coach for the Court, where the first News he heard was, that the Marshal would probably leave *Milan* in a few Days, and that all the *French* were ordered to follow him to their several Cantonments. *D'Arcy*, who had, by Degrees brought himself to think calmly of his Departure, heard the News without Emotion, telling the Company, that, being without Employment at *Milan*, Time began to hang on his Hands, and that he should not stay long behind the Marshal.

D'Arcy returned Home, and dressed himself in his ecclesiastical Habit, which so happily disguised him, that his own Valet declared, he himself should hardly know him. At his Arrival at the Countess's all the Ladies ran to meet him, and tenderly embraced him. But what were his Transports at receiving those of his dear and blushing *Angelina*! *Dona Vittorina*, who had been invited on this Occasion, was near fainting. The Coun-

Countess also embraced him several Times with Joy and Gratitude.

Count *de Braviny*, who entered with Monsieur *de Martinengo*, in the midst of this Ceremony, cried out, *Bravo, Abbe, Bravo, bravissimo*. Is it not so? said he to Monsieur *de Martinengo*. Yes, answered he, *bravissimo*, indeed; and I really think that Monsieur l'Abbe thinks himself pretty well rewarded for last Night's Exploit. In short, the Abbe received a thousand Commendations and Thanks from all the Company. Soon after Word was brought that Dinner was served up. Nothing was mentioned at Table that might give the Servants any Suspicion of the Secret, who were all deceived, or artfully feigned to be so. The Countess proposed the Company's spending the Afternoon there, and Orders were given to be denied to no body. The Abbe spoke *Italian* in the *Roman* Idiom, and had assumed that prelatical Air, which is affected by the most petty Abbe of *Rome*; and, the Count's House being a Place of no great Resort, they promised themselves a happy Evening.

About Five o'Clock, a Footman came to inform the Countess, that *Dona Smorfiona's* Coach was coming to the Door. This News, at first, affected all the Company; but *d'Arcy* was so artfully disguised that it was unanimously determined not to betray the least Apprehension; and the rather, as *Dona Smorfiona*, who was a little short-sighted, had never seen the Chevalier but once, and then by Candle-light. The Abbe *Fortunati* declared he would pretend to be in Love with her. This Artifice they promised themselves would afford a diverting Scene, which every one was to forward. The Sister-in-Law was, therefore now expected without Fear, or rather wished for. She was received as usual, and, after the Compliments and Ceremonies observed among the Ladies, the Count, taking *d'Arcy* by the Hand, said, Let me have the Pleasure of presenting to you Count Abbe *Fortunati*, of Rome. He is a Relation of *Dona Vittorina*, who was so obliging as to bring him here to dine with us.

It is easily perceived, replied *Dona Smorfiona*, that the Count Abbe is a Roman Nobleman.

bleman. The Inhabitants of any Distinction of that Capital of the World, by a peculiar Gracefulness of Deportment, and a commanding Air of Dignity, distinguish themselves from all others. Has the Count Abbe been any Time at *Milan*? About a Week, Madam, answered the Abbe. A Cause depending before the Senate drew me hither, and I am so well pleased with *Milan*, as to be very easy with Regard to the speedy Decision of it. Monsieur l'Abbe, replied *Smorfiona*, affecting Good-nature, our Ladies, very probably, may promise themselves the Pleasure of detaining you some Time after your Cause shall be decided. I cannot forbear telling you, Monsieur l'Abbe, that with so graceful a Person the fair Sex are often very troublesome. Madam, replied the Abbe, you do me too much Honour. May I, continued *Smorfiona*, take the Liberty of asking the Abbe, what News at *Rome*; what they think there of the present State of Affairs? Why, Madam, replied the Abbe, some are entirely in the Interest of *France*, and others in that of the Queen; but, in general, those of Rank are very desirous of

a Peace. Do you know, interrupted *Smorfiona*, that four-thousand *Croats*—O Sister! said Count *Braviny*, can you imagine there is any News that Monsieur l'Abbe has not heard of. But, Brother, replied *Smorfiona*, it may be possible the Count Abbe does know, that 15,000 *Chinese*, taken into *English* Pay, are embarked on board Admiral *Knoules*, and are to be landed in *Italy*, by Way of the *Lake de Garde*. Heavens, cried the Count, was ever the like heard!

Dona Smorfiona was that Day in a very ridiculous Dress. Her Gown was green Velvet *, trimmed with the same Colour. Her Lace, Sleeve-ribbands, and those on her Head, her Tippet, and Mantualet, were also green; her Ear-rings were Emeralds; her Petticoat, Stockings, Shoes, and, in fine, her very Gloves, were green.

The Count *de Braviny*, who had been viewing her all the While, and desirous of ending all political Conversation, interrupted her, saying, she looked like the finest Field he had ever seen. Oh! replied the

* Green is the Colour of the Cockade of the Germans.

Abbe *Fortunati*, you should have said, the Lady represents the blooming Verdure of the Spring. Good Brother, replied *Dona Smorfiona*, I wish you would learn of Monsieur l'Abbe a polite Way of speaking. To compare a Woman to a Field! but, it is like you. Monsieur the Count Abbe, continued she, will be so good as to excuse my Brother, who was never out of the Duchy he was born in. *Braviny* began to lose all Patience at the Follies of his Sister; and the Ladies, with Difficulty, kept themselves from Laughing. At last a Party of Ombre was proposed to *Smorfiona*, which she accepted, on Condition that the Count Abbe should be the third Person, the other being the Countess *Ambrosio*.

The two young Ladies withdrew into another Room, and the Countess accompanied them, with the Chevalier de *Martinengo*. They all agreed that *Smorfiona* was not only deceived by the Disguise, but also actually in Love with the Abbe *Fortunati*; and that, being very passionate, the Abbe should be directed to increase this Flame, and afterwards lay her on the Rack

of Jealousy. To carry on this Project, the Countess privately ordered a Footman to come, in a few Minutes, into the Room, and acquaint the Abbe *Fortunati*, that a Gentleman, who seemed by his Appearance to be a Lawyer, desired to speak with him. Having given these Orders, she hastened back to the Company to be a Spectator of what should happen.

The Footman observed his Directions, and delivered his Commission very punctually. *Fortunati* asking Leave to withdraw for a Moment, *Smorfiona* charged him to make no long Stay. The Countess, in his Absence, began a Panegyric on him, in Order to render the Wound of her Sister-in-Law incurable, and had the Pleasure to find she perfectly succeeded. *Smorfiona* became more inflamed, and *Vittorina*, who guessed the Intention of such a Profusion of Compliments, seconded the Countess. What a Pity it is, said she, that the Abbe *Fortunati* should be in narrow Circumstances, so that even this small Law-suit sits very heavy on him? The Life of an Ecclesiastic was by no Means agreeable to his Inclinations; but the

the Representations of his Family, and his Interest, which was confined to the Church, at length determined him to put on the Habit. *Smorfiona* pitied him greatly, and afterwards fell into such a deep Revery, that nothing but the Abbe's Return was able to recover her. In the mean Time he had been sufficiently instructed in the Part he was to act, and was very unwilling to leave his fair Teachers; but *Angelina* insisted on his returning into the Saloon, whither she would soon follow him; and do all in her Power to inflame her ill-natured Aunt. The Abbe entered the Room with an Air of Ghearfulness, excusing his Stay to the Company; adding, he had received an Invitation to an House, where some Persons frequented, whose Acquaintance might possibly be of Service to him; but the Party he was then engaged in, was, to him, above any other Consideration, and he had accordingly excused himself with different Pretences. On uttering these Words, he cast a languishing Look upon *Smorfiona*, who was in a Flame at this delusive Sympathy. You have not your Equal in the World for Politeness,

said she to the Abbe, offering him her Hand, which he did not fail to kiss with an Air of Fondness and Respect. The Party continued, but this doating Woman, no longer knowing what she did, committed so many Mistakes in Play, that she was a considerable Loser. *Angelina*, who had now seated herself near them, offered to take her Aunt's Place, and revenge her Quarrel. You had better mind your Needle, than our Play, answered the Aunt. Well then, replied she, I will advise the Abbe; for I perceive he is no better Player than many of his Function; and, accordingly, she placed herself near the Abbe, who was constantly asking her Advice, and leaning towards her under a Pretence of not discovering his Cards. The Aunt, in a Rage at this Familiarity, sometimes blushed with Fury, and then turned pale with Malice; but, restrained by the Presence of the Abbe, she durst not give Vent to her Passion. The Disorder of her Mind, was, however, manifest; she wanted a hundred Things, first a Glass of Water, then her Fan; she threw aside her Mantua-let; the Chair she sat in must also be changed

ed. In short, *Angelina* continually keeping her Place, and the Abbe leaning towards her to take Advice with Regard to his Play, was more than *Smorfiana* could bear. Monsieur Abbe, said she to him, you see that little Girl, was there ever such a hare-brained Creature! A *Florentine* Nobleman, who happened to be at *Milan*, did her the Honour of his Addresses; but, truly, he does not please Miss; she speaks of him with the greatest Indifference. Soon after comes a *French* Fop, recommended to my wife Brother, with whom this little Jade fell in Love. Truly, she says, he is a fine Gentleman, and all that; this is your pert Counsellor at your Elbow; however, her Parents are as much to blame as she. These are fine Doings, Monsieur l'Abbe, are they not? Madam, answered *Fortunati*, there is no accounting for Inclination. The *Florentine* Nobleman may be a very agreeable Person, and yet not have the Happiness of pleasing this young Lady. As to the *Frenchman*, who I suppose is one of their Officers, I dare almost answer, that she is too prudent to give any Proofs of her Esteem for a Stranger, who,

perhaps, intends only Amusement, and who, when he has left *Milan*, will hardly ever think of it again. Do you hear what the Abbe says, Miss *Forward*, replied *Smorfiana*, this Gentleman is no Stranger to the World. To love a *Frenchman*! well! that to me seems impossible! None returned her any Answer, and after two Hours and a Half the Company broke up. And it would have been happy for *Smorfiana*, if she had lost only her Money. Her Heart was infinitely more interesting, which the Abbe *Fortunati* was so absolutely Master of, that she could not bear him to sit from her, expressing a passionate Concern for the Smallness of his Fortune, and intimating several Times, that it would not be difficult for him to meet with Ladies, who would think it a Pleasure to render his Condition, in some Degree, equal to his Merit. The Abbe modestly answering, that the Knowledge he had of himself would not allow him to entertain any such presumptuous Hopes; *Smorfiana* still insisted he was of all Men the most able to make his Fortune among the Ladies, adding, she expected the Favour of a Visit from

from him. He promised to embrace so obliging an Offer, as soon as the Decision of his Cause would allow him such a Happiness. It was now near Nine, and *Smorfiona* being invited to Supper at a very distant Part of the City, she was obliged to leave her Brother's House, expressing to the Abbe how concerned she was to leave him; and Monsieur *Fortunati*, who began to be heartily tired with acting a Part so opposite to his Inclinations, was very glad to hand her to her Coach. *Smorfiona*, however, took Care he should not so soon perform this Office, stopping him almost on every Stair; and said such Things to him, as could only be accounted plain Proposals. At last, the Abbe had the Pleasure of putting her into her Coach, and returned much faster than he went. She is caught! she is caught! cried the Countess; all the Company joining in a Laugh at the late Scene. *Smorfiona's* Love for what she imagined to hate above all Things; her Mistake in the Disguise, intended for a different Purpose; was so fruitful a Subject for the Entertainment of the Ladies, that it furnished them with Mirth till their Breaking up.

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The Abbe *Fortunati* was permitted his stated Visits at Count *Braviny's*, being now acquainted with all the Members of their Assembly, which was confined to a few, in order to avoid the Hurry and Disputes which too often attend a more numerous Society.

Whilst *Smorfiona* was the Jest of the Countess's Company, she was contriving Means which might prove very prejudicial to her Brother's Family. Her Infatuation for the Abbe *Fortunati* blinded her so far, that she flattered herself with being still capable of inspiring Desires; and that, the Abbe being no Favourite of Fortune, the Hopes of her Estate might add Power to her Charms, it being no Secret at *Milan*, that she actually had Two Hundred Thousand Livres at her own Disposal, besides an Estate in Land. Her Passion for the Abbe would not suffer her to sleep all Night, and, rising very early in the Morning, she applied to an eminent Lawyer, with Regard to the Right her Brother's Children had to her Estate, in case she herself left no Heirs. The Writings of her Estate had never been examined, and,
in

in the Family, it was looked upon as a Thing that would be attended with no Difficulty. The Lawyer, after examining the Writings, whether he had any Notion of her Intentions, and concluded such an Answer would procure him the largest Fee, told her, that no Relation whatever had any Claim to the Money, which entirely depended upon her Generosity, and that their Title to her Estate was also so ambiguous, that he believed she might easily leave it to whom she pleased. *Smorfiona*, overjoyed at this Opinion, fully answered the Lawyer's Expectations, and determined to see the Abbe as soon as possible, concluding, that his narrow Circumstances would induce him to marry her, to live in a splendid Manner becoming a Nobleman of *Rome*.

Smorfiona had resolved to make *Dona Vittorina* her Confident, and to commission her to negotiate the Marriage with the Abbe, her Relation. Let us now leave this cooing old Lady, flattering herself with marrying such an agreeable young Gentleman, and return to our two Lovers.

Next Morning the Chevalier received a
Billet

Billet informing him, that the Marshal was then setting out for *Valentia*, and he must be at his Cantonment in two Days at farthest. That terrible Instant, cried he, I have so long dreaded, is now arrived! I must now be separated from you, my lovely *Angelina*! and in an Absence not less dangerous than indeterminate. Who can foretel the Issue, or the Duration of War! Nay, alas! I shall soon be among your Enemies, and all possible Means of hearing from you entirely cut off. Every afflicting Circumstance aggravates our Separation! However, as it was impossible to delay the Time, *d'Arcy* gave Orders for every Thing to be ready for his Departure, which he fixed for the following Night, and, informing the Countess, by a Billet, of these unwelcome Orders, desired Leave to spend the small Remainder of his Time at her House.

This Message was a severe Stroke to the Countess, and all her Family. But, how was the lovely *Angelina* affected, when her Mother put the Letter in her Hand! She withdrew, with the affectionate *Leonora*, to her Chamber. At this Instant she severely felt the Misery which attends the Admission
of

of any violent Passion, however innocent. Tears flowed in Torrents from her Eyes. He leaves me! cried she, the brave, the affectionate *d'Arcy* leaves me! to throw himself into all the Dangers of a War! a cruel, a wicked War! What have Princes to answer, for thus making the World miserable to satisfy their Ambition! That he loves me, I am certain; I also flatter myself, that Time will rather increase than diminish his Love; and hope we shall meet again with Hearts no less united than at present. But when! Fatal Uncertainty! my Miseries are augmented by the Uncertainty of their Continuance. *Leonora's* Sympathy would not admit her to see her Sister give Way to such an Extremity of Grief; she omitted nothing in her Power to comfort her. My dear *Angelina*, said she, you seem to abandon yourself to Despair. You forget the Happiness of your Condition. *D'Arcy*, indeed, is going from you, but the Heat of the War is thought to be over; and, from his whole Character and Behaviour, you have no Reason to fear his being constant. Endeavour to banish these terrible Ideas from your Thoughts. We all love the Chevalier, and

no-

nothing in our Power shall be wanting to comfort you. I will speak to Mamma, and it will be hard, indeed, if no Method can be found of hearing from him. Dom. *Matteo* will, I am satisfied, readily assist us, and he is hardly ever at a Loss. Perhaps, you are ignorant that Dom. *Matteo* is entirely in the Interest of the Chevalier; however, I assure you, it is strictly true; and depend upon it, all our Endeavours united will be sufficient to procure your Union with Monsieur *d'Arcy*. *Angelina*, at these Words of her Sister, began to recover from a Kind of Lethargy which had seized her Senses. When, my dear *Leonora*, shall we see him? cried *Angelina*; will not he spend the short Remainder of his Time with us? *Leonora* informed her, that *d'Arcy* was expected between Four and Five, and that *Dona Vittorina* was to be the only Visitor that Day.

No Signs of this Affliction were to appear before the Count *de Braviny*; for, though he had a very great Esteem for the Chevalier, and was very sorry at his Departure, he was a Stranger to his Love for *Angelina*. It was not

the Moment of his Departure, nor the Tears of *Angelina*, that was to inform him of it.

Dom. *Mattheo*, on hearing of the Chevalier's speedy Departure, and judging of the State of his Mind, hastened to him with a powerful Cordial, putting into his Hand *Angelina's* Picture. What a Treasure was this to the Chevalier! he embraced Dom. *Mattheo*, kissed the Picture of his dear Object with Rapture; and, renewing his Promise of Secresy, told him, he would order his own to be brought to the Count's, while he was there. That he was, for the last Time, going out of his Lodging, to pass the few Hours that remained with *Angelina*. Before they parted, the Priest and the Chevalier concerted Ways to hear from each other. Dom. *Mattheo*, being very happy at Expedients, proposed several, which, to *d'Arcy*, seemed infallible, notwithstanding all the Difficulties and Obstacles of the present Posture of Affairs.

It was much later than the Chevalier wished, when he reached Count *Braviny's*, where he found only *Dona Vittorina*, besides the Family. The first Compliments were succeeded

ceeded by a melancholy Silence, which was first interrupted by *Dona Vittorina*. We are going to lose you Chevalier, said she. No, Madam, replied *d'Arcy*; if a Peace was proclaimed To-morrow, I would be at *Milan* in two Days, and spend my Life in a Family dearer to me than my own. Let us only talk of your Return, said the Countess. Remember your Promise, and do not stay away too long. I am going with your Permission, said *d'Arcy*, to leave here a Pledge of my Constancy; and, going into an Anti-chamber, where his Servant waited with his Picture, *d'Arcy* presented it to the Countess, who could not conceal her Approbation of the Present. The Count also returned him Thanks, and *Dona Vittorina* was far from being insensible at the Sight of it. With Regard to *Angelina*, the Absence of the Chevalier, which seemed indeterminate, had so entirely possessed her Thoughts, that, till then, she had little or no Part in the Conversation. A few accidental Words, a tender Look cast at the *French* Officer, were all *Angelina* could permit herself, in such an interesting Juncture; but the Sight of

of the Picture diverted her Attention. This Mark of the Chevalier's Regard diminished her Grief, and her lovely Eyes shewed the Chevalier her Approbation of it. He understood the Language, rejoiced at his good Fortune, and secretly gave Dom. *Matteo* a thousand Thanks for his Advice. The Picture at first became the Apple of Discord: The Countess was for placing it in her private Visiting-room. The Count said it would better become his Library. *Leonora* moved that it would adorn the Apartment allotted for her after her Marriage with Count *Fiorini*; intending to place the Picture where *Angelina* might often see it without any Constraint, it being very seldom that any body went into that Apartment. Well, said the Count, *Leonora* shall have her Desire, so let the Picture be carried thither.

In the mean Time, Dom. *Matteo*, who was for procuring the Lovers some Minutes for private Discourse, came in to speak to the Count about an Affair, which caused him to leave the Company. The Countess also, willing to favour the two Lovers, whose Union she desired, engaged *Vittorina* and

Leonora

ceeded by a melancholy Silence, which was first interrupted by *Dona Vittorina*. We are going to lose you Chevalier, said she. No, Madam, replied *d'Arcy*; if a Peace was proclaimed To-morrow, I would be at *Milan* in two Days, and spend my Life in a Family dearer to me than my own. Let us only talk of your Return, said the Countess. Remember your Promise, and do not stay away too long. I am going with your Permission, said *d'Arcy*, to leave here a Pledge of my Constancy; and, going into an Anti-chamber, where his Servant waited with his Picture, *d'Arcy* presented it to the Countess, who could not conceal her Approbation of the Present. The Count also returned him Thanks, and *Dona Vittorina* was far from being insensible at the Sight of it. With Regard to *Angelina*, the Absence of the Chevalier, which seemed indeterminate, had so entirely possessed her Thoughts, that, till then, she had little or no Part in the Conversation. A few accidental Words, a tender Look cast at the *French* Officer, were all *Angelina* could permit herself, in such an interesting Juncture; but the Sight of

of the Picture diverted her Attention. This Mark of the Chevalier's Regard diminished her Grief, and her lovely Eyes shewed the Chevalier her Approbation of it. He understood the Language, rejoiced at his good Fortune, and secretly gave Dom. *Matteo* a thousand Thanks for his Advice. The Picture at first became the Apple of Discord: The Countess was for placing it in her private Visiting-room. The Count said it would better become his Library. *Leonora* moved that it would adorn the Apartment allotted for her after her Marriage with Count *Fiorini*; intending to place the Picture where *Angelina* might often see it without any Constraint, it being very seldom that any body went into that Apartment. Well, said the Count, *Leonora* shall have her Desire, so let the Picture be carried thither.

In the mean Time, Dom. *Matteo*, who was for procuring the Lovers some Minutes for private Discourse, came in to speak to the Count about an Affair, which caused him to leave the Company. The Countess also, willing to favour the two Lovers, whose Union she desired, engaged *Kissarina* and

Leonora

Leonora in Conversation. Then the Chevalier, drawing near to his lovely *Milanese*, said, Divine *Angelina*, one Request is all I desire; be satisfied of my Tendernefs and Constancy. This will be doing me Justice, abate my Grief at Separation, and soften the Pains of Absence. I am, said *Angelina*, but whither are you going? Is it not to the Army? How can your Tendernefs and Constancy defend you against the Dangers to which you will be continually exposed? It is this alone that gives me Uneasiness. He told her of the Correspondence Dom. *Matteo* was to carry on with him; but *Angelina* desired him not to write to her by that Channel, but, as *Dona Vittorina* had a Brother in the Imperial Army, they would take Care, by that Means, to settle a sure Conveyance of Letters. They continued above an Hour in this pleasing, though melancholy, Discourse. What did not these tender Lovers say to each other! Protestations of Love, repeated Vows of eternal Constancy; every Thing was employed for their mutual Comfort, at this painful Separation.

The

The Count returning into the Apartment, the Conversation became general. Madam de Braviny, however, found Means of intimating to the Chevalier her good Intentions towards him, and her Endeavours to support his Interest against all Opposition. The Chevalier told her, that her Friendship was his principal Support; and that, amidst the present Gloom, he saw a Beam of Certainty, that it was to her alone he should owe the Hand of his dear *Angelina*.

The Post-chaise had now waited above Half an Hour at the Gate; Night was coming on, and Tears stood in the Eyes of the whole Company. The Chevalier, unable to bear such a melancholy Scene, softly recommended his Interest to *Dona Vittorina*, who answered him only by pressing his Hand. Then, tenderly embracing all this worthy Family, and kissing the Hand of his dear *Angelina*, he hastened away without speaking a Word. The Ladies remained without Motion, and gave Way to their Tears. The Count and Dom. *Matteo* accompanied the Chevalier to his Chaise, who promised them, if he did not see them very shortly,

shortly, it should not be his Fault. The Count returned to the Ladies, whom he found in Tears ; but all he said was, He is, indeed, a worthy Man, charming Company, and we shall greatly miss him in our Society. *Dona Vittorina* returned Home discomposed in a very sensible Manner ; she had, however, proposed going next Day to the Opera, to avoid shewing her Concern, which was to be known only to themselves. *Angelina*, before she retired to her Chamber, visited the Picture with her Sister ; but this only fed her Passion and renewed her Tears. *Leonora* drew her from this affecting Piece, promising to come with her often.

The Countess *Smorfiona*, in the mean Time, was agitated with a very different Passion ; her Fire burnt with Vehemence. She had been to pay a Visit to *Dona Vittorina*, hoping to see her dear Abbe *Fortunati* ; but, not finding this Lady, she drove away to her Brother's ; where, the Porter telling her the Family desired to be alone, she proceeded to the Opera. The Abbe *Fortunati*, however, was no where to be found. The next Day, she visited, early, the Countess *Ambrosio*,

flow, where she heard, to her inexpressible Grief, that the Abbe had received Letters from Rome, which obliged him to return thither without Delay; but, as his Cause could not be determined in his Absence, it would not be long before he returned to Milan. *Smorfiona's* Disappointment being very visible, *Dona Vittorina* asked her if any sudden Sickness had seized her; upon which the old Lady revealed her Secret to her, acquainted her with her Love for her Kinsman, and very imprudently imparted to her the Opinion of her Lawyer, relating to her Estate. This Discovery alarmed *Dona Vittorina*; but, glad of the Opportunity of doing a good Office to Count *Braviny* and his Family, she concealed her Resentment, in Order to continue in the Confidence of *Dona Smorfiona*; and obligingly expressed her Sense of her intended Kindness for the Abbe *Fortunati*, promising that she herself would acquaint him, how nearly his Fortune resembled his Name.

D'Arcy, amidst all the Perplexities of Love, had the Satisfaction of finding his military Affairs in good Order. The Spaniards

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being

being still at *Milan*, he embraced the first Opportunity of writing to the Count and Countess *de Braviny* a Letter, becoming the Favours he had received in that Family; and at the same Time dispatched, by the Help of *Dona Vittorina's* Brother, a Letter for *Angelina*. This Letter was so full of Tenderness, and his Views, Probity, and Ardor, drawn in such strong Colours, as removed all the Apprehensions of the lovely *Milanese*, with Regard to the Chevalier's Constancy. And she, with the same Sincerity, delivered the following Answer to *Dona Vittorina*:

S I R,

‘ *Dona Vittorina* has delivered me your
 ‘ Letter, in which you have advanced no-
 ‘ thing more than what your Behaviour here
 ‘ has confirmed. The Satisfaction it gave
 ‘ me is more than I can well express. Per-
 ‘ severe in your Affection, which Time, my
 ‘ Constancy, and my Mother's Fondness,
 ‘ cannot fail of rewarding. Depend upon
 ‘ *Angelina*; she loves you; and, far from
 ‘ blushing in declaring it, as she finds it her
 Plea-

‘ Pleasure, so she makes it her Glory. But
‘ I am not free from the most painful Apprehensions; the Campaign will soon open;
‘ you are a *Frenchman*, and, consequently,
‘ precipitate, so that I tremble for you. Reflect that I am now concerned in your Life,
‘ and let that Thought be a Check upon
‘ your Ardour. Should our Correspondence
‘ become more difficult by the Departure of
‘ the *Spaniards*, *Dona Vittorina* has an Expedient against all Obstacles, and I am satisfied of her Friendship. We constantly
‘ talk of you, and every one here is interested in your Favour; but *d’Arcy* has the
‘ greatest Share in the Heart of

ANGELINA.’

This free Correspondence between our Lovers was but of short Continuance. The Infant soon left *Milan*; the Success of the Allies in *Piedmont*, at the Beginning of *March*, obliging the *Spaniards* to retreat near *Placentia*. The *French*, encamped at *Novi*, were preparing to march to their Assistance; but the *Austrians*, pouring their Forces into the Territories of *Milan*, entirely cut off all Com-

munication between them and the *French*; and, consequently, all Correspondence between the Chevalier and his lovely *Milanese*. *Dona Vittorina's* Expedient was now of no Service, her Brother remaining in Garrison at *Mantua*. In the mean Time, the Return of the *Austrians* to *Milan* having brought thither several Persons from *Vienna*, the Countess was informed that Count *Testamatta*, whom his faithful Spy had acquainted with the Reception a *French* Officer had met with from this Lady, suspected she countenanced his Rival, and made the whole Court acquainted with his Apprehensions; which, however, only caused him to be laughed at. This so enraged *Testamatta*, that he was returning to *Milan*, in Order to do all in his Power to gain *Angelina*.

The Countess, however, little dreaded his Cunning or his Power; for, by the Assistance of Dom. *Matteo*, she had already obtained a Promise from the Count, never to marry *Angelina* to the *Florentine*; and, since the Chevalier's Departure, the Marquis *de Trissino* had been so coldly received, that he had given over his Visits.

The

The Departure of *d'Arcy*, and the Interruption of all Correspondence, were, however, of no Prejudice to his Love; though to be deprived of *Angelina's* Letters gave him so much Uneasiness, that he was continually contriving Schemes for hearing from her, when the Messenger from *France* brought him a Pacquet. During his Stay at *Milan*, he had wrote to a Lady of *Paris*, to send him a Box of the most beautiful Toys, directing her not to mind the Price, but chuse the most delicate she could meet with.

Upon examining the Box, he found the Lady had performed precisely her Instructions; so that all the Difficulty consisted in getting it conveyed to *Milan*. An *Austrian* Officer being made Prisoner, and immediately exchanged, he prevailed on him to take Charge of that Box, and leave it at the Countess *Ambrosio's*, without saying from whence it came, or who brought it. And, in Order to avoid bringing the Officer into any Trouble, *d'Arcy* gave him no Letter; the Direction, given him by *Dona Vitterina*, being placed on the Box, and the rest left to the Honour and Discretion of the Officer. In

mean Time, *Angelina* was filled with the most painful Apprehensions, at not hearing from Monsieur *d'Arcy*. *Leonora*, in vain represented to her, that this Silence could not reasonably be imputed to any Accident, which might have befallen the Chevalier, much less to any Change in him; that it must be entirely owing to the Circumstances of the War. *Angelina*, however, little regarded the Reasons given her by her Sister, but abandoned herself entirely to her Passion. The Countess and *Leonora* going one Day on a Visit of Charity, she desired Leave to divert her Melancholy with *Dona Vittorina*, from whose good Sense, Affection, and Chearfulness, she hoped to find some Relief. *Vittorina*, after receiving her with a thousand Endearments, said, Now, my dear *Angelina*, I will entrust you with the Secret which excited your Curiosity, when *d'Arcy* was wounded at the Castle. Perhaps the Narrative, may, for a While, suspend that Dejection, which I cannot behold without the greatest Concern.

History

History of DONA VITTORINA.

YOung as you are, my dear *Angelina*, you are not ignorant that those religious Recesses, which ought to be Asylums only to those whom an Inclination to Retirement, or a Dread of the Dangers of the World, have voluntarily drawn thither, are long since become only a Kind of honourable Prisons of young Persons, who are Victims to their Want of Beauty, or the Ambition of their Parents. From the Instant of my Birth I was designed to increase the Number of these unfortunate Creatures. The rising Beauty and Accomplishments of two Sisters, beyond any Thing expected from me, were the Causes of the cruel Sentence from my Parents. You know my Family are *Sardinians*, and, my Father living at *Cagliari*, a Convent of this City was pitched upon for my Prison, as soon as I was ten Years of Age, where I was to continue during Life. I had only two Months longer to stay with my Family, when my Governess, to whose Care I was entirely left, took me one Day with her to walk by the Sea-side. This

Woman continued there a long Time with a Boatman, who, I then thought, was too familiar with her. Soon after, five or six Persons of both Sexes coming up, they agreed to take an Airing on the Water, in a Fishing-boat, though the Men who belonged to it seemed all in Liquor. I sat close to my Governess, trembling no less to be in Company with such Fellows, than for the Danger which too often attend these Parties of Pleasure. We had not been above an Hour on the Water, before a Storm arose, and our Boatmen, agitated both by Fear and Drunkenness, seemed in Confusion, and unable to manage the Boat, which, at length, providentially was drove on Shore on the Island of *Corfica*. I saw but little of the frightful Circumstances of this Adventure, having fainted away soon after the Beginning of the Storm. What I know of it was told me by those who saved my Life. These were *Corfican* Peasants who were fishing near the Place where our Boat was drove. They informed me that the Men and Women who were with me, had been washed away by a Wave, and never seen more; that another

Wave

Wave had thrown me on the Sand, where they instantly laid hold of me to save me; that, all their Endeavours to bring me to myself proving ineffectual, they carried me to their Cottage, where I remained two Hours without any Sign of Life; but at last, after voiding a great Deal of Water, I opened mine Eyes; though it was a considerable Time before I could utter a Word, and then I asked for my Governess. I assure you, my dear *Angelina*, I perfectly remember that Instant; though I lay motionless, and almost speechless. I turned my Eyes on every Side, and, the Place being not only unknown, but also different from what I had been used to, that it naturally inspired me with Horror; and it was with some Difficulty I understood the Language of the People about me. When I had recovered my Senses, an old Woman, who seemed very assiduous in assisting me, asked my Name and Country, and promised to send me Home. In the mean Time, this Woman was very careful of me, and procured me the best Food in her Power. I now began to be tolerably easy, having the

Liberty of walking out, when I pleased; and especially, as I flattered myself I should be shortly at Home with my Mamma, and the Joy it would give every one to see me, after I had been given over for lost.

Four or five Days after my Shipwreck, a very handsome young Man, richly dressed, came into our Cottage. He seemed very fond of me, and, calling my Landlady aside, I heard him say, "You may depend upon being well rewarded; take the greatest Care of her, and do not fail being To-morrow at *Bastia*, where you will find me at the City-Gate, and I will take Care to provide a handsome Lodging." He then returned to me, and told me, I was a very pretty young Lady, and gave me a Paper of Sweetmeats. This Youth might be about eighteen Years old, he was tall, and finely shaped; and, I must own, I began already to feel a Kind of Inclination for him, which must have precipitated me into an Abyss of Horrors, had not Providence, blessed be its Goodness! pitied my tender Age and Innocence. He was no sooner gone, than my Landlady asked me, How I liked that young Nobleman?

man? I innocently answered, Very well. So much the better, said she; he shall shortly be your Husband, and To-morrow we will go and see him. Accordingly she carried me to *Bastia* the next Day.

At the Gate of the City we found this young Gentleman. He was now more richly dressed than before, and consequently I did not like him the worse. He ordered the Countrywoman to follow him, and he led us to a House which made no great Appearance, but we found in it an Apartment very neatly furnished. It consisted of three Rooms, in one of which were two Beds, and two Closets full of Cloaths and Linnen, for me and the Countrywoman. The young Gentleman, after giving me some Ornaments of no great Value, and desiring me to be very discreet and obedient to my new Governess, left us. We went out very seldom, unless to walk in a small Garden, the Door of which was constantly locked, after we were in. In this Manner I lived above two Years, when the young Man, whom we did not sometimes see in eight Days, became more frequent in his Visits. I now

began to grow apace, and my Governess, of whom I had then a very good Opinion, used to tell me I grew handsomer every Day. My native Place, however, frequently recurred to my Thoughts, and I even longed impatiently to return; but, if I made the least Mention of being sent Home, I was sure to be scolded at, and threatened with being sent to the Convent, which effectually silenced me.

In the mean Time, my Value for the young Gentleman increased; so that, when he did not come in two or three Days, I was continually out of Temper. All the Answer I could get to my Complaints from my perfidious Governess, was, What a Pity it is you are but a little Girl? I then used to burst into Tears, which put an End to our Quarrels. At length, when I was a few Months turned of Twelve, and fretting one Morning that the young Gentleman had not visited us for three Days, an Officer suddenly came into our Chamber, and ordered my Keeper to come with him to the Viceroy, and bring me with her. At our Arrival in the Palace, we were carried before a Person no less respectable by his
Coun-

Countenance and Age, than his Dignity ; who, bidding me come near him, asked my Name and Country, with a Mildness which removed all my Apprehensions ; and, taking it down in Writing, he said, with a melancholy Accent, “ Was ever any Thing so barbarous ! What Danger has this young Creature been in ; but Heaven has mercifully preserved her ! ” Then, assuming a more severe Voice and Countenance, he reproached my Governess for her Avarice, and her monstrous Crime in sacrificing me to her Interest. He then ordered her to Prison, and, taking me by the Hand, led me through several Apartments, which terminated in a Chamber, at the Door of which waited a Servant, whose Countenance was filled with an honest Concern. The Windows of this Chamber were darkened, and the Light only a single Taper, by the Help of which I saw a Lady sitting near the Bed, in which was a sick Person speaking to a Priest. I was no sooner in the Room, than the Lady, approaching me, embraced me with Tears, and led me towards the Bed, where I found the sick Person was no other than the young Gen-

Gentleman, for whom I had insensibly suffered a violent Passion to grow upon me. I did not endeavour to conceal my Tears at seeing him in so deplorable a Condition. *Vittorina*, said he, lifting himself up a little, forgive me, I conjure you, all my Crimes, or rather my criminal Intentions; the Protector of Innocence having interposed, and prevented the Perpetration of my wicked Project: But, continued he, Heaven is my Witness, and my Parents also, who are here before you, that, if Providence shall please to restore me to my Health, you only shall be my Wife. Shall I have your Consent, *Vittorina*? I answered, Yes, with a faltering Voice: After which, he desired me to hold out my Hand, which he kissed. The same Lady who had led me to the Bed-side, was all the While in Tears; and, embracing me a second Time, delivered me to one of the Ladies who attended her, charging her to take the greatest Care of me. In the mean Time, the Disease of my sick Lover daily increased, and at last deprived him of Life. He was no less than the Viceroy's Son. His Parents were inconsolable, and I sincerely joined in their Grief. If my Sor-

row

row abated, the Image of this young Man, which was so deeply engraved in my Heart, continually presented itself to my View; I loved his Memory, and was continually talking of him, which endeared me more and more to the Lady, who seemed to think all her Care of me too little. The Viceroy had, in the mean Time, sent my Father an Account of my Adventures; but he no longer lived in *Sardinia*. A very considerable Estate, left by a Brother settled in this City, had drawn him from *Cagliari* to *Milan*, whither the Letter was forwarded. Three Months after, the Viceroy, hearing nothing from my Father, took the Trouble of writing another Letter, which was hardly sent away, before my Brother, accompanied by Count *Ambrosio*, arrived at *Bastia*. My Person and Behaviour pleased them so well, that they declared it would never be suspected that I was brought up by a *Corfican* Countrywoman. It is true, the Vice-Queen had, by her instructive Conversation, and all other Methods of improving my Mind, done all in her Power to repair the Wrong her Son had done me. My Brother desired the Vice-roy,

roy, that my Misfortunes might be kept secret, as my Parents intended to bury them in Oblivion. The Vice-Queen declared she would not part with me on so short a Warning; but insisted on my staying eight Days; and, at our Departure, crowned all her former Goodness, with the most unexpected Marks of Magnificence and Affection. We had a very favourable Passage to *Genoa*, from whence my Brother immediately set out for *Milan*. The Tenderness of the Interview between me and my Parents your own Imagination will suggest.

After the first Flow of Joy was something subsided, they ordered me not to let a Word escape me, with Regard to what had happened; and I was given to understand they had resolved to put me in a Convent for three or four Years. The Word *Convent* made me tremble; but, my Mother representing the Necessity of it, I complied. With Regard to Religion, I was quite a Stranger to it; my Reading I had almost forgot, and Writing I had never learned: So that a great deal of Care was necessary to retrieve the Time I had lost, during my Stay.

Stay in *Corfica*. It was not with any Reluctance that, after three Years and a-half, I was taken from the Convent, to be married to Count *Ambrosio*; but, though I hope I am not wanting in my Duty to this Gentleman, yet, notwithstanding his good Character and Tenderness for me, I never could, though I have done all in my Power, conscious it was my Duty, have those tender Sentiments for him, which involuntarily filled my Breast at the Sight of the *Corfican* Youth. — So little Power have we over our own Hearts!

Would you believe it, my dear *Angelina*, the *Chevalier d'Arcy* has renewed in my Mind the Picture of that unhappy Lover. The first Time he came to our Society, I was pleasingly surprised with such an exact Resemblance in Stature, Shape, and Features with the other. My Passion, which was never entirely eradicated, began again to spread itself in my Breast. I perceived I was going to love this *French* Officer. Alarmed at the Danger I encountered my Passion, called in Honour, Duty, my Husband's Affection, and my Friendship for you,
my

my dear *Angelina*. Animated by the Force of such Considerations, I have obtained a Victory over myself. I am, however, still sensible of Monsieur *d'Arcy's* Merit; allow me to add, that he is dearer to me than other Men; but, at the same Time, be persuaded that I have no Passion for him. *D'Arcy*, at the first Sight of you, was captivated by your Beauty; your Virtue and Accomplishments have completed your Conquest. You cannot yourself be insensible of the Addresses of such a Person; and, in this mutual Passion, I foresee the Height of conjugal Felicity. How happy should I think myself, dear *Angelina*, could I, by any Means, contribute to it! I shall always be ready to promote the Happiness of two Persons so well deserving of each other.

Angelina, embracing her Friend, told her, that she had suspected her Inclination for *d'Arcy*; but had only pitied her Condition, without envying her Sentiments, or diminishing her own, and which were increased by this Confidence. And, in Order to return it, she acquainted *Vittorina* with every Particular of her Love for *d'Arcy*.

They

They were just rising to walk in the Garden, when *Dona Vittorina's* Woman brought in a Box, which a *German Officer* had just given her, desiring her to deliver it to *Madam the Countess*, who he supposed was no Stranger to the Contents.

Angelina, casting her Eyes on the Direction, knew the *Chevalier's* Hand, and eagerly whispered it to *Vittorina*. The Countess *Ambrosio*, after ordering her Woman to withdraw, delivered the Box into *Angelina's* Hands to open it. But, how were they surprised at the Contents! Among many other Toys were twenty-four Fans, on which the most ingenious Subjects were painted in Miniature. They examined all the Toys with Admiration; at last they came to the Fans. *Angelina* opening one representing *Paris* giving the Apple to the most beautiful of the three rival Goddesses, she perceived a small Paper among the Sticks, which she hastily seizing, read these Lines:

Venus, when *Paris* gave to thee the Prize,
He had not seen fair *Angelina's* Eyes.

This

This is gallant, indeed, said *Vittorina* ; now for the others. They found, however, only two more with Papers : The first was fastened to a Fan, representing a Turtle on a Rose-tree, in a very beautiful Garden ; in which were contained these Verses :

*Dear plaintive Dove, those piercing Sighs
give o'er ;*

*Let poignant Grief affect your Heart no
more :*

*Continue faithful to your absent Mate,
And Love will soon your Happiness complete.*

The third Billet belonged to the Fan, on which was painted a Camp at a Distance, with the Colours flying, and a Battery before it : Near it was a Warrior on Horseback attended by *Cupids*, on little Horses, armed with their Bows and Quivers. In this Paper were these Verses :

*Vain is our Strength, when we, with Arms
like those,*

*The ratt'ling Thunders of War's God oppose :
His*

*His glitt'ring Sword, when brandish'd, we
defy ;*

But his Artillery makes us fear and fly.

Alas ! said *Angelina*, these Verses have Reason as well as Rhime ; what avails Courage, Skill, or Strength, against Artillery ? Poor Chevalier, may Heaven defend you from its terrible Effects. Here are a great many fine Things, indeed, continued she ; but the most valuable Part of them is, that I now know *d'Arcy* is safe and constant. But it is a Grief to me, that it is impossible to convey a Line to him. He is uneasy, and I would gladly relieve him. But, interrupted *Vittorina*, what shall we do with all these charming Toys ? I will deliver them to my Mamma, this very Evening, replied *Angelina*. And you, my dear *Vittorina*, shall go with me ; a large Part of them justly belonging to you, for having been the Means of their Conveyance. *Vittorina* agreed to it, and some Time after they went to Madam *de Braviny's*, who was just returned Home. This Lady was no less surpris'd than they had been at the Delivery

livery of the Box. *Leonora* was continually admiring the Beauty of the Toys, and prodigiously extolled the Chevalier's Gallantry, for having put it out of their Power to refuse them. *Madam de Braviny* was desired to divide them, after keeping herself what she most liked. She first took the Fan, representing the Dispute of the three Goddesses, and, giving it to *Angelina*, said, That particularly belongs to you. She next claimed for herself that of the Warrior attended by *Cupids*, and divided the rest into three equal Parcels. *Vittorina* and the two Sisters drew Lots, and the Division was so well made that each had Reason to be satisfied.

Dom. Matteo, who had been called in to be present at the Distribution, declared, that it was impossible for any to exceed the *French Officer* either in Generosity, Courage, or Gallantry.

Angelina hastened to her Chamber with her little Treasure; it consisted of a gold Etui, two Patch-boxes, two Pair of Buckles, and six Fans. And, designing to use in common the Etui, she opened it, but, instead

stead of a Tooth-pick, she found a Paper containing the following Lines :

*Bright Queen of Love, whom Emperors adore,
Softens my Pains — thy Pity I implore.
Thou favour'st those whom an inglorious Ease
Confines at Home, and every Passion please:
But we, in whom a Thirst of Glory reigns,
Thou hast abandon'd to most cruel Pains.
Fear not the Camp with thy bright Form to
 bless,
For ev'ry Warrior will thy Pow'r confess.
Leave Angelina's lovely Eyes a-while,
To tell me, Goddess, that she deigns to smile.
Tell me she's faithful, nor my Love disdains,
But of this Absence, like myself, complains.
Her Silence fills my Bosom with Alarms,
Sure no fond Rival has engross'd her Charms!
Love, as my Constancy, is known to thee,
Thou should'st avert all piercing Grief from me.*

Angelina could not read the Chevalier's Complaints without Emotion, and the rather as it was impossible for her to acquaint him how groundless they were. The Birds, cried she, in this Particular, are more hap-

py than we ; free and disengaged, their Wings waft them wherever they please.

It would have been a great Satisfaction to *d'Arcy*, could he have known the Punctuality of the *German* Officer, and the Effect of his Present ; but, all the Channels of Conveyance becoming more and more difficult, he had no Hopes of having that Satisfaction, till the End of the Campaign.

Some Days after the Affair of *Placentia*, the Army advanced into the *Lodesan*, and he found Means to acquaint Dom. *Matteo* that he was not in that Action, and that all was well with him. This was all, he had Opportunity of writing, and came very seasonably to *Milan*, where they were under the greatest Pain for him since that Battle, the *French* having suffered prodigiously. He happened one Day to be dining with the *Marshal*, when some Prisoners were brought in, stripped by the *French* Volunteers, and among these there were two Officers. It was a Pain to *d'Arcy* to see them in such a Condition, and, advancing towards them, whilst they were giving their Names, and their *Paroles*, he heard one of them was called

called *Baron de Trinquenberg*. Desirous of knowing whether this was *Smorfiona's* Lover, he mentioned to him the Name of this good-natured Lady. The Officer, little dreaming of meeting with any one who knew so much of his Concerns, confessed the whole Affair. *D'Arcy* desired Leave of the Marshal to carry the Baron to his Tent, where he treated him for two Days; after which the German was dismissed on his Parole. The Chevalier, at his Departure, gave him a decent Suit of Clothes, putting twenty-five Sequins in one of the Pockets.

As the German Officer was stepping into the Chaise, which was to carry him to *Milan*, *d'Arcy* intreated him to wait on Count *de Braviny* with his Respects. Remember, Brother Soldier, added he, with a Smile, that the Churchmen in *Italy* are a dangerous Set of People. It was whispered, whilst I was at *Milan*, that one, called the Abbe *Fortunati*, was not entirely hated by your Countess; and, as I heartily wish you Success, I would have you watch him narrowly. *Trinquenberg* thanked his Benefactor both for his Favours and Advice.

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When he was without the Camp, he said to himself, Can this be the Man whom *Smorfiona* hates so mortally, and for no other Reason than because he is a *Frenchman*, and seems to have a Design upon her Niece? This is monstrously wrong. I think him one of the most generous, sociable, and worthy Gentlemen I ever met with. On seeing a Party coming towards him he put his Hand in his Pocket, more out of an Air than any Thing else, not imagining there was a single Piece; but how agreeably was he surprized when he felt Money, and drew out twenty-five Sequins! Truly, Madam *Smorfiona*, cried he, you may keep your ill Humours to yourself; I am now perfectly reconciled to the *French*. What, a Suit of Clothes, Linen, a Hat, my Belly full of Wine, and twenty-five Sequins for Expences on the Road! By the Holy Virgin, these *Frenchmen* do every Thing in the most polite and agreeable Manner! And, had I the Chevalier *d'Arcy* at my Seat at *Trinquenberg*, he should not know where he was for a Year together. I will for ever be his Friend, and the first Thing I do To-morrow shall be

be to deliver his Commission. Ah! Monsieur *de Braviny* keeps a good Table, and the best of Wines. So that shall be my first Visit at *Milan*, let my Reception be what it will.

Accordingly he kept his Word, and went to Count *Braviny's* about Noon. The Countess was with her Daughters and *Dona Vittorina*, who now made their House her own. The Name of Baron *Trinquemberg* being carried in, the Countess cried out, Bless me, what brings *Trinquemberg* to *Milan*! He is a brave honest Man, but so intolerably tedious, and, what is worse, Monsieur *Braviny* dines from Home. Could I have foreseen any Thing of this — The Baron now entered the Room, and was received with the Complaisance due to a Gentleman; for the Countess was very polite, and had a real Esteem for this brave Officer. Upon her asking him what brought him to *Milan*, he related his Adventure; but in such warm and energetical Expressions, especially that Part which related to *d'Arcy*, that he highly pleased the Ladies. But, said the Countess, *Dona Smorfiona* hates him.

That is nothing to me, replied *Trinquemborg*, I may as little agree with her in that, as in her Fancy for the *Abbe Fortunati*. Let me but hear her speak a Word in Disparagement of the one, or in Praise of the other, I shall soon silence her ! The Ladies smiled at each other, finding that *d'Arcy* had made himself merry with the Baron, who was that Day so far from being troublesome, that they were very fond of his Company, especially as he was so often extolling the Generosity of the Chevalier *d'Arcy*. The Ladies told him they depended on his Company at Dinner, which Offer he accepted of without any Ceremony ; but so much Ceremony was shewn to him, that the Number of Dishes was increased, and two Flasks of Champaign placed before him, besides other Liquors, which he largely made Use of. Their whole Talk at Dinner was of the Chevalier *d'Arcy*. *Angelina* asked the Baron a thousand Questions, which he answered according to her Desires. *Dom. Mattheo* was at Table, and, to the best of his Power, encountered the Baron, till the Wine disturbed the Judgment, and improved the Eloquence

Eloquence of this good-natured Ecclesiastic. Really, said he, when I recollect every Thing, it seems inconceivable. Were every Transaction which has happened since the Chevalier's Arrival at *Milan* written, I dare say it would make a saleable Book. It would carry the Appearance of Invention, and yet every Person present can attest the Truth of every Article. *Angelina*, being more nearly interested in this unseasonable Speech, was continually making Signs to him to forbear; but Dom. *Matteo*, being naturally not very talkative, concluded of himself. There was, however, no Danger of the Baron's inferring any Thing from it, that should be kept secret; for he had been engaged all the Time in admiring the beautiful Whiteness of the Froth of a Glass of Champaign, which he thought preferable to any of Dom. *Matteo*'s Harangues. The Baron, recovering from his profound Contemplation of the Wine, accidentally cast his Eyes on *Angelina*. Come, young Lady, said he, Here's Success to your Inclinations, in Spite of all the *Smorfiona*'s in the Universe.

Viva the Chevalier d'*Arce*! *Che Viva*,

(the Way of drinking Healths in *Lombardy*) cried Dom. *Matteo*, more imprudently than before. Really, Dom. *Matteo*, said the Countess, I believe you have lost your Senses. Was ever any Thing like it!—Dom. *Matteo* was aware of his Indiscretion, but, not wanting Wit, he gave such a Turn to his Exclamation, that the Baron had no Time to reflect upon it. *Angelina*, being obliged to pledge *Trinquenberg*, hastily poured some Wine into her Glass; every one did the like, and the Chevalier's Health went round, which concluded the whole Affair.

The gallant *d'Arcy*, in the mean Time, was continually exposed to the greatest Dangers. The *Austrians*, elevated by their late Success, had again made themselves Masters of the City of *Pavia*, and their Parties came often to watch the Motions of the Infant's Army. On the other Hand, several Detachments of *French* and *Spaniards* were also scouring the Countries; and these Skirmishes are often more bloody than pitched Battles. *D'Arcy* being on a Party commanded by a *Spanish* Officer, they met a large Detachment of *Cuirassiers*, and, both Parties being desirous

firous of engaging, the Action was very hot. *D'Arcy* behaved with prodigious Ardor, his natural Courage being increased by a Desire of performing something extraordinary, which might reach the Ears of *Angelina*; and, his Horse seconding his Alacrity, they broke the first Line of the *Germans*; but, as that People generally behave very well, and being superior in Numbers, *d'Arcy's* Company was obliged to retire; but, his own Horse being wounded, he found it impossible to follow them, and receiving a Pistol-shot in his right Arm, and two Strokes of a Sabre on his Head, he was obliged to surrender to an *Austrian* Officer, who insisted he should not be stripped.

The *French* and *Spanish* Horse, returning again to the Charge, not only regained the Ground they had lost, but put the *Germans* into Disorder. The Captain of the *Cuirassiers* retreated, having *d'Arcy* constantly at his Side. It was not, however, in the Power of this Captain to hinder his Prisoner from being deprived of his Gold Watch, and about fifty Sequins he had in his Purse, and which fell into the Hands of two *Cuir-*

raffiers. It was his Custom to separate his Money; and this Time he had put into his Pocket the Purse with fifty Sequins and some Silver, and in another Pocket his Diamond Ring, and four Hundred Sequins. This Precaution succeeded, his Watch and the fifty Sequins passing for his whole Treasure; and he arrived at *Pavia* with what he had secreted, though with a considerable Loss of Blood. He was carried to a *German* General, whose Leave he asked to be carried in a Litter to *Milan*. *D'Arcy* might reasonably apprehend, that he should not speedily be exchanged; the *Germans* having, since the Opening of the Campaign, taken a great many more Officers than the *French* and *Spaniards*; He was therefore desirous of being placed under the Hands of a skilful Surgeon, and free from Disturbance. His Request was granted, and he was also allowed to send for three of his Servants. Accordingly, he ordered his Valet de Chambre and two others to attend him, and load four Mules with Part of his Equipage, and leave the rest with the Major, his Relation; directing them to

to take up three Hundred Louis d'Ors from the Treasurer.

His Servants having executed his Orders, and arrived at *Pavia*, he set out in his Litter for *Milan*. The Surgeon who had dressed his Wounds, could affirm nothing. The Shot had not indeed hurt the Bone; but the Cuts of the Sabre were so deep, that a speedy Cure was not to be expected.

Though his Servants carefully observed the Surgeon's Directions in carrying him, the Chevalier arrived the next Day at *Milan*, in extreme Torture.

What a Sight would this have been to all Count *Braviny's* Family, especially to *Angelina*! But this melancholy Affair was not known to them for two Days. *D'Arcy* was immediately carried to the Governor, who, after examining his Passports, gave him Leave to lodge in a neighbouring House, where was a genteel and quiet Apartment.

D'Arcy sent for a Surgeon on his Landlord's Recommendation, who, after examining his Wounds, told him, that those in his Head were not very dangerous, but it would be some Time before they could be

healed. Two Days after, *d'Arcy*, finding himself free from any Fever, thought he might privately make *Dom. Mattheo* acquainted with his Arrival. Accordingly, one of his Valet de Chambre's Acquaintance was ordered to go to Monsieur *de Braviny's*, and acquaint his Chaplain, that a Stranger, just arrived at such an Inn, desired his Company. The Man executed his Commission very discreetly, eluding the several Questions that were put to him.

Dom. Mattheo was shewn to the Chevalier's Room, without the least Intimation of the Person who had sent for him. The Chevalier *d'Arcy* at *Milan*, in a Bed, motionless, his Head bound up with Napkins, his Face pale and emaciated, and the Linen about it still bloody: This Sight was a Thunder-clap to *Dom. Mattheo*, and he fell backwards into a Chair, deprived of Voice, Strength, and Colour; but his Looks and Gestures sufficiently declared the Agitations of his Heart. *D'Arcy* did not permit him to continue long in this violent Disorder. He related to him the whole History of his Adventure, and seemed even to rejoice at his

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Misfortune, which was occasioned by his Zeal for the Honour of his Country, and his Love for *Angelina*; leaving Dom. *Mattheo* to make what Use he pleased of his Knowledge of this Accident. Dom. *Mattheo*, after the most tender Expressions of Concern and Pity, informed the Chevalier, that the Marriage of *Leonora* with Count *Fiorini* had been celebrated two Days ago, and that to acquaint Count *Braviny's* Family with a Particular which would give them so much Concern, would be turning their Joy into Sadness, and at once damp the usual Festivities which generally attend this Ceremony. That, with Regard to *Angelina*, who was surrounded with People, from whom, by all Means, her Tenderness was to be concealed, it would be cruel to make her acquainted with it. He next informed him of Count *Testamatta's* Return, and the Measures taken for obtaining *Angelina*, for whom he grew constantly more and more impatient.

Though *d'Arcy* was satisfied of the Affection of *Angelina*, he was, however, afraid of Count *Braviny*, lest his Esteem for him

decreasing by his Absence, he should at last declare in the *Florentine's* Favour. Dom. Mattheo, perceiving how greatly he was affected with this Thought, which he rightly judged would not contribute to his Cure, desired him to dismiss all Uneasiness with Regard to that Particular; that *Testamatta* had indeed renewed his Instances, which had been vigorously supported by his Friends; but that the Count was inflexible, and, without giving him a flat Denial, would hear no more of it; declaring, that *Angelina* should not be married in less than two or three Years.

D'Arcy, in his weak Condition, did not want bad News; he had received some Comfort from the Information of this Ecclesiastic, who had prudently concealed from him two Rivals, which had sprung up at the Wedding. The Charms of *Angelina* had reached the Hearts of two Gentlemen, one of whom was a *Spanish* Officer, then a Prisoner at *Milan*, called *Don Pedro Campos Verdes*, a very personable Gentleman and of great Repute in the Army, both for his civil and military Qualities: The other

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Competitor was a young Nephew of *Smorfina*, just come from the Academy; who, being carried by his Aunt to the Wedding, at the first Sight of *Angelina*, found himself in a Condition, of which, till then, he had no Idea.

This Youth, whose Name was *Mamalouk*, and, by Conformity of Genius and Temper, his Aunt's Darling, carried in his Countenance all the disagreeable Marks of a bad Mind and Heart. Such a Person, destitute of Parts and Experience, could not be expected to attract the Regard of a great Man, or a fine Lady; but his Aunt's Patronage was a substantial Point in his Favour, and it was greatly feared, that, if they refused the Addresses of her Nephew, it would greatly prejudice the Family. These were Things which Dom. *Matteo* prudently thought not proper to be communicated to the Chevalier in his present Condition, and, finding him very easy with Regard to *Testamatta*, he took his Leave, greatly afflicted at what he had seen, and concerted with himself how he should introduce the Misfortune of the Chevalier at Count *Braviny's*.

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After resolving in his Mind several Expedients, he determined to make the Countess first acquainted with it, and leave her to act as she pleased. At his Return, he found her alone in her Chamber. I was, said she, just thinking upon *d'Arcy*: We have not heard the least Word of him, since he informed us he had escaped the last Battle. I think *Angelina* has been very pensive this Morning; all our Entertainments are nothing to her. The Praises she receives from every one seem to displease her; I really pity her Condition. You say, Madam, you was thinking upon *d'Arcy*, replied Dom. *Matteo*; but I have just now spoke with him. How! interrupted the Countess. It is very true, continued he. Monsieur *d'Arcy* is actually at *Milan*. But, alas! that worthy Gentleman is now here a Prisoner, with several Wounds, and those not slight ones; but he glories in them, as they were occasioned by his Zeal for his Country, and a Desire of shewing himself deserving of *Angelina*. He has been in this City two Days, in Lodgings. Now, what I most fear is, that the young Lady will be informed of
this

this Accident, and it will be impossible for her to conceal her Inclination for this *French Gentleman*, though it now more than ever concerns the Family, that she should hide her Passion from those which continually surround her. Madam *de Braviny* now sensibly felt, that her Friendship for *d'Arcy* was greater than she imagined; but, without losing Time in fruitless Lamentations, she desired Dom. *Matteo* to withdraw, and not make the Count acquainted with the Affair, till after some Hours; and, in the mean Time, she would inform *Angelina* of it. This young Lady's Tenderness for her Mother frequently brought her into her Chamber. On her entering, *Angelina*, said the Countess, to her, shut the Door, and sit down by me; I have a Secret to communicate to you. I suppose you have not heard the News; *d'Arcy* is in *Milan*. Is there a Peace, then, Madam? cried *Angelina*. No, my Dear, answered the Countess; he is a Prisoner, and slightly wounded. At this, the tender *Angelina* sunk into her Mother's Arms. The Countess, who conjectured she could not bear this News without some Disorder, had her

her Drops at Hand, and when she saw *Angelina* was pretty well recovered, and the Tears streaming from her Eyes, she related to her the Information she had received from Dom. *Matteo*, representing to her, how nearly it concerned her to conceal the Agitations of her Heart. You have my Leave, added she, to shew such a Coldness to *Mamallouqui*, that he may not entertain any Hopes of gaining your Consent; but this Aversion must, by no Means, appear to proceed from a Preference to Monsieur *d'Arcy*. As to the Spaniard, and the Melody of his Guittar under our Window, leave me to manage him.

Angelina, at last, breaking from her melancholy Silence, threw herself into her Mother's Arms. Ah! dear Madam, said she, how painful is Love! The Countess answered this Mark of Confidence with many tender Embraces, conjuring *Angelina* to put on a composed Behaviour, and even prepare herself for whatever might happen. *Angelina* returned to her Chamber, to indulge her Grief; in which Beauty, sympathising with
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the Distresses of the Lover, finds such delicious Pleasure.

Dom. *Matteo* had a little anticipated the Time prescribed by the Countess, in acquainting Monsieur *Braviny* of *d'Arcy's* Condition. He came immediately to his Lady to acquaint her, that the Circumstances of the War would, perhaps, hinder him from being so intimate with *d'Arcy*; but that every Thing in his Power should be at his Service, as he was going to tell him. *Vittorina*, hearing that a *French* Officer was brought to *Milan* as a Prisoner, and wounded, feared it was the Chevalier. She hastened to the Count's, where she found *Angelina* bathed in Tears, which her affectionate Sister endeavoured to put a Stop to, by Reasons and Caresses. All her Grief returned at the Sight of *Vittorina*; but the joint Endearments of this amiable Lady and her Sister prevailed so far on *Angelina*, that she consented to be dressed for an Entertainment which *Smorfiona* was to give that Evening. This malicious Aunt had also heard of *d'Arcy's* Misfortune. The fine *French* Gentleman will die, cried she, and there will be Sorrow enough

enough at my Brother's for him. *Angelina*, I suppose, will be almost distracted about it; but, I dare say, it will not continue above nine Days, and then I will marry her to my Nephew *Mamalouqui*. I am greatly delighted at it, and this Evening I will be very merry.

The ignorant, ill-shaped *Mamalouqui* had told his Aunt how desperately he was in Love with *Angelina*; she entirely approved of it; not regarding her former Promise to Count *Testamatta* and his Friend *Trissino*, thinking it was no Ways obligatory, when her Nephew's Fortune was depending, he not being very rich, and young enough to wait the Time fixed by the Count for *Angelina's* Marriage. Be sure, said she, to her Nephew, to render yourself agreeable to her, and please her in every Thing. Wise, indeed, to advise such a Booby as *Mamalouqui*, whose Figure was as odious as his Manners! And the Auspices, under which he began his Addresses, could not fail of increasing *Angelina's* Aversion, which he that Night experienced in a very remarkable Manner.

Angelina told him, on his first mentioning
his

his Passion, that she was not in a Humour, nor ever should be, to hear his Nonfence. With a Heart full of this Slight, he ran complaining to his Aunt, that *Angelina* abused him; and *Smorfiona* had the Cruelty openly to scold at her Niece, and insult over her, by coarse Railleries on *d'Arcy's* Condition. *Campos Verdes* and *Testamatta*, who were both at Supper, completed her Torture. This was a tedious Entertainment to her, and she often wished she had declined coming; but this Compliance was really a Sacrifice she made to her Tendernefs, having no Hopes that her Father would one Day consent to her Happiness, but by concealing her Passion, till a proper Time for Discovery. The Regard which this Gentleman shewed to his Sister, *Dona Smorfiona*, seemed to increase, since she had declared to him, that the greatest Part of her Riches was entirely at her own Disposol; he even seemed to make little Difficulty of seconding *Malouqui* with his Authority, when the Time fixed for *Angelina's* Marriage was arrived.

This the Countess and Dom. *Matteo* were aware of, but took Care not to give the least
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Intimation of it to *Angelina*, hoping, that the Brutality and Follies of his Nephew would, in a short Time, sufficiently disgust Monsieur *Braviny*, and determine him not to marry his Daughter to such an unworthy Creature.

The next Day, *Angelina* wrote the following Billet to the Chevalier, which *Vittorino* undertook to send :

‘ You are, indeed, my dear *d’Arcy*, at *Mi-*
‘ *lan*; but, alas ! a Prisoner, and dangerously
‘ wounded ! A Condition no less painful to
‘ me than to yourself. Ah ! Chevalier, I
‘ feel all your Wounds ; I share in your Dan-
‘ gers, and wish I could mitigate your Pains !
‘ Never more venture to shew your Love for
‘ me ; the best, and only Proof I desire, is
‘ a Care of yourself. Adieu, Chevalier, I
‘ shall every Day hear from you, by the same
‘ Hand that delivers you this Billet. I need
‘ not tell you that two Rivals have lately op-
‘ posed you, as you shall never find a Rival
‘ in my Heart. Duty and Decency oblige
‘ me not openly to reject these hateful Ad-
‘ dresses ; but they shall be only Subjects of
Tri-

‘Triumph to your Passion, and the constant

ANGELINA.’

D’Arcy could send only a verbal Answer to this Letter, which was a powerful Lenitive, as it assured him of *Angelina’s* Heart. He was particularly pleased with her Frankness in acquainting him with his Rivals; this was a Security to him that he had nothing to fear from them. Besides, he was almost a Stranger to Jealousy, and, had it been his Misfortune to have loved one of those capricious Ladies, who look upon Tranquillity in a Lover to proceed from Coldness, he had soon been dismissed; but his unsuspecting Temper was a farther Recommendation to *Angelina’s* Esteem.

It was far otherwise with his Rivals; they were in a continual Agitation. The *Spaniard* was hot and impatient, the *Florentine* fiery, and *Mamalouqui* haughty and insolent. It was only by Accident that the *Spaniard* had seen *Angelina*, and, not having Access to Count *Braviny’s*, he shewed his Love in Serenades; and visited the Churches, Walks, and all other Places, where he had
any

any Hopes of seeing his lovely *Milaneſe*. *Mamalouqui* and *Teſtamatta*, indeed, were Members of the Count's Aſſembly, but not in the leaſt the happier. *Madam de Braviny*, whoſe Contempt of them was equal to her Daughter's Hatred, took Care never to give them an Opportunity of talking alone with *Angelina*.

By this Time there began to be the greateſt Hopes of *d'Arcy's* Cure; but his Surgeon was of Opinion, that it would not be proper for him to leave his Chamber all the Winter. Thus he ſaw himſelf a Priſoner at *Milan*, without knowing when he ſhould be exchanged. This Situation muſt neceſſarily afflict him, eſpecially as it was impoſſible for him to hear any Thing from his Family and Friends. The Retreat of the Infant to the other Side of the *Var*, and the Irruption of the *Auſtrians* into *Provence*, were alſo affecting Circumſtances. Under ſuch a Complication of Diſtreſſes, *Angelina's* Letters, and Dom. *Matheo's* Viſits, were his only Comfort. Count *Braviny* never came near him; this Gentleman's Friendſhip had temporized, which gave *d'Arcy* no ſmall Uneaſineſs,

Uneasiness, though he was satisfied of the Countess's unchangeable Favour.

In this Manner he passed the Winter; for *d'Arcy*, by some Mistake, was not included in an Exchange of Prisoners made in *February*, 1747. This made such a severe Impression on him that his Wounds again grew worse; and his Surgeon advised him to go into the Country, as soon as the Season would permit. Dom. *Mattheo*, being acquainted with this intended Removal, found him a retired House, not far from one of Count *Braviny's* Seats. This Affair was transacted, without the Chevalier's knowing any Thing of the good Neighbourhood where the Ecclesiastic had lodged him. In this Disposition Dom. *Mattheo* had two Views; the first was, to free *Angelina* from her Lovers, or rather her Tormentors; and lay the Count under an Obligation of visiting the Chevalier as usual, as it might be done privately. With Regard to any Scruples the Count might entertain, he knew it would be no great Difficulty to remove them.

The Return of the Spring put Dom.
Mattheo

Matteo in Action; he caused the House and Gardens designed for the Chevalier to be put in such Order, as rendered it a most charming Dwelling, and then obtained, from the Governor, the necessary Licence. The Chevalier's Imprisonment was rendered very easy, by some Presents rightly distributed; so that the Visits of several *Milanese* Gentlemen were not regarded.

Smorfiona had not been idle in her clandestine Machinations, to render the Government suspicious of this *Frenchman*, whom she detested: But, notwithstanding she was a Woman of Rank, she was told that Affairs of this Nature did not belong to her Sex; and *d'Arcy* was permitted to retire into the Country. Before he set out, he sent a Message to the Countess and his dear *Angelina*, that, the Air being necessary for completing his Cure, he was going a few Miles out of *Milan*, but hoped this would not interrupt their Correspondence. Nothing now remained but to hasten the Departure of Count *Braviny's* Family, which Dom. *Matteo* the more easily effected, as the Count loved the Country, and there was
now

now no Danger of being molested by the Troops; for, the Scene of the War being transfered to the Coast of *Genoa*, it was probable the last Act of the Tragedy would be performed in that Country. *Angelina*, not being informed of the particular Place to which the Chevalier was going, seemed rather inclined to stay in *Milan*: But as it was her Father's Pleasure, and *Dona Vittorina* was to accompany them, that nothing might be wanting to render the Summer agreeable, she readily complied.

D'Arcy had not been a Week in this delightful Retirement, before he felt the happiest Change; his Colour and Strength returned, and he was soon able to walk in his Garden and the adjacent Country. One Day, as he was standing among some Trees, about an hundred Paces from his House, he saw some Ladies walking by the Side of a Canal; but they were at so great a Distance that he could only discover the Colour of their Dress. He advanced some Paces towards them; but, the Ladies going into a Grove, he lost Sight of them. The next Day he took the same Walk, but no Ladies

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appeared

appeared. A few Days after, as it was his daily Practice, being near the same Place, he thought he saw the same Ladies standing on the Side of the Canal. *D'Arcy* advanced to a small Rivulet which he could not get over; but, being dressed in Scarlet laced with Gold, it attracted the Eyes of the Ladies; and he thought he perceived the Company, on a sudden, in an uncommon Agitation. A Servant brought one of the Ladies a Telescope, which she immediately directed towards him. The Person who first used it, gave it to another; in short, all the Ladies took the Glass one after another with a great Deal of Haste. He then observed the Company seemed more agitated; and, another Servant bringing a speaking Trumpet, a Gentleman, who was with the Ladies, putting it to his Mouth, he heard himself called by his own Name. He could return no other Answer than Bowing; but, walking along the Side of the Rivulet, he found a Place, where, by the Help of his Valet de Chambre, he got over, and was advancing towards the Gentleman who called him, when, by the Help of the Trumpet, the Gentle-

Gentleman desired him not to come any further, for a Chaise should be immediately sent him. *D'Arcy* could not particularly distinguish the Company any farther, than by some Indications of Friendship; and he was in the utmost Impatience, when he saw a Chaise coming for him, on the other Side of the Rivulet. The Countess *Braviny*, who had first discovered him, was at a Loss what to make of this Adventure. *Angelina's* Joy was inconceivable. The Chaise sent for the Chevalier belonged to *Dona Vittorina*, which he could not know; and the Servants were ordered to make no other Answer to any Questions, than that no Harm was meant him, and that he would find a very hearty Welcome.

The Chaise, in less than a Quarter of an Hour, set him down in the Court of a Seat, with the modern Elegancy of which he seemed greatly delighted; but his Wonder and Joy cannot be expressed, when, being conducted into a Parlour, he saw the Countess, *Angelina*, the Count and Countess *Fiorini*, and *Vittorina*. Where am I, Ladies, cried he, is this Inchantment? No, no, an-

swered the Countess, giving him her Hand we are neither Sylphs nor Fairies: You are with Persons who really esteem you. The Chevalier wanted Words to express the Overflowing of his Heart. He threw himself at *Angelina's* Feet, who was so transported, that she was not aware how painful that Posture was to him in his weak Condition, and would have forgot to raise him, had not the Countess desired him sit down by her. The Ladies were overjoyed at this happy Incident. The first Minutes were spent in Questions often interrupted, in reciprocal Congratulations, and the Pleasure of meeting, and being able to converse with each other. I suppose, Madam, said *Angelina*, we are come hither for the whole Summer. No, no, answered the Countess, we must return to *Milan* To-morrow. *D'Arcy*, after admiring the Beauty of *Angelina*, which seemed to have been increased since he left *Milan*, thought it high Time to ask after the Count. He was informed he had been for two Days at *Milan*, with Dom. *Matteo*, but were both expected next Day. At that Instant a Letter from Count *de Braviny* was brought

to the Countess. Well, cried she, Happiness, like Misfortune, never comes alone ! Here is a Letter which I am satisfied will give all of you a great Deal of Pleasure :

‘ *D’Arcy* is your Neighbour in the Country ;
 ‘ I would have you endeavour to find him
 ‘ out. Would you believe it, the Gover-
 ‘ nor’s *Aid de Camp* has strongly recom-
 ‘ mended him to me, and withal assured
 ‘ me, that any Civilities shewn him should
 ‘ do me no Prejudice at *Vienna* ! Dom. Ma-
 ‘ theo is almost mad with Joy, to think the
 ‘ Chevalier is so near us. I had some Dif-
 ‘ ficulty to keep him with me ; I cannot
 ‘ spare him ; however, I will either see you
 ‘ myself, or send you a Line, in a Day or
 ‘ two.’

It is impossible to describe the Joy this Letter caused in the whole Company. All the Talk now was of Entertainments, and Parties of Pleasure. I suppose, said the Countess, your Impatience for an Exchange is now a little abated : But this Day had still farther Matter for Exultation for *d’Arcy*, and was to end as happily as it begun.

Towards the Evening, one of his Servants

whom he had left at his Quarters at *Milan*, brought him a Letter from his Brother, who expressed the tenderest Concern for his dangerous Situation, and sent him inclosed a Bill of Exchange, for no less than a hundred thousand Livres, on a Banker in *Milan*. The Pacquet had been opened by the Governor, as is constantly the Practice, with Regard to Prisoners; and these Papers could not avoid producing an additional Regard for the Person to whom they were directed. If Fortune, void of Merit, claims some Consideration in the World, what Esteem and Respect must they produce, when blended in so eminent a Degree as in the Chevalier *d'Arcy*! This Letter farther excited in the Countess many Reflections, which confirmed her Desire of seeing her Daughter united with the *French* Officer; she immediately determined to find some Means of enquiring into the Rank and Fortune of *d'Arcy's* Family, and disposing the Count to act in Concert with her.

D'Arcy, on receiving this Supply, gave Orders for farther Decorations to his House, hired more Servants, and bought himself an Equi-

Equipage, that he might not be troublesome to his Friends.

Count *Braviny*, according to his Promise in his Letter, returned at the End of two Days, and brought Dom. *Matteo* with him. Being now delivered from any Fear of his Government, his cordial Friendship for *d'Arcy* returned; and the Chevalier never accused this worthy Gentleman of any ill Intention, or Coldness, for his Absence during the first Months of his Wounds. Dom. *Matteo*, tho' he openly joined in the general Satisfaction, was entirely silent, that the whole Affair was owing to his Management.

It was resolved to see each other constantly, except on those Days when the troublesome Visitors from *Milan* were to come. Among these were *Angelina's* Lovers, *Smorfiona*, and some other Persons.

D'Arcy moved that the Company should dine with him, at least three Times a Week: His House being sufficient to entertain the greatest Company, whenever Monsieur *de Braviny* should be pleased to honour it so far; but that Gentleman's House was open

to only a few select Friends, and, in that Country, a Person never finds twenty or thirty Persons at his Table, when he expected only ten or twelve. The *Italian* Custom, excluding all, who were not previously expected, from Monsieur *de Braviny's*, could not fail of *d'Arcy's* Approbation. Without this ceremonial Restraint, some Persons would have intruded there, who might have discovered his Passion for *Angelina*; and to conceal that from every body was a Matter of the greatest Concern. With Regard to *Angelina*, the fewer the more agreeable; her dear *d'Arcy*, the Family, and *Vittorina*, formed the most agreeable Society to her.

The Company, however, had been increased by the Addition of two Members; one was a Lady of *Verona*, called the Marchioness *Morosetti*, a Beauty hardly inferior to any, except *Angelina*: She was an intimate Friend of the Countess, and of the Chevalier *Martinengo*; the latter, whom Gratitude attached in a particular Manner to *d'Arcy*, was desired to lodge with him. His Arrival increased the Pleasures of the soft Amuse-

Amusements, which this amiable Company enjoyed ; a Happiness too great to last any long Time without Alloy. *Smorfiona* came one Day very early to the Count's, bringing, with her, her dear Nephew *Mamalouqui*. Monsieur *de Braviny*, being very desirous of pleasing her, immediately sent to the Chevalier's, desiring him and *Martinengo* to keep at Home all the Day ; hoping that both the Aunt and Nephew would return in the Evening, but *Smorfiona* had other Intentions. She believed, that, by desiring her Brother to let her Nephew stay for some Time at his House, *Angelina's* Mind might take a Turn in his Favour. The Proposal was made at Dinner, and agreed to, without Hesitation, by Count *Braviny* ; who, not having the same Reasons for hating the young Man as the Ladies, thought a Compliance with his Sister's Desire would free him from the Trouble of her ill Temper. The Society entertained very different Thoughts ; the *French* Officer and *Martinengo* were both to be concealed from *Smorfiona* ; but this was difficult, as they were constantly exposed to the Enquiries of this

ignorant Nephew. After Dinner the Countess and her Daughters, with the two Ladies, her Friends, withdrew into the Gardens, where it was resolved that the two Gentlemen should, for the Future, appear, but in such Disguises, that the young Man should never discover who they were. Dom. *Mattheo* was commissioned to get the Count's Consent, and explain to the two Hermits the indispensable Necessity for this Precaution ; promising they should lay their Disguise aside, as soon as Circumstances would permit. This was attended with no Difficulty ; *Mamalouqui* had never seen them, and, therefore, any Disguise would take with him, if he was the only Stranger, at the Scenes which were contrived to deceive him. *D'Arcy* and *Martinengo* informed the Ladies they would readily obey their Instructions, and only required two or three Days to prepare their Habits. This Delay, however, was what the Ladies would not agree to.

Dom. *Mattheo* was sent back with peremptory Orders for them to make their Appearance about Eleven o'Clock ; that they should be conveyed into the Countess *Fiorini's*

rini's Chamber, and that Care should be taken that the amorous *Mamalouqui* should give them no Disturbance.

The Marchioness *Morofetti*, being of a lively Fancy and chearful Disposition, said she would endeavour to make some Return for the Pleasure done her, by admitting her a Member of the Society; and flattered herself to allure the young Man, and make him her own instead of *Angelina's*, who was filled with the most dismal Apprehensions at her Father's Consent. The artful Marchioness had a latent Intention for displaying her Charms to *Mamalouqui*. She had been a Widow above a Twelvemonth, which was a Condition little suited her Inclinations, it being, in *Italy*, almost as confining as that of a Maid. Madam *Morofetti's* first Husband was a Man of Rank, and greatly advanced in Years; and, though her Behaviour towards him was always unexceptionable, unfortunately for her, an Apoplexy carried off the old Gentleman so hastily, as not to allow him Time to shew his Acknowledgment by leaving her his Estate; and the young Widow's Circumstances were too

narrow for her to expect, notwithstanding her Beauty, a Husband equal to her Desires.

Mamalouqui, indeed, had neither Sense, Decency, or Good-nature; but he was the only Son, and his Father reckoned to have an Estate of near thirty Thousand Livres a Year. *Morosetti's* Conscience was perfectly easy, with Regard to stealing this Gallant from *Angelina*; she was even satisfied that, when she was informed of it, she would thank her for the Favour conferred on her, by freeing her from the most hated of all her Gallants. With Regard to the Success of this Attempt, *Morosetti* seemed confident of it, being not ignorant of her Beauty, Accomplishments, and Address to display both in the most advantageous Manner.

Smorfiona, having given her Nephew Instructions for his Behaviour, and the Manner of conducting his Address to *Angelina*, returned to *Milan*. The Youth had Fire, though he wanted Reason; for that very Evening he was for pushing his Addresses, and accordingly knocked at the Door of *Angelina's* Chamber, when she was undressing
herself

herself with her Woman. The Door, being bolted within, put him out of all Patience :
‘ Let me in quickly, cried he ; am not I
‘ one Day to marry my Cousin *Angelina* ?
‘ My Aunt ordered me to be constantly with
‘ her, and never let her alone. This is very
‘ strange, and I will inform her of it, that I
‘ am not permitted to go into her Cham-
‘ ber.’ Count *Braviny*, who was in his Apartment, which was near *Angelina*’s, hearing *Mamalouqui*’s Threatenings, came to satisfy him ; but the ignorant Youth answered him so roughly, and threatened to complain of him also to his Aunt, that the Count turned his Back upon him, calling him School-boy.

Madam *Morofetti* embraced this Disturbance to speak to *Mamalouqui* ; she drew him from the Door, and beginning to tell him, it was rude to make a Noise at the Door of a young Lady’s Chamber, he answered her very shortly, saying, ‘ Pray, Madam, what
‘ is that to you ? It is very strange, indeed :
‘ Am I to be guided by you ?’ This seemed but a bad Beginning ; however, she was not discouraged, and, calling Madam *de Braviny*

Braviny to her Assistance, they drove the young Gallant from his Post, and *Angelina* continued in her Chamber till she came down to Supper. When it was near Eleven, the Ladies withdrew to their Apartments, in Expectation of the two Gentlemen, who, coming at the Time appointed, said, they would endeavour to improve their Solitude to the Entertainment of the Company, without adding any farther Explanation. Dom. *Matteo* continued with them, and concerted an Entertainment for the next Day, which could not fail of giving the Ladies both Pleasure and Surprize.

Though Madam *Morofetti* did not want Beauty, *d'Arcy* was cautious of speaking to her, lest it should give *Angelina* any Suspicion. The young Lady, perceiving the Constraint he put upon himself, said to him, Sir, you know me; I am sure of your Affection, and, I look upon Jealousy as a Weakness unbecoming a generous Soul; at least, I promise myself, it will never find a Place in my Breast: Your Confidence, with Regard to my Sentiments towards you, has, I assure you, increased them. I have the
same

same Opinion of you; therefore, behave freely towards all the Ladies, which will increase my Regard for you. It was a great Pleasure to the generous *d'Arcy* to find so near a Similarity of Disposition, construing *Angelina's* relying on him to be the strongest Proof of her Affection.

The next Day, about Six in the Evening, Dom. *Matteo* prevailed on the Ladies to take their Evening's Walk along the Canal, where they first discovered *d'Arcy*; from whence he insensibly drew them into the little Grove; the Count *de Braviny*, his Son-in-Law, Dom. *Matteo*, and *Mamalouqui*, attending them. They had not gone far into the Grove, before they were surprised with hearing a delightful Concert of Music, which seemed to approach nearer and nearer to them. Soon after, they perceived a Company of Shepherds playing on different Instruments, and with them a young Shepherdess, very neatly dressed, and of no disagreeable Person, who, coming respectfully up to the Countess, desired the Honour of her Company at a rural Entertainment, provided in a Part of the Grove, at a small
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Distance. The Shepherdess paid the same Compliment to all the Company, who, praising her Elegancy, followed her, being preceded by the Music. Some Minutes brought them into the thickest Part of the Grove, which in an Instant was illuminated with Thousands of little Lamps; and, at a very small Distance, they found three Tents, adorned on the Outside with Garlands, and illuminated, and furnished in the most magnificent Taste. *D'Arcy* and *Martinengo*, dressed like Shepherds, received the Ladies, placing them on Seats adorned with Wreaths of Flowers. A Number of Shepherdesses began the Ball; and after Dancing some Time, at a Signal from a Pipe, the Ball ended, which was succeeded by an *Italian* Cantata, sung by a Shepherdess, who was dressed in a more rich Manner than the others.

The Cantata being ended, which was very gallant, the Shepherdesses again appeared, and, the Ladies joining with them, the Ball was renewed; six little *Cupids*, from Time to Time, bringing the most delicate Refreshments. *Mamalouqui* viewed the Scene with Surprise; and *Angelina* said to him, I suppose

pose we owe this Entertainment to your Gallantry; it must be owned you have a very polite Taste; but to be so artful as not to mention any Thing of it! I know nothing of the Matter, replied *Mamalouqui*; Do not you see it is a Wedding? I should be a Fool, deed, to throw away my Money in such a Manner; and for whose Beauty should I ruin myself? Here, Madam *Morofetti* again encountered *Mamalouqui*: No, no, cried she, the Question is not about you, who have so many different Methods of pleasing, that you need not run into such Extravagancies to recommend yourself. That is true enough, replied *Mamalouqui*, and my Cousin *Angelina* does want you to tell her so.

The Ladies, now beginning to be weary of Dancing, at a Signal, the Tents disappeared, and the Company saw a spacious Arbour, containing two Tables; at one of which all the Ladies seated themselves, and the Shepherdesses at the other, the Shepherds and little *Cupids* waiting on them.

Count *Braviny* and his Son-in-Law looked at each other with Admiration, whilst *Mamalouqui* fed as heartily as if he had never eat
be-

before, without perceiving that the Shepherd *d'Arcy* kept very close to *Angelina*. Chevalier, said she, softly to him, this really surpasses all that can be conceived, and, positively, I almost doubt, whether the Whole is not an Illusion. If we are so happy, replied *d'Arcy*, as to please you, it is all we desire. The Countess dropped a Word or two on the vast Expence; but her Joy was so strongly expressed in her Eyes, that the Chevalier gaily told her, this should not be the last, and that he hoped to improve. *Mamalouqui*, having now eat sufficiently, had Time to look round him, and happened to see the Shepherd kiss *Angelina's* Hand: "That, said he, is a very impudent Shepherd. Master, that Lady is my Cousin, and is to be married to me; you do not want Assurance; but, pray go to your Shepherdesses: My Aunt shall know this!" This set all the Company a laughing; but *Mamalouqui* called out to Count *Braviny*, bidding him watch his Daughter more narrowly. The Count, however, gave him no other Answer, than to bid him hold his Tongue. At which *Mamalouqui* was so highly affronted,

ed, that, had not Madam *Morofetti* prevented him, he would certainly have overturned the Table.

It being now Time to break up, the little *Cupids*, with each a Flambeau in their Hands, attended on the Ladies to a Walk, where they found two Coaches adorned with Flowers, waiting to carry the Ladies to Count *Braviny's* Seat.

Mamalouqui would be in the same Coach with *Angelina*. Fie, Cousin, cried he, I wonder you would let a Shepherd kiss your Hand. Why not? answered *Angelina*; it is a Mark of Respect: Besides, I thought the Shepherd a very handsome Man; and, What have you to say to that? Say, replied *Mamalouqui*, Why, when you are my Wife, you must not use any such Familiarities; if you do, I know how to teach Women their Duty. Poor *Mamalouqui* had no sooner spoke, than the Ladies rallied him from all Quarters, so that he was obliged to be silent; and Madam *Morofetti* thought it best to abandon her Design upon *Mamalouqui*, as her present Condition was infinitely preferable to mar-

marrying so deformed a Creature, with whom she could not expect the least Happiness.

The next Day Count *Fiorini* carried *Mamaluqui* to a Hunting-match, at a Gentleman's who lived at a small Distance from Count *Braviny's* Seat, that the two Gentlemen might visit the Ladies without Constraint. The Chevalier informed the Countess, that all the Shepherdesses were Maids of a neighbouring Village : That she who sung was of *Milan*, and one to whom his Valet de Chambre had for some Time paid his Addresses, and that she preferred Marrying him, to making her Appearance on the Stage ; though her Parents had educated her in Music for that Intention : That the whole Charge did not amount to more than five Hundred Livres ; adding, " My superfluous Money can never be better employed, than in the Entertainment of a Family to whom I have so many Obligations, and on whom my future Happiness depends." Without these Amusements, the Tenderness of this charming young Lady, being little disturbed with Difficulties, might, perhaps, have diminished ; for, when Love is neither attended with
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Jealousy or Disquietude, it must be animated by Diversion, a sedate Calm of any long Continuance rendering it languid.

The Return of the Hunters occasioned the Gentlemen to withdraw, who employed their Time in preparing a new Entertainment for the Ladies. The Grove near the Canal was again pitched upon for the Scene of Action; which was also contrived so as to frighten *Mamalonqui*, the Ladies being let into the Secret. Walking one Evening in a Field adjoining to the Grove, they saw coming towards them, two old Men, dressed in long black Robes, and hoary Beards, hanging down upon their Breasts. What can these People want with us! said the Countess: They seem to be melancholy and impatient. Whilst she was speaking, one of the old Men addressed himself thus to *Madam Braviny*: Most noble and most excellent Lady, we come to implore your Assistance, in Behalf of an unfortunate Princess, whom a Knight detains in a Fort raised in a neighbouring Wood. We are satisfied, that the Presence of beautiful Ladies will have more Force with this violent Ravisher, than Bombs and

and Cannons. Condescend therefore to grant a short Space of Time for the Deliverance of a Princess, deserving the most complete Happiness.

Venerable Sage, replied the Countess, I, and my Company, will follow you to the Fort; I wish my Presence may have the desired Effect of restoring the Princess to her Liberty. The two old Men made a low Obeisance, and walked before the Company as Guides. They soon beheld the Fort, which was a kind of Tower, well fortified, and encompassed by a large Ditch, over which was a Bridge leading to the Gate; but, on the Ladies offering to set their Feet on the Bridge, it was suddenly drawn up; and a Satyr, of a frightful Aspect, cried out from the Wall, in a thundering Voice, Women, hasten from hence, or your Lives shall pay the Forfeit of your Presumption. The Countess, however, stood her Ground, having *Angelina* on one Side, and *Vittorina* on the other. Immediately the Wood echoed with dreadful Bellowings; a thick Smoke rose from the Tower, and two Giants issued out, with large Clubs. *Mamatouqui* was for
Running

Running away; but the Count and his Son-in-Law stopped him, and upbraided him with his Cowardice. “ You a Lover, said the Count, and refuse to defend your Mistress!” In the mean Time, the Smoke increasing, there was no seeing each other at any Distance. The Ladies cried out for Help; the Giants seized them, and hurried them into the Tower: and soon after the Smoke cleared up. *Mamalouqui* was in a pitiful Condition; all that the Count could say to him had no Effect: He declared he would immediately return to *Milan*, if he could escape from the Giants. *Angelina* and her Mother now appeared at the Top of the Tower, wringing their Hands, and making bitter Lamentations; upon which, the Count desired to speak with the Governor of the Fortrefs, and immediately a Horseman completely armed appeared, followed by a Servant, leading another Horse, on which were fastened offensive and defensive Arms. Sir, said the armed Knight, your Ladies shall not come out of my Castle before I have the Honour of breaking a Lance with him who is the most passionate Lover among you.

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That is not I, cried *Mamalouqui*. Be that as it will, replied the Knight, it is you I pitch upon for my Antagonist. You boast, that you are soon to be married to *Angelina*, to whose Charms I will admit of no Rival. If I vanquish you, she shall continue with me; but, if Fortune declare in your Favour, I will immediately deliver up both her and the other Ladies. Then you may keep *Angelina*, said *Mamalouqui*, for I would not expose my Life for the best Woman in the World. You will have a great Bargain of her; for I dare promise, neither her Father, nor my Aunt, will give you a Farthing. *Angelina*, interrupted the Knight, is all I desire; and, as to thyself, thou art the greatest Coward I ever met with; and I charge thee, never more to cast thine Eyes upon her.

Count *Fiorini* now advanced to the Horseman, and, offering to fight for the Ladies, he was soon armed, and, nimbly leaping into the Saddle, the two Heroes, after placing themselves at a Distance, ran against each other, and broke their Launces, without either being unhorsed. Enough, cried the Knight

Knight of the Fortrefs, I am fatisfied with your Courage. Immediately the Tower difappeared, and they faw an elegant Seat, furrounded with a Moat, over which lay the fame Draw-bridge. Two Knights on Horfe-back, with their Vifers down, attended the the Ladies. *Angelina* prefented a Crown of Laurel to Count *Fiorini*, as her Deliverer. *D'Arcy* and *Martinengo*, having conducted the Company to a fuperb Entertainment, in a Saloon, withdrew for fome Minutes, and returned in *Turkifh* Habits, bringing with them a young Perfon drefsed like a Sultana. Madam, faid *d'Arcy*, addreffing himfelf to the Countefs, this is the young Princefs, who, by your Goodnefs, is freed from the Hands of a Magician, who has perfecuted her for feveral Years. She is the Daughter of the King of *Candabar*; we are two Noblemen of that Prince's Court, and, by defending her againft the Magician's Attempts, have been carried to *Mexico*, from whence a Power fuperior to this malignant Wretch has removed us hither. We had been here three Days, when this Morning our Protector told us, the Princefs would this Day recover

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her Liberty by the Assistance of a Lady, who has a Seat in the Neighbourhood; but, if the Gentlemen in their Company should fail to fight me, that Lady and her Companions were to be kept Prisoners in the same Fort for ten Centuries. At the same Time, he directed me to challenge the beautiful *Angelina's* Lover, as he ought to be most concerned in the Liberty of his Mistress; but, if his Heart failed him, and another Gentleman supplied his Place, the Ladies were, nevertheless, to be delivered up, provided the Fair-one should never be given to him, who was so base as to refuse to protect her. However, Madam, as I have not the Happiness of being known to you, I will not strictly insist on the Laws of War, *Angelina's* Destiny is in her own Hands; but I believe she disdains giving her Hand to one, who has openly refused to fight for her Liberty; and I must inform her, that, if the adorable *Angelina* shall consent to this Union, our mighty Protector will signally punish his Cowardice. Would he? cried *Mama-louqui*; but I know how to prevent that Revenge. My Aunt shall know of all this.

But,

But, said *Angelina* to him, How can I be satisfied of your Love, when you had not Courage enough to run a small Risque for my Liberty? Why, you are handsome enough, cried *Mamalouqui*, and I should like you the better for my Wife, as my Aunt has told me what great Things she will do for you; but I might have been hurt, or killed, in Fighting for your Deliverance; and then, What Good would your Beauty and her Money have done me? I will take Care of myself; that is the best Policy. Count *Braviny*, incensed at so low Talk, cast a disdainful Look at the young Man, which *Angelina*, and the other Ladies, construed a happy Omen for the Chevalier. After which the Company broke up.

By this Time, the amorous *Spaniard*, *Campes Verdes*, impatient that the charming *Milanese* was beyond the Reach of his plaintive Guittar, determined to attempt seeing her in the Country. This Step, however, was attended with some Danger to him, the City being his Prison, and under his Parole. Love, however, outweighed Punishment or Honour, and he happened to execute his

Intention that very Night the foregoing Scene was acted. He had ordered his Valet privately to procure the Dresses of two Peasants, and, taking with him his Guittar, which was to be the Instrument of his Success, he left *Milan* in the Evening, directing his Course towards Count *Braviny's* Seat. But, notwithstanding his Valet was a Native of the Country, they mistook their Way, in the Dark, and came to the Entrance of the Wood, at the Time the two Gentlemen, in *Turkish* Habits, were returning home, lighted by some Servants, two of whom were the old Men with their long Beards and black Gowns. Surprized at so extraordinary an Appearance, they hid themselves, whilst the Procession moved on; and they heard one of the *Turks* say to his Companion, 'What a little cowardly Scoundrel that *Mamalouqui* is, to suffer *Angelina* to be carried off so tamely!' *Campos Verdes* was more struck with these Words, than he had been with the Masquerade. *Angelina* carried off! *Mamalouqui* a cowardly Scoundrel! This made him apprehend, that *Mamalouqui* had failed to assist *Angelina*, that she had actually been carried

carried off, and was still in the Hands of the Ravishers. He was at first for running to the Seat, to be more particularly informed, and, if so, to pursue those who had seized so valuable a Prize; but, another of the Gentlemen's Domestics returning by himself, *Campos Verdes*, under Pretence of enquiring the Way, questioned him with Regard to what had passed in the Wood. The Valet very seriously answered him, that there had been a great Disturbance on Account of several Ladies being carried off by unknown Persons; but the Courage of some Knights had rescued them, and that these Ladies were by this Time as quiet in their Beds, as if nothing had happened. 'I suppose, said the Spaniard, *Angelina* was delivered by her Lover, *Mamalouqui*!' 'He is a fine Champion, truly, answered the Servant; he would not stir a Foot, if he saw a drawn Sword, for all the Ladies in the Universe'. Having made this Answer, the Valet hastily left the two Peasants; who, keeping along the Side of the Wood, came to the Count's Seat, where every Thing seemed buried in the most profound Silence. *Campos Verdes* was now

preparing to join in the Concert of the winged Choristers of the Wood, who were chanting forth their Songs, to hail the Return of Day; but, hearing a Whispering, he crept softly along the Wall, towards the Place from whence the Sound came, where he distinctly heard a Voice, saying, ‘ These, Sir, are *Angelina’s* Windows; see how every Thing seems to favour us; they are half open, I suppose, on Account of the Heat: The Chaise is ready in the Road, and I will order our Men to advance with the Ladders.’ The brave *Spaniard*, who was little afraid of fighting for *Angelina*, and persuaded an Attempt on her Person was intended, looked about for his Valet to assist him in opposing this Violence; but, not finding him on the Spot where he had left him, he roved about in Quest of him. In the mean Time, the Ravishers were got into the Chamber, seized the supposed *Angelina* in Bed, cramming a Handkerchief into her Mouth, and, making her throw on a Night-Gown, let her down with Ropes they had provided for that Purpose. She was hurried away, and clapped into the Chaise with such

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Expedition, that *Campos Verdes* came too late to hinder the Violence. He happened to be near the Chaise, just at the Time it moved off, escorted by three Men on Horseback; and our two Champions cried out, as loud as they could, that *Angelina* was carrying off. At this, some Servants came hastily down to know the Reason for such an Outcry. The first Things they saw were the Ladder and the Ropes; upon which, they all cried out, Thieves! Thieves! But *Campos Verdes*, to avoid being known, made off with his Valet. The whole Family, being alarmed at the Noise, started from their Beds; the Men came down half dressed, and the whole House rang with the Cries, that *Angelina* was carried off. This charming young Lady was, however, at that Time with her Mother, her own Apartment having been assigned to *Mamalouqui*. *Angelina*, like the rest, being frightened at the Noise she heard in the House and Gardens, came out on a Balcony to know what was the Matter. The Sight of her filled all the Servants with Joy, as she was adored by them. Monsieur *Braviny* and Dom. *Matteo* were already at

Mamalouqui's Chamber, where they found all his Cloaths, except his Night-Gown, lying about the Room; but the young Man himself was gone.

The Family got together, and began to discuss this Adventure. This News soon reached the two Gentlemen, and they hastily got their Servants together to pursue *Angelina's* Ravisher; but they had soon the Pleasure of hearing of their comical Disappointment, and that *Mamalouqui* only had been their Prize, whom they readily concluded would be sent back with as much Hurry as he was carried off. All were merry at this Attempt except *Angelina*, who could not forbear trembling at the Danger she had been in; and proper Methods were taken to prevent any such Attempt for the future. That Count *Testamatta* was at the Head of this Exploit, no body doubted, and Count *Braviny* vowed a severe Revenge against such a monstrous Attempt upon his Daughter. Compose yourself, my Dear, said the Countess, he is out of your Power, for, by the Account, he is on the Road to *Venice*; and I flatter myself, that this black Action will hap-

happily free us from his Company. As for little *Mamalouqui*, we shall soon have him back and I would desire our kind Neighbours to return their Post till fresh Orders. It was not above four Hours after their Departure, when a Post-Chaise came into the Court, and set down *Mamalouqui* in his Night-Gown. Monsieur *Braviny* ran, with a great deal of Joy, to congratulate him on his Return, and enquire how it was with him; but the Youth, stupified with Fear, could only stare at the Count, without answering a Word. He was immediately carried to his Bed, where he soon fell asleep, and did not wake till after Sun-set. The Company came about his Bed, but it was some Time before they could get any Thing from him. At length, he cried out, ‘ Oh, my dear Aunt! God knows what Dangers I have been in; but I do not doubt you will make this wild Fellow dearly smart for his Insolence. I was, continued he, fast asleep, when a Noise at the Sash awaked me, and, my Mind being full of those terrible Things I had seen in the Wood, I covered my Head with the Bed-cloaths for Fear; but immediately two mon-

strous Fellows drew me out of Bed. I was so terrified, that I know not what they did to me besides, nor how I came to have my Night-Gown on. However, I soon found myself in a Post-Chaise, which flew away with me as fast as the Horses could gallop; and, who should the first Person be that came up to me, but Count *Testamatta*, one of my Cousin *Angelina's* Gallants! I suppose it was she they wanted; for, when he saw me, he cried, I am undone! Was there ever such a d—ned Mistake! The Chaise was immediately turned about, and, his Valet, having whispered a Word to the Postilion, I was brought back hither, as fast as I was carried away. I must not stay here any longer; I have escaped two Dangers, and I will take Care to keep myself clear of the third. I will return to *Milan* To-morrow.' Monsieur *de Braviny* expressed his Concern at this Adventure; but, added he, 'You must consider, you was not the Person aimed at: The Design of that Villain, *Testamatta*, was against *Angelina*.' But all Reasons were thrown away on *Mamalouqui*; go, he would. An Express was immediately sent to *Dona*

Smor-

Smorfiona, who came like a Fury, threatening to murder every one, if her dear Nephew was not delivered to her immediately, unhurt. He soon appeared before her, and related, with many Exaggerations, the Fighting in the Wood, and the Violence done to himself. These two Histories, to his sagacious Aunt, appeared but one, and Count *Testamatta* was looked upon as the Author and Contriver. Yet, added she, there is no Redress to be had against that Villain, that Dog, but by applying to the Ministry at *Vienna*. *Mamalouqui* was continually importuning his Aunt to be gone; and she at last complied with his Intreaties, contrary to the joint Instances of the Countess and *Angelina*. *Smorfiona* was overjoyed to find her Niece shewed some Concern for *Mamalouqui*. She embraced her, promising, that, within two Years, she should have him for her Husband. But this ignorant Youth shewed no Regard to the Politeness paid him by all the Ladies: And, being deaf to all the engaging Madam *Moresetti* could say, he got into the Coach the Moment it was ready, pleasing himself that he

was now in a fair Way of being once more safe in *Milan*.

It is necessary that the Reader should be informed of Count *Testamatta's* Motives for attempting to carry off *Angelina*. This Gentleman, who was no Stranger to many of *Smorfiona's* Acquaintance, often met her on Visits; where indiscreetly mentioning her having put her Nephew near *Angelina*, in order to pave the Way to their speedy Marriage, the *Florentine* thought no Time was to be lost, nor no Method, however difficult and dangerous, to be left unattempted; for, having, once got *Angelina* into his Power, which he looked upon as easy to be done, her Parents, he thought, would not deny their Consent. But fortunately neither he nor his Servants had any Intimation of the Apartments being altered; and *Testamatta* took the Way of *Venice*, in order to be out of the Reach of Prosecution or Ridicule, and to comfort himself with the Diversions of that splendid City; satisfied that, after this Attempt, he could entertain no Hopes of *Angelina*.

The

The Departure of *Smorfiona*, and her Nephew, set the whole Company at Liberty. Monsieur *Braviny*, however, was for taking Precautions against any future Violence; and the Chevalier *de Martinengo* was accordingly desired to lodge in the Apartment where *Mamalouqui* had met with this Disaster. The Chevalier *d'Arcy* was now left alone at his House, but had entire Liberty of coming, when convenient, to the Family.

It will be easy to imagine the Discourses which *Testamatta's* Attempt occasioned between these two Lovers. *Angelina* could never mention it without Terror, nor *d'Arcy* without Rage against the Ravisher; but their Interviews always concluded with new Assurances of Love and Constancy. The Seat of Count *Braviny* was now the happy Mansion of Harmony, Security, and Repose. Count *Braviny* was greatly entertained by the Vivacity of Madam *Morofetti*; the Countess, who looked upon *Martinengo* as a sincere Friend, took great Pleasure in the Conversation of a Gentleman, who, to the most delicate Wit, added that pleasing Deference which is always shewn to the Woman

man beloved: The young Countess *Fiorini* could hardly bear to leave the Presence of her Husband; and *Vittorina*, the constant Companion of her dear *Angelina*, passed her most agreeable Moments with the French Officer. With regard to Dom. *Matteo*, his Fund of Learning, and Sincerity of Heart, rendered him the Friend and Confident of every one; both which Characters he filled greatly to his Honour. It being one Day very rainy, which obliged the whole Family to continue within Doors, Dom. *Matteo*, as soon as the Coffee was removed, addressed himself in the following Manner to the Count:

I, some Time since, Sir, promised the Chevalier *d'Arcy* to relate to him the Reasons for the Love I bear his Countrymen, and the other Transactions of my Life; there cannot be a more proper Time than the present for keeping my Word; and it will be the greater Pleasure to me, as all the Family are yet Strangers to it: And, in Return, Sir, for your innumerable Favours, I will now make you acquainted with every material Passage of my Life. As this Beginning

gaining intimated an Amusement for the Remainder of the Day, and the Badness of the Weather hindering all Thoughts of a Walk, the Company prepared to give Dom. Mattheo all the Attention, usual to those who have already gained our Esteem. This worthy Man, perceiving the Company in so favourable a Disposition, began his History as follows:

The History of DOM. MATHEO.

IT is well known that, in the Campaign of 1705, Prince *Eugene* began to put in Execution the Projects by which that great General expected entirely to retrieve the Duke of *Savoy's* Affairs; but Marshal *Vendome*, leaving the Siege of *Cbivas* to be carried on by the Duke *de la Feuillade*, put himself at the Head of the Army in *Lombardy*, which was intended to oppose the Enterprises of the *Germans*.

The Imperial Army seemed to design passing the *Adda*, and the Troops of the two Crowns were taking the necessary Measures for preventing their Passage.

Prince

Prince *Eugene*, miscarrying in an Attempt made on the 14th of *August*; for crossing the River, being personally opposed by the Duke *de Vendome*, determined to march and attack the grand *Prior*, whose left lay at the Bridge of *Cassano*, and occupied a Space of two Leagues along the *Adda*. The Marshal *Vendome*, having Intelligence of this Design, made a forced March to *Cassano*; but was there informed that the Prince had passed the *Naviglio*, about Eleven, made himself Master of a Bridge, after a faint Resistance from the Troops posted to defend it, and was then advancing towards the *Adda*. The Marshal flew thither, and, ordering the *Imperialists* to be charged, after a prodigious Slaughter, they were obliged to recross the *Naviglio*, over the Bridge they had gained. After this they rallied and fell upon the Center and left Wing of the *French* and *Spanish* Army, with the Vigour and Intrepidity natural to that warlike People. The Action was extremely hot; Marshal *de Vendome* had a Horse shot under him, five Musketballs through his Clothes, and twelve Officers, of different Ranks, were killed near him.

him. Prince *Eugene* was wounded in the Neck, and most Part of his Officers disabled. Victory seemed doubtful for above two Hours, and, indeed, at last, both Armies claimed it. It is certain the *Germans* first retreated; and, as the Marshal *Vendome's* Intention of hindering their Passage over the *Adda* was fully answered, he immediately returned to his Camp. This the *Imperialists* laid hold of as a Pretence for claiming the Victory.

All the *Villa's*, on the Field of Battle, were filled with dead and wounded. One of these *Villa's* belonging to an Inhabitant of *Cassano*, called *Davy*, a few Days after the Action, being desirous of seeing in what Condition it was, he went thither, accompanied by his Brother, who was Vicar of *Cassano*. He found it filled with dead Bodies, which the Peasants were burying for Fear of Infection. One of the Rooms of the House was locked, but, looking through the Key-hole, he saw four *French* Officers, three of which appeared to be dead, and the fourth groaned bitterly, holding an Handkerchief against a Wound in his right Side. The
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two Brothers burst open the Door, and asked the wounded Person how long he had been in that Room? 'I have, answered he, continued now three Days, with these three Officers you see lying here, expecting Relief, or to die shortly of our Wounds. Accordingly my three Companions, being more dangerously wounded than myself, have died successively, after giving me all the Money they had about them, and recommending to me to have them buried as soon as possible. It is not above half an Hour since the last died, lamenting, above all Things, the Fate of a young Lady to whom he was to have been married this Winter. My last Moments are at no great Distance, and, as you seem to be Gentlemen, I here deliver to Monsieur l'Abbe all the Money and Jewels, which these unfortunate Gentlemen gave me, together with the little I have of my own, desiring it may be laid out in Prayers for the Happiness of our Souls.' The Efforts made by this young Man to tell his Condition caused him to faint, though the *Italians* did not think his Case so desperate as he imagined; and the

Vicar,

Vicar, with equal Zeal and Charity, having brought with him two Bottles of an excellent Elixir, soon brought the young Officer to a tolerable Degree of Spirits.

The Abbe *Davy* dispatched a Peasant to *Cassano*, ordering him to return with a Bier, in the Dusk of the Evening; and, having caused the dead Officers to be stripped, he buried them without any Delay. After which he kept the wounded Officer Company till it began to grow dark, when the Peasant returned with the Bier. These two Persons of such singular Humanity went out by a Back-door, and reached *Cassano*, without being observed. The wounded Gentleman was placed in a Chamber next to that of the Abbe, to which no Person had Admittance, it being his Study.

Davy and his Brother, by an innocent Fallacy, eluded the Questions of their inquisitive Neighbours, by saying it was an *Irish* Officer in the Emperor's Service, whom they could not see dying for Want of Relief. This Report passed for Truth, and the Abbe, who had some Skill in Surgery, thinking the Wound did not require the most

most skilful Hand, undertook the Cure of it, which perhaps was something longer, than it might have been under a more expert Practitioner. As soon as the Abbe, whom we shall henceforth call Dom. *Francisco*, saw the *French* Officer out of Danger, he returned him the Money and the Jewels, which were judged to amount to no less than 15,000 *Milanese* Livres. Really, Sir, said the young Man, with a Sigh, this is all I have to depend upon, except the slender Income of my Commission : You therefore, lay me under an infinite Obligation.

Though you are now perfectly recovered, answered Dom. *Francisco*, yet your Spirits seem depressed with something extraordinary. You may be satisfied of the Friendship of me and my Brother ; you are therefore in good Hands, give me some Account of yourself.

In good ! I am, indeed, in the best of Hands ! I, am, Sir, continued he, the third Son of a very worthy Parent of the Province of *Orleans*, named *Mont Saint Val* ; I am called *Noirville*, from a small Estate belonging to our Family ; which, though ancient,

cient, is very little known, a Series of Losses, having greatly impaired the Estate. However, my Father is still Master of about seven Thousand Livres a Year, with which he might, and gladly would, have promoted us in the Service, had he not too soon, after the Loss of our excellent Mother, been induced to marry a second Wife, who soon shewed her Hatred against his three Sons. My Brothers, being both Captains of Horse, have felt little of the Fury of this outrageous Woman; but I, being the youngest, lived some Years under the most shameful Treatment; till being near Fifteen, and, having a quicker Sense of the Indignities I suffered, I left my Father's House, imploring Succour from an Uncle, who, being no Stranger to our domestic Misery, kindly entertained me, placed me two Years under his Son's Præceptor, and, afterwards, procured me a Lieutenant's Commission. In this Post I have served four Years, and done all in my Power to distinguish myself; but, by the unhappy Marriage of my Father, I may, perhaps, serve forty Years longer, before I reap any Advantage

tage from my Courage. A few Days before the last Battle, I received a Letter from my eldest Brother, acquainting me, that this Step-mother, this Curse of our Family, is continually wasting the Estate, so that no Expectations remain for us. I must own, Sir, that this affects me so much, that I almost wish I had died with my brave Countrymen.

Sir, replied Dom. *Francisco*, I believe that my Brother is as much concerned at your Misfortunes as myself, and we will do all in our Power to alleviate them. My Brother is a Widower, and has an only Daughter, who is both his Heiress and mine. We are both in very easy Circumstances, and I think some Part of our Fortunes cannot be better employed than in assisting a Gentleman of your Person and Disposition. We have told the Neighbours, that you are an *Irish* Gentleman in the Emperor's Service; it is not yet safe for you to appear Abroad, and, when you do, we will say that your ill State of Health has obliged you to quit the Service. Besides, it is to be hoped our Country will not always continue the

the Scene of War ; and, when the Armies are gone, you may appear without any Apprehension, especially when I have taught you the true Pronunciation of our Language.

Noirville's Wound began again to grow worse, so that it was some Months before *Dom. Francisco* would suffer him to read, and during this whole Time the only Persons he saw were the two Brothers and *Domitilla*, *Davy's* only Daughter, who was then about Sixteen. If she was not a Beauty, her Features were regular, her Eyes black and sparkling, and very fair ; so that she might justly be said to be a pretty Girl. The many Services she performed for *Noirville* were accompanied with such Goodness, that Gratitude produced such a Passion in the young Officer's Heart, that it could not be long concealed. *Domitilla* found, that, whenever she entered *Noirville's* Chamber, she was affected in a very sensible Manner, nor could she approach his Bed without Blushing. When he was able to rise and dress himself, she observed with Pleasure that he was finely shaped and of a beautiful Presence,

Presence, and, under a Pretence of diverting him in his Retirement, she became more frequent in her Visits. Being one Day by themselves, *Noirville*, meaning only to return her Thanks for the Care she had taken of him, expressed himself with so much Tenderness and Passion, that *Domitilla*, sympathizing with his Emotion, offered him her Hand, which he kissed with Transport. From this Instant the two Lovers understood each other, and gave Vent to their mutual Affection. They, however, agreed to take the most cautious Measures for concealing a Passion, which might not be pleasing to her Father and Uncle. And *Noirville* was to take the first Opportunity of knowing whether his Love for *Domitilla* would be approved of. It was not long before *Noirville* had the Opportunity he desired; for Dom. *Francisco* spent most of his Evenings with his Patient. One Day after complimenting him on his Proficiency in the *Italian* Language, he said, Really, Sir, my Brother and I are both so well pleased with every Part of your Behaviour, that we bless the Day which put you into our Hands.

Sir,

Sir, replied *Noirville*, the Favours I have received from you, exceed all Acknowledgements: I owe my very Life to you; and, were I not the most unfortunate of Men, I would never leave a Family, whose Kindnesses are attended with so many endearing Circumstances. Yes, my dear Uncle, (that being the Name by which *Dom. Francisco* would be called) were I Master of an adequate Fortune, it would be my chief Happiness to become, in reality, your Nephew, by offering it all to the charming *Domitilla*. It is, indeed, answered *Dom. Francisco*, some Time since I suspected my Niece was not indifferent to you, and have even hinted it to her Father; but though we live in Credit, and our Family is very Ancient; your Birth is above ours. Besides, we should not be for parting with *Domitilla*, and *Cassano* is no Place for you. With Regard to Fortune, you have more than my Brother can, at present part with to his Daughter. *Noirville*, overpowered by Love and Gratitude, declared he desired nothing more than to settle in *Italy*, and offered that very Day to send his Commission and Re-

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signation.

signation, in Order to marry *Domitilla* on any Conditions.

Dom. Francisco embraced him as a Token of his hearty Consent, telling him he would immediately acquaint his Brother. They both returned in Half an Hour, and *Domitilla's* Father, who had a real Value for the young Man, offered only some weak Objections, which *Noirville* easily removed. He even intimated that his Father's Consent would be obtained upon Asking, as he would be glad to be freed from a younger Son, to whom he had nothing to give.

Dom. Francisco told him that, this Consent being necessary for *Domitilla's* Security, it must be asked without Delay; and that, when it arrived, he himself would open the Affair to his Niece, charging him not to mention a Word of it to her, before the Answer was known.

Noirville, who was already sure of her Consent, embraced them, giving them those Appellations their good Offices had so well deserved. At the same Time he wrote several Letters to his Friends in *France*, which he shewed to his Benefactors, who, finding

finding them conformable to their Views, undertook to send them by a sure Hand, that they might be forwarded to *France*. However, the better to keep *Domitilla* ignorant of what was transacting, and to hinder her from having too strong a Passion for *Noirville*, they sent her next Day to an Aunt, who lived some few Miles from *Cas-jano*, for a Month or six Weeks. This Absence cost the amorous *Noirville* some Tears; but the Hopes of soon receiving those Papers which were to ratify his Happiness, made him more patiently bear this Separation. He was constantly asking after his dear *Domitilla*, who, no less sensible than himself, often sent him Compliments by a female Friend; but they had both the Prudence not to venture on a Letter. At length the Answer from Monsieur *Mont. S. Val* arrived, and was equal to their Wishes. Having had two Children by this second Wife, it was thought she had not a little contributed to gain her Husband's Consent.

The two Brothers, after examining the Letters, and obtaining the necessary Permission for the Marriage, sent for *Domitilla*,

tilla, and had the Pleasure of finding her very willing to comply with their Desires. They were accordingly married some Days after, and lived in the greatest Harmony. I was the first Fruit of their Love, to the great Joy of the Family, and the Name *Matteo*, given me by my Grandfather. I was, for some Time, educated as the sole Heir of the House; but seven Years after my Mother was delivered of a second Son, who was called *Francisco*, by the Abbe his Godfather. I was, in my fifteenth Year, when Death deprived me of my worthy Father, who, in his last Moments, charged me never to be wanting in Respect to my Mother. You are, added he, a Gentleman by Birth, and a Christian by Grace; remember therefore to behave as such. My Mother was inconsolable at this Loss; and some Months after her Father and Uncle, both dying, left us in Possession of no mean Fortune, but which my Mother was incapable of managing. This, adding to her continual Grief in a House, where, in so short a Time, she had met with such afflicting Losses, induced her to let the Estate, and

and remove to *Milan*, where it would also be in her Power to give us a better Education.

Several Accidents, however, which followed closely each other, reduced her to a very small Subſiſtance. This was more than I could bear ; and, being now eighteen Years of Age, I propoſed to my Mother, to let me go to *Rome*, that I might be no longer a Burden to her, hoping, by my Industry, to be an Inſtrument of contributing to her Comfort. She could not bear to part with me, till, finding my Grief began to prey upon my Spirits, ſhe conſented, giving me, at the ſame Time, about ſix hundred Livres ; and I had ſaved pretty near the ſame Sum, out of her former Liberalities. I left this valuable Woman, and my Brother, who then was only in his twelfth Year, and ſet out alone on Horſeback, determined to do all in my Power to improve my Fortune honeſtly. As I was one Day purſuing my Journey, near Sunſet, on entering a pretty thick Wood, I heard the Voice of a Woman, imploring Aſſiſtance. As we are not Maſters of our fiſt

Emotions, I spurred my Horse, directing my Way towards the Place ; where I found a Woman, almost naked, bound to a Tree. At the Sight of me she redoubled her Cries. I made up to her, cut the Ropes, and, without asking her any Questions, desired her to get up behind me ; which she readily did, and we got out of the Wood, without any Accident. As the young Woman had only a thin Petticoat, and her Shift tore almost to Pieces, I made her put on my Cloak, which she did with the warmest Expressions of Gratitude, calling me her Deliverer. It was not long before we reached a large Village, where I alighted at the best Inn, for the Sake of my Companion. She was immediately put to Bed, and I ordered the Servants to take all possible Care of her. In about three Hours I went into her Room to enquire after her Health, and what Violence had been offered her. I had not hitherto observed her with any Attention ; but Rest and Refreshments had now so far recovered her, that I was charmed with her Beauty. “I owe you both my Life and Honour, said she to me. I am a Native
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of *Rimini*, and the Widow of a Gentleman called Don. *Alessandro Naldini*. I was travelling to *Bologna*, with my Chamber-maid and a Footman, to visit a Relation; and, as I intended to stay some Time, I took my Jewels and a Sum of Money with me. My two Servants had never given me the least Suspicion of their Fidelity: My Footman indeed appeared very fond of my Waiting-maid; but if we are well served, and nothing indecent transacted in our Presence, it is beneath us to inspect the Conduct of our Servants towards each other. The Postilion was my Footman's Brother, so that I did not fear getting safe to *Bologna*. Towards Evening I was fallen asleep in my Chaise, when I was wakened by a violent Pull, to throw me out, and I found my Footman and Chamber-maid endeavouring to force me on the Ground. What means this? cried I, terrified at the Sight. The Reason is, answered that insolent Villain my Footman, that we are weary of Waiting on you, and you must therefore walk on Foot. Then, laying hold on me, he dragged me out of the Road. I cried out for Help; but he,

little minding it, continued Stripping me. And, as Crimes, like Misfortunes, seldom are alone, whilst my Woman was putting my Clothes into the Chaise, he laid Hands on me, and seemed determined to carry his Brutality farther; but this she opposed with great Resentment. So that they left me, after binding me to the Tree; these Wretches had not been gone above a quarter of an Hour before you came to my Deliverance.”

Madam, answered I, it is a great Happiness to me, that I came to you so soon, and, if you please, I will attend you to *Rimini*. She very readily accepted my Offer, and I afterwards proposed to her to make Use of my Linen, and a creditable Suit of Clothes which I had with me. The next Morning I hired of the Master of the Inn a Chaise to carry us to *Rimini*, and set out with my beautiful Widow, who seemed as if she could never sufficiently thank me for my Kindness, not knowing that it was, in a great Measure, owing to her Beauty: And I was then such a Novice in Love, that I durst not mention any Thing to her relating to the Passion with which she had inspired me.

Madam

Madam *Naldini* might then be between twenty and thirty; but, having had no Children, she had still all the Bloom of Youth; at least, I thought her the finest Woman in the World. Her Loss, which was not inconsiderable; the Treachery of her two Servants; the Outrage offered her in the Wood; were Incidents too affecting, and too recent, not to engage all her Reflections; so that there was no Room left for any on the natural Effects of her Beauty.

On our Arrival at *Rimini*, Madam *Naldini*, instead of alighting at her own House, went to one of her Friends, and, at Parting, insisted on my Dining there the next Day.

I went to an Inn, which she had recommended to me; but the Necessity of enquiring at every Corner of a Street made it some Time before I reached my Quarters, and I found Madam *Naldini*'s Gratitude was there before me. My Appearance was by no Means such as to command the profound Salutations and Respects of my Landlord; but I no sooner appeared in the Yard, than, coming up, he helped me to alight, and

shewed me into the best Room in the House; where I was soon waited on by a Taylor, who, without any other Preamble than a Bow or two, was for measuring me. And, though I told him that I did not want Clothes, he only answered me with Bows, and, when he had finished, went away. In less than a Quarter of an Hour after, I was not less surpris'd to see a fine Side-board of Plate brought in, and a Supper fit for half a Dozen Noblemen. I freely told my Landlord that such an Expence was beyond my Ability, and that I did not understand such Imposition. "Sir, answered he, your Expence here will not affect you." I was going to ask him some Questions, but my laconic Landlord withdrew.

The next Morning I found, by my Bed-side a Dozen fine laced Shirts, and, while I was admiring them, the Taylor came in, bringing a Suit of Clothes answerable to them, the Waistcoat being of a gold Tissue; and, after trying it on me, went away as silent as before. I made no Difficulty of making a Figure with Madam Naldini's Presents, being desirous of rendering myself agree-

agreeable to her, and I thought there was no better Method than to wear the Marks of her Gratitude; for I concluded all this must come from her. About Noon I set out on my Visit to the House where she alighted, and was immediately carried to her Toilet, where, she being alone, I threw myself at her Feet, expressing, in the warmest Terms, my Sense of her Generosity. She soon raised me with an Embrace, saying that Posture did not become her Deliverer. 'The kind Offices you have done me, added she, are too great to be equalled; but the greatest Acknowledgements in my Power they shall be sure to meet with.' After which we went to her Friend's Apartment, where I found several Persons, all well dressed, who, together with the beautiful Widow, paid me innumerable Compliments on the Adventure in the Wood. I believe I answered them but awkwardly, and, being young and bashful, I blushed as if these Compliments had been so many Reproaches. Madam Naldini, perceiving my Confusion, relieved me, by turning the Discourse to my Family. I related my Father's History;

but often perceived in her a Desire of interrupting me; however, she had the Patience to let me finish it; when she cried out, So, Monsieur *Noirville*, you are then the Son of a *Frenchman*, and it is to a *Frenchman's* Daughter that you have done such an important Service! I owe my Being to Monsieur *Didier*, Gentleman of the Horse to the Duke D——, formerly Ambassador from *France* at *Rome*. This is a Circumstance as fortunate as it is singular. I shall return to my House this Evening; my late Husband's Brother also resides there. I have provided an Apartment for you, not designing to part from you so soon. What did Monsieur *Noirville* do? interrupted the Countess; for I think he had enough on his Hands.

Really, Madam, replied Dom *Matteo*, I did what I thought very right; for I did not give Madam *Naldini* the Trouble of asking me a second Time.

I was so elevated with the Thoughts of lodging in the same House with a Lady I adored, that the Cloth was no sooner taken away, than I told her I would, if she pleased,

go and order the little Baggage I had to be sent to her House. No, no, answered she, you shall not stir, that is taken Care of above an Hour ago.

Evening coming on, I handed Madam *Naldini* to her House, where all the Neighbours came to congratulate her; and I was looked upon as the best Man living. This cordial Joy of the People increased my Love for the Lady. She is not only, thought I, the handsomest Woman in the World, but also one of the best, or there would not be such prodigious Joy at her Deliverance.

When she came into her House, the Scene was still more tender: Her Servants threw themselves at her Feet, with Tears of Joy, uttering Imprecations against those ungrateful Monsters, who could injure so good a Mistress.

Madam *Naldini* was affected with their dutiful Concern; I also could not forbear Joining in Tears, but they were Tears of Love and Joy. We had not been long alone, before her Brother-in-Law and all her Acquaintance began to come in. The
Conver-

Conversation intirely turned upon her Disaster, and concluded with Compliments to me. When it was Time to withdraw, I was shewed into a very magnificent Apartment, and waited on like the Master of the House. Next Day, about Eleven o'Clock, her Woman came to acquaint me, that she desired my Company. I went accordingly ; but how beautiful was, then, her Appearance ! It was, certainly, her Intention to attract my Regard, and she herself afterwards confessed it to me. Come hither (cried she, reaching out the most beautiful Arm in the World) you and I must have a little Talk ; nothing could please me better, than to hear you are of *French* Extraction, and also a Gentleman. Alas ! Madam, answered I, What signifies my Birth, when I am deprived of the Means of living according to it ? O ! replied the Widow, a young Gentleman of your Education and Appearance may hope for any Thing : But why are you going to *Rome* ? What Post attracts you thither ? I suppose you are going to offer your Service to some Cardinal ; which I own is, there, the ready Way to Preferment,

ment ; but it is also a Way in which some only bewilder themselves. If you are not, of yourself, inclined to the Church, and are conscious you want the Dispositions necessary to push your Fortune that Way, believe me, you are only running into the Briars.

Madam, replied I, hitherto I have had no other Design, than to ease my Mother of a Burden, and to neglect nothing in my Power to shew my Love and Respect for her. When I left *Bologna*, I longed for the Sight of *Rome* ; but now that Passion is subsided by the Pleasure I enjoy in your Company.—Indeed, replied Madam *Naldini*, I am very glad of it, and you may enjoy it as long as you please. Having heard enough, for once, on the State of my Heart, and thinking such Discourse must terminate in a Declaration of Love from me, she rung her Bell for her Woman ; which I looked upon as a Signal for me to withdraw.

My Mind was wholly taken up in Reflection on the Agitations of my Heart, since I felt the Effects of Madam *Naldini's* Beauty. That I loved her, was evident to myself ;

self; but my Age, and my narrow Fortune, appeared such Obstacles, as made my Passion ridiculous, and I soon became pensive and melancholy. This could not fail of being perceived by Madam *Naldini*; and, one Day, she said to me, If the Delay of your Journey to *Rome* renders you uneasy, I will not detain you. I shall be greatly concerned at your Leaving me; but the Satisfaction of keeping you here is not to be put in Competition with your Interest. No, Madam, answered I, *Rome* is quite out of my Thoughts, but I am afraid of being troublesome; were my Fortune equal to your Deserts, I would petition you to let *Rimini* be the End of my Journey. How, replied she, is that in my Power? Ah! Madam, cried I, let what will attend me, I cannot conceal my Passion any longer. Forgive my Presumption, but I have loved you ever since the first Moment I saw you: A Moment, which, to me, has been the Beginning of an endless Uneasiness. My Love is sincere, but I dare not hope. The lovely Widow, casting a tender Look upon me, was some Time silent: Your Fortune, said

said she, is not the Difficulty ; you have saved my Life, and, consequently, it would be the highest Ingratitude in me to make the Disparity of Fortune an Objection ; but, my dear *Noirville*, I am near Twenty-seven Years of Age, and you but just Eighteen. I could wish, continued she, casting her Eyes on the Ground, that I was younger, to fix your Heart, and make it mine for ever ; but that, now, cannot be expected. Yes, Madam, said I, it is certain ; I swear to you by ———. Leave me now, *Noirville*, interrupted she ; reflect a little on what I have said ; consult your own Heart, and do not deceive me. I leave you to your Thoughts for a Week ; and, as I owe you my Life, do not attempt to imbitter it, by an Attachment which will not be lasting.— Saying this, she hastily opened a Closet, and shut herself in ; and I withdrew to my Apartment, where my Reflections now took a new Turn.

I had perceived her sympathizing with my Passion ; her Hand was all my Desire, all my Ambition. I flattered myself I should attain it e're long ; so that all my
Spright-

Sprightliness returned. During the eight Days, to which Madam *Naldini* had limited me, I took all Opportunities of expressing my Tenderness for her; and, on the eighth Day, coming into her Chamber, with all the Alacrity of confident Love, I said to her: Madam, I now come by your own Appointment, and must again declare to you, That there is no other Person in the World, but yourself, with whom I can be happy, and, without you, I must be miserable. I cannot fail of being constant to my own Happiness. Madam *Naldini*, with an Air answerable to my fondest Wishes, answered: You are indeed too young; but your Mother should be acquainted with it. I only waited your Orders, returned I, embracing her Feet. Do then, cried she, and God grant we may be happy! Acquaint her, that I will make over Half my Fortune to you, and would give you it all, were it in my Power.

I had not delayed till now Acquainting my Mother with what had happened to me on leaving *Bologna*; and, as I had the greatest Reason for placing an unlimited
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Confidence in her, I could not conceal from her my Affection for Madam *Naldini*, and how happy I should be, could I gain her Love.

My Mother's Answer contained all the Advice, which a prudent Woman is capable of giving, expressed in the most tender Manner; but, as she was unable to contribute to my Settlement, she looked upon my Marriage with Madam *Naldini*, as an Idea too pregnant with Happiness to be rendered real; her Consent, therefore, was not to be questioned. Having soon writ my Letter, I carried it myself to the Post, for Security. At my Return I was told, that Madam *Naldini* was in her Closet with her Cousin. I do not know how I came to listen, but I crept softly into the Apartment, and stood at the Closet-door, where I had the Pleasure to hear Madam *Naldini* say to her Cousin, 'I am no Stranger to all that can be urged against this Marriage; but my Friends will not want Reasons to defend my Conduct: In short, I owe to *Noirville* both my Life and Honour. What would have been become of me, without
his

his Assistance! The poor Youth adores me; there cannot be a sweeter Temper, and I hope his Heart will be always mine. My Brother-in-Law is so fond of him, that he told me, considering my Deliverance, I could not refuse my Hand to the young *Milaneſe*; but, I muſt confeſs, my ſtrongeſt Reaſon is my own Tenderneſs for him: I have endeavoured to hinder him from perceiving it; nor ſhall he know it till his Mother's Answer arrives.' 'I have already told you, interrupted her Couſin, that your Marriage with *Noirville* will occaſion no Talk; every body knows your Obligations to him. If he is young, ſo much the better; his Love will be the more tender.'

I had heard enough, and, being afraid of a Diſcovery, I went back to my Apartment, unperceived, where I continued till her Couſin was gone.

It will eaſily be imagined, that I thought every Inſtant an Age, till I received my Mother's Answer. In my Letter, was one incloſed for Madam *Naldini*, acknowledging the Honour ſhe did us in accepting of me. Now I am your's, lovely *Naldini*, ſaid I,
and

and shall continue so during my whole Life. Do not fear any Inconstancy from my Youth: I feel I am born to love and serve you. Madam *Naldini*, now giving Way to her Inclinations, said, Let us, then, no longer delay this wished-for Union: There is the Gift I mentioned; and every Thing is ready for our Marriage. I will send you to a Seat of mine, about two Miles off, where you may expect me To-morrow, and then you shall receive a Hand, so justly your Due. I was so transported at my Happiness, that Madam *Naldini* could not help smiling at my extravagant Speeches and Gestures. A few Hours after I was sent to the Seat, which I ranged all over in an Instant. Every Thing was neat without Magnificence, and promising Affluence and Felicity. At length, came the happy Hour which was to unite me to my charming Mistress; she, accompanied with her Brother and Cousin, arriving the next Day: ‘Here, I bring you, said Madam *Naldini* to me, two Lovers, exactly in our Condition.’ I was, till now, a Stranger to this; but I now found, on comparing the Circumstances of the several Events of their

Lives,

Lives, that the two Ladies had made a Kind of Contract, not to marry without each other. My Adventure had forwarded the Happiness of Madam *Naldini's* Brother-in-Law; so that my Admiration of his Generosity, in prompting his Sister-in-Law to marry me, was considerably abated. Accordingly, we were all four married that very Evening. What a happy State did I find Marriage, with so excellent a Woman!—Here some Tears interrupted Dom. *Matteo's* Narrative; but, recovering himself, he continued thus:

Life flowed in a continued Stream in mutual Harmony and Tendernefs. Our Happiness seemed to want no Addition, but the Fruits of such a sincere and lively Affection: Would they have proved such, possibly Heaven would not have denied the Favour.

After eight Years of such complete Felicity, a Fever, in a few Days, deprived me of this charming Woman. My Grief for so great a Loss was soon disturbed by my Wife's Relations, with Regard to her Grant to me; so that I found myself involved in a Law-suit; and, as these Affairs are so very
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opposite to my Dispositions, I complied with an Offer they made me, giving up all my Claim to the Estate, for sixty Thousand Livres. I made no Delay of returning to my Mother, who naturally could not but receive me with the more Joy, as it was in my Power to render her Life more comfortable. My Brother was now in his twenty-third Year; and, being determined on a military Life, I readily parted with some of my Livres to purchase him a Company of Foot, in the Emperor's Service. With the Remainder, I bought a small Manor, called *Riva Franca*, and my Brother immediately assumed the Name. He was soon ordered into *Moravia*, where his Regiment lay, and which afterwards marched into *Hungary*; since which Time we have not heard from him, which has given us great Uneasiness.

In the mean Time, however, neither Change of Country, nor necessary Dissipations, could make me forget the dear Person with whom I had passed the most happy Days of my Life. I was desired to think of another Marriage; but, intending to preserve an inviolable Fidelity to that adorable Woman

man I had lost, and to silence all farther Instances of that Kind, I determined to take Orders. I might have staid with my Mother, and lived in all reasonable Plenty and Convenience; and I hope Count *Braviny* is perswaded, that Friendship alone induced me to accept of his Offer. I have the greatest Reason to be satisfied with my Station; and, had I not promised some Account of myself to the Chevalier *d'Arcy*, the Family should never have known any more of me, than as a Person entirely devoted to their Service.

Well, said the Countess, I find my Friendship and Confidence have not been misplaced. I always looked upon you as a Gentleman, and as, you are really such, I am very glad you have been used with the Respect you so justly deserve. *D'Arcy* also said a great many obliging Things on his Adventures. Indeed, my worthy Friend, added he, your Ties to *France* are so strong, that I must, in a great Measure, look upon you as my Countryman.

Angelina, likewise, did not like Dom. *Matteo* the worse, for being so nearly related to a Nation, to which she hoped soon to be united.

united. The Remainder of the Day was spent in Reflections on several Passages of Dom. *Matteo's* History, and the Misfortunes which often intervene, when we think our Happiness will soon be complete and permanent.

Count *Braviny*, finding the Conversation was growing too serious for his Jocularity, enlivened it with some friendly Reproaches to Dom. *Matteo* on his Discretion, with Regard to his Story; but, added he, since you have thought proper to make me stay so long for your History, I will be even with you. I have also a Narrative for *d'Arcy*, which will convince him, I too have a particular Reason for loving his Countrymen; but I shall reserve it for the next rainy Day. As for the Ladies, continued he, we do not desire any History from them, their Inclination for the *French* not requiring any Proofs.

The Countess intreated the Count to satisfy her Curiosity that Evening. No, Madam, says he, you shall not know any Thing of it before the rest. I have a Desire also of being Speaker for one Evening; and I

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want Time to prepare, and put my Narrative in Order.

The Society now began to enjoy the Delights of the Country, and the Sweetness of a Life to which they, who are agitated with a continual Hurry of Business, or Pleasures, are Strangers, when the Countess *Smorfiona* again disturbed their innocent Tranquillity. Though the Attempt of Count *Testamatta* had miscarried, and nothing more was to be feared from him, the Aunt, being more than ever persuaded of the Justice of *Mamalouqui's* Marriage with *Angelina*, returned to the Charge with her Brother; and, the better to influence his Determination, she told him, in a Letter, the Opinion of her Lawyer, with Regard to the Disposal of her Estate, menacing, that, if he opposed her Intentions, she should not be long in discovering other Heirs, besides his Children. This Letter, to the great Concern of all the Family, staggered the Count. Dom. *Matteo* was again desired to undertake their Cause. He remonstrated to the Count the Inconveniency of giving one's Word for Things at so great a Distance; but all he could do, was only to
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gain a Delay of a few Weeks, during which Time, he hoped to find Methods of cooling *Smorfiona*. *Vittorina* proposed one, which seemed infallible; which was, to revive in this malignant Woman's Heart the Remembrance of the Abbe *Fortunati*, whom she seemed lately to have forgot. Dom. *Matteo* was commissioned to execute this Project. Accordingly, he wrote a Letter as from the Abbe, signifying, that, within seven or eight Months at farthest, he should return to *Milan*; that he was so pleased with the Situation and other Circumstances of that City, that he was determined to settle there. In the Close of the Letter, he presented his tender Respects to the charming Countess *Smorfiona*. This Letter, being copied by an unknown Hand, was directed to *Vittorina*, who did not long delay sending it to *Smorfiona*. The Effect was as quick and favourable as could be desired; for, soon after, she informed her Brother, that she acquiesced in the Strength of his Reasonings; that *Mamalouqui* was too young, and his Desire of deferring the Marriage, for two Years, was very prudent. Count *Braviny*

was surprized at this Letter. Certainly, said he, this Woman is mad. The other Day she threatened me; and now, when I shew I am willing to comply with her Desire, she is the first to propose Delays. I own, however, I am sincerely pleased with them, and shall immediately send her an Answer, that I will listen to no Proposals till two Years are completed. *Angelina* was the first to thank the Count for this Resolution, intimating, at the same Time, that it was her Misfortune to have such an Aversion to *Mamalouqui*, that her Obedience only to such a Father was capable of overcoming it. *D'Arcy* behaved as if he had not been concerned in the Affair; and, when the Count asked his Opinion of the Marriage of *Mamalouqui* with his Daughter, he answered, that, being yet very young, it was almost impossible to form any Judgment of his Character; that, with Regard to *Angelina*, she seemed determined to wait the Term proposed, that she might not be the Occasion of any Grief or Misfortune to so good a Father. Keep her in the same Sentiments, answered the Count. I shall readily

readily do all in my Power, answered *D'Arcy*, and have often mentioned it to her.

Speeches of this Nature, seasonably made, produced the most advantageous Effect, with Regard to *d'Arcy*; and *Dom. Matheo* took Care to augment it in his private Conversations with that Gentleman; preparing, by these Means, his Heart, for the important Motion, which was to be made him at a proper Opportunity. *Smorfiona's* last Resolution revived all the Happiness of this Society. Now our Lovers daily saw the Clouds, which obscured the Prospect, clearing up; their Hopes increased, and their Discourses became more free and chearful. But *d'Arcy*, thinking that Words were too faint to shew his Desire of pleasing, gave Orders for finishing the Preparation for an Entertainment, which *Mamalouqui's* Disaster had suspended.

The Countess had, for a long Time, been desirous of going a Fishing in the Canal, and the Time for it was now agreed upon. The Gentlemen, without mentioning their Intention, did not fail of being at the Place at the Time appointed. The Ladies had

scarcely began their Amusement, when they heard a Symphony at a Distance, and a Machine, drawn by six *Dolphins*, was seen to advance slowly on the Water. Being come opposite to the Ladies, it opened, and *Neptune*, with his Trident appeared, who sung in Praise of *Angelina*. The *God* then retiring into the Machine, it closed, and gradually removed from the Shore, to make Room for four Boats adorned with rich Awnings and Streamers. Each Boat was rowed by six Watermen dressed in blue Jackets laced with Silver, their Caps filled with Egrets, and their Hair tied with blue Ribbands: The Oars were also of a light Blue.

Sixteen *Nereides*, magnificently dressed, according to the Idea we have of watery Deities, were distributed into the four Barges. This little Squadron came to the Side of the Canal, the same Symphony playing which had accompanied *Neptune* and the *Dolphins*. The Ladies, being desired to embark, stepped into the Boats, where they found the most elegant Conveniencies, and all Kinds of Fishing Tackle. Night now began

began to throw her sable Mantle over the Face of Nature, and it was thought Time to give over their Diversion. The Company were accordingly walking towards the Seat, when they perceived, on the same Canal, a floating Edifice, beautifully illuminated, which coming within a small Distance, the Company could not sufficiently admire the Contrivance; but, the Building on a sudden taking Fire, the Air was disseminated with a great Variety of Rockets, and other Fireworks of all Forms and Colours. Immediately after this, they were again surprised with an Illumination from the Chevalier's House. The Company, being desirous of having a nearer View of that Sight, approached toward it, when the Boats and *Nereides*, coming to meet them, desired they would rest themselves. Here they were entertained with an unexpected Repast; the Collation was succeeded with a Ball, with which they were so well pleased, that it was Day-light before the Company reached the Seat.

The next Day Monsieur *Braviny*, seeing from his Window the Countess in a Walk

of Orange-trees, was desirous of talking to her alone on their last Diversion. Have not you observed, says he to her, that *d'Arcy* has a Love for *Angelina*? All these Entertainments are intended only to gain her Esteem. I must confess, answered the Countess, that Yesterday's Entertainment confirmed me in the Suspicions I had for some Time entertained. And, what is more, *Angelina* seems not a little pleased with the Chevalier's Gallantries. I interrupted some Looks which were not without a Meaning. I am not afraid for her Virtue; I think all her Behaviour may make us easy on that Head: But it would be a terrible Thing for her Quiet, should she fall in Love with a Foreigner, who, too probably, may never be her Husband: *D'Arcy* is certainly unexceptionable, both with Regard to Birth, Temper, and Riches. If his Affections are placed on *Angelina*, she can never be better disposed of: Your Inflexibility, on the Term for her Marriage, may have made the Chevalier cautious of speaking plainly; indeed, I have heard something like it from Dom. *Mathea*, who, you know, is his Confident.

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But, Madam, interrupted the Count, it is a Marriage my Sister will never consent to; at the very Mention of it, I dare say, farewell all her Fortune. I believe no less, replied the Countess, she would certainly deprive our Children, as far as the Law allows; but, should that be the Case, *d'Arcy* is immensely rich, and if his Love for *Angelina* be so passionate as ——— Then, interrupted the Count, he is a *Frenchman*, and, at present, that must occasion Difficulties. It is to be hoped, said the Countess, we are not always to be at War: The King of *France* is too strong for the Allies in *Flanders*, and has penetrated to the Frontiers of *Holland*, so that we must shortly have a Peace. With your Leave, I'll charge Dom. *Matteo* to find *d'Arcy* further, and discover his real Sentiments; and, as you are in no Hurry for marrying your Daughter, leave the Business to me, and I shall certainly give you a good Account of it. Well, replied the Count, it is your Daughter's Concern, and so may be best in your Hands.—But not a Word of all this to any body.

The confirmed State of *d'Arcy's* Health,

now began to put him in Mind of his Exchange, which he wondered had been so long delayed. His Love was enraptured with the Life he now led, daily in Company with his adored *Angelina*, and contributing to her Pleasure by surprising Entertainments : But his Honour could not be reconciled to such supine Happiness ; and, *d'Arcy* one Day complaining to Dom. *Matteo* of the long Duration of his Imprisonment, he told him, there was little Appearance of its drawing to a Conclusion : That Affairs of greater Consequence engaged the Attention of the Court of *Vienna* ; animated by the March of the *Russians*, they were determined to push the War with more Vigour than ever : That the Infantry alone were employed on the Coast of *Genoa* : And that, if he was in *France*, he would spend his Time in Quarters in *Provence* or *Languedoc*. It was not, however, the Hurry of Affairs at *Vienna* which was the real Cause of *d'Arcy's* being omitted in the Exchange. The Government at *Milan* were unwilling to part with an Officer, who spent such large Sums of Money ; and one whom they found able
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to pay a good Price for his Freedom in the Country. This was a Secret of Government which Dom. *Matteo*, with all his Diligence and Sagacity, could never discover.

D'Arcy, however, one Day thought proper to communicate to *Angelina* his uneasy Reflections. Nothing, said he, can be more delightful to me than this charming Recess, in which I enjoy your Company. This I flatter myself you must be persuaded of; but, lovely *Angelina*, the long Duration of my Captivity alloys those Pleasures. I am most willingly your Captive; but it gives me great Uneasiness to be the Queen's. I know, answered *Angelina*, that any Confinement little suits your Spirit; but, as it is not your own Fault, give me Leave to say, I am glad to see you out of Danger. Your Honour does not suffer by it, and my Heart rejoices in your Safety. But, however, let us hope for a Peace; this will set you at Liberty, and restore you to the Caresses of your Family. Welcome indeed to me, cried *d'Arcy*, will be the Peace, if amidst all its Blessings it gives me only one.

They were interrupted by *Vittorina*, who said, I suppose, by your Countenances, you have been discussing some serious Topic. I have, however, some News to tell you, which may make you more chearful. *Bergen-op-zoom*, that Place which the *French* have so long besieged, is, at last, taken; and this must certainly bring on a speedy Peace: Every body at *Milan* is of this Opinion. *D'Arcy* was of the same Sentiment with Regard to this general Pacification; and intreated *Madam Braviny*, in the most passionate Manner, that she would redouble her Instances in his Favour. *Angelina* blushed; but it was with Pleasure she found every Thing seemed to conspire towards her Happiness.

The Count and Countess *de Braviny* had never before staid so long in the Country: *December* being now come, without any Signs of returning to *Milan*. *Vittorina* indeed had been there often to accompany her Husband, when his Affairs called him thither. In Fine, the Year 1748 was commenced, and no Preparations made for removing to Town. As there was no Opera,
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and only an indifferent Theatre, Monsieur *de Braviny* proposed spending the Remainder of the Winter in the Country. This was unanimously agreed to; by which Means this happy Society spent the Winter, without the least Desire of joining the Amusements of the City, which are generally as fatiguing as they are tumultuous.

One Morning, as the Company were walking on a Terras, from whence was an extensive Prospect over a most delicious Plain, they perceived a Coach and Six coming towards the Seat. They could not imagine who it could be; the Livery was unknown, and no Person expected. Dom. *Mattheo*, though generally the most serious of all the Company, finding in himself an unusual Agitation, ran to meet the Coach. Count *Braviny* followed him, and they both came up to two Persons, who were already entering the Garden; one of whom was the Mother of this Ecclesiastic, the other a very personable Gentleman, between thirty and forty Years of Age. Dom. *Mattheo*, after receiving his Mother with the Regard due to such an excellent Woman, looked at the
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Gentleman, and immediately knew him to be the Chevalier *de Riva Franca*. He ran into his Arms with a Joy, which met with a suitable Return from his Brother. *Riva Franca* had not been heard of since the *Hungarian War*, so that, to Dom. *Matteo*, he was like one raised from the Dead. This was not a Time for Questions, and he had too many to ask: So that, presenting him to Monsieur *de Braviny*, he desired him to receive his dear Brother as his Friend. He then led him to the Ladies, who received him with a great deal of Joy and Respect. The old Lady *Noirville*, also, met with the most cordial Welcome from the whole Company. After Dinner, Dom. *Matteo* asked his Brother, Who had lent them that fine Equipage? No-body, answered *Riva Franca*, it is my own, and, consequently, at your Service. Indeed! replied Dom. *Matteo*; and, Who maintains the Horses? Who! myself, replied he. But I have gone through so many Adventures since we saw each other, that, if you desire to hear them, I must recollect a little, to place them in Order.

Right,

Right, interrupted Monsieur *de Braviny*, and, come what will, that shall be our Evening's Entertainment.

Riva Franca had one of those happy Countenances, which indicate both a generous Heart, and a Mind furnished with polite Literature. To a Stature beyond that of his Brother he added that military Air which so much pleases the Fair Sex; that Politeness and decent Confidence, which distinguish the Gentlemen of the Army. Accordingly, the Countess *de Braviny* and the other Ladies conceived those favourable Sentiments, which infallibly lead to Esteem and Friendship, when the Agreeable is blended with the Solid and Virtuous. Six o'Clock was waited for with Impatience, as *Riva Franca's* Hint to his Brother intimated some very entertaining Particulars, and the Prospect of Diversion is often more pleasing than the Enjoyment itself. The Company being met in the Parlour at the Hour appointed, Count *Braviny* said, to *Riva Franca*, You see, Sir, the Audience is ready; now for your History. Accordingly, that Gentleman began, in the following Manner.

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The History of the Chevalier de RIVA
FRANCA.

I Make no Question, Ladies, that my Brother has, more than once, entertained you with the Event which occasioned the Union of our Parents, and trusted you with the sad Motive which induced him to enter upon a State of Self-denial; and, for my Part, living with my Mother, or at the College, till my Brother's Return, the Course of my Life was very uniform and insignificant, till his Generosity procured me a Commission among the Imperialists, a little before the War, which followed upon the Death of the King of *Poland*. The Regiment of Foot, in which I had a Lieutenancy, in the Year 1733, lying at *Brin*, the Capital of the Marquisate of *Moravia*, I made the best of my Way thither, and had the Pleasure to find some *Italians* in the Corps, who, I must say, unanimously strove who should be most civil to me; they recommended me, for Quarters, to a very wealthy Citizen, named *Nourbourg*, an old Batchelor; who left the Care of
every

every Thing to a Sister of his, about Thirty, whilst the Coffee-house, or Tavern, took up most of his Time.

Mademoiselle *Nourbourg* was not an unlikely Woman, but phlegmatic, serious, and of very few Words, except at Invectives against the Flagitiousness of Men, when she delivered herself with the most copious Fluency; her Life was irreproachable, never going Abroad, but on necessary Occasions, or a Visit of real Friendship; her Hours were divided betwixt Books and the House. Young, as I was, I thought this a valuable Disposition; and, though her Fortune was very considerable, and she of Course not without Admirers, she had hitherto declined several very good Offers. Besides all this, from the Beginning, she treated me with a Goodness beyond mere Civility; and I felt in myself something warmer than Gratitude, but not so vehement as Love: Her Person pleased me, I esteemed her Virtue, delighted in her Company, and concluded, that such a Woman must make an excellent Wife; so that a Husband's Character and Affairs would be very safe in her Hands. My Intentions were strong, though
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my Heart was free, and I really took some Pains to fill it with warmer Sentiments. My calm Good-will, however, succeeded; I gave it as Love, and it was taken for such. Madam *Nourbourg's* icy Heart began to thaw, and, after some passionate Intreaties, she one Day owned she loved me; her Self-love had long relucted against such an Acknowledgement. To love a Man, to give him her Heart, she had imagined was more than any one of our Sex deserved. I brought her to be of another Mind; all her Behaviour shewed the highest Esteem and Affection for me. In the mean Time, I followed her close, and made no Secret of my Intentions; several Busy-bodies warned me against her Temper; I gave them the Hearing, but no farther. There was no Talk of War; a handsome Equipage was greatly beyond my Abilities, and I thought Marriage the only Way to acquire it. Accordingly, I made the Attempt, and succeeded, notwithstanding the unaccountable Oppositions of some People.

However, a Cloud soon obscured my conjugal Felicity; my Wife grew reserved and cold, dropping some dark Hints, which only added

added to my Surprize and Concern; at length, by decyphering her Speeches, I could not but conclude, that my Wife was troubled with a Spirit of Jealousy; but being thoroughly sensible that she was, in the main, a very worthy Woman, I came to an Explanation with her. She then told me of her being certainly informed, that I had a criminal Intimacy with two Women whom she could name. I protested my Innocence, and begged of her to confront me with my Accusers. It was, however, some Time before her wonted Kindness returned; and, even then, it had more the Appearance of Favour, than Justice.

This gave me an extreme Vexation; I knew my Innocence, I thought I had sufficiently cleared it; my Protestations went for nothing, though this was touching my Honour. However, I continued in a chearful, affectionate Manner, till my unhappy Wife's frequent Sallies of Jealousy made me tired of Home; when, fortunately, the *French*, by seizing Fort *Keil*, gave Occasion for the Emperor's private Quarrel to become a general War, and my Regiment was ordered towards the

the *Rhine*. My Departure, as I thought, gave the most endearing Turn to my Spouse's Temper; so that our Separation seemed entirely becoming an affectionate Couple.

During the Campaign she did not omit Writing to me, and in such a Manner, that I always kissed her Signature, as a Mark of my Satisfaction. Winter coming on, our Regiment was cantoned in *Upper Austria*, and no Officer allowed to be absent, the better to exercise the Recruits, and be in Readiness to march upon any Emergency. I informed my Wife of this Order, which was really mortifying to myself; it revived all her Jealousy, and she urged me to return Home. To this I pleaded my Duty; but Obedience was, with her, my supreme Duty. Besides, Talking of Duty was Reasoning, and that, she affirmed, implied Coldness and Aversion. Her Letters, which had been so welcome to me, were now filled with Suspicions and Reproaches, thrown together in the most acrimonious, nay, too often, scurrilous Terms; so that my Patience was quite tired out, and I gave over answering them.

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The Campaign of 1735 being brought to a Period by a Cessation of Arms, proclaimed at the Head of the two Armies, the very next Day was seen what is usual on such Occasions, *Germans* and *French* enquiring after one another. It was my good Fortune to contract Acquaintance with several *French* Officers, who were really fine Gentlemen; and, looking upon myself as a Piece of a *Frenchman*, I obtained a three Weeks Leave to make a Trip to *Paris*. I know not which I was most taken with, the Splendor of that large City, or the Politeness of the Inhabitants; but I had little Time to indulge my Admiration, and returned to the Regiment, which lay at *Egra*; and, two Months after, I set out for *Brin*, where my Reception was no better than I expected. My Excursion to *France* being without my Wife's Leave, she made a capital Crime of it, continually ringing it in my Ears, as an Extravagancy to which my Dissoluteness had prompted me. I was for justifying myself, but could not so much as obtain a Hearing; and her Abuses, at length, extinguished those Flames, which Marriage alone had kindled, previously

ously to any Love. However, to avoid Disturbance, I was silent, though it was no easy Task for me to carry it with the Decency of a Husband. If there be any Guilt in this, it was chargeable only on that suspicious Temper which drove me to such Indifference. A Walk, a Visit, a Party of Pleasure, were sure to be construed as for some debauched Intent. She made me the Table-talk among her Female Acquaintance, and, being a Foreigner, I was enormously guilty.

Monsieur *Nourbourg* was my only German Friend; and, being satisfied of my Innocence, he used all possible Endeavours to convince his Sister, and renew our Harmony. I seconded him with fresh Protestations, and the most easy Complaisance; but all we got was, that my Negotiator was a poor-spirited Bubble, and I a perfidious Hypocrite.

My sharp Sense of the Injury done me, my Concern that Tranquillity was for ever fled from our House, Jealousy being an incurable Distemper, threw me into a real Illness. This, again, with Madam *de Riva Franca*, was a Punishment of Crimes, which had never taken Place any where but in her gloomy

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Imagination ; and her Behaviour was quite of a Piece with her Principles. If ever she came into the Room, which was not often, she was too much taken up with complaining of some Disorder or other, to enquire how I found myself. Youth and Constitution weathered the Sickness, and I was no sooner upon my Legs, than the War broke out in *Hungary*. It cannot be thought I had any Struggle to leave an implacable Wife ; she herself was not ashamed to put on an Air of unusual Gaiety, and, I verily believe, hoped that my Ardour for Preferment would carry me too far. Unnatural, but certain Effect of Jealousy !

Our Regiment being in the first Column of the Troops which were to form the Imperial Army, we were obliged to stay some Time at *Presbourg*, till the second Column came up. There I received a Letter from my Brother-in-Law, acquainting me of my Wife's Death, occasioned by a Surfeit, for which she had been injudiciously blooded. Though our Separation had given me no great Pain, I was very sensibly touched at her Death ; for, excepting that accursed
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Jealousy, she was possessed of many valuable Qualities. As we had no Issue, my Wife had made a Will, leaving me fifty Thousand Florins, on Condition of returning the Whole, with Interest, on my Marrying a second Time. This Condition I could not relish, and therefore kept to the Marriage Contract, by which only six Thousand Florins were to be paid me. I immediately acquainted my Brother-in-Law with my Determination, and sent him the proper Instruments. He remitted me the Sum, according to my Direction, generously adding a Thousand Florins for what he ludicrously called *Heart-ach Money*. This Affair being so agreeably settled, I found myself nearly in the same Condition as at my first Arrival in *Moravia*, except a small Augmentation of my Fortune, which was Money dearly earned.

All, that I had suffered with the *Moravian*, did not inspire me with any Hatred to the Fair Sex; I was not so unreasonable as to condemn the Whole for the Misbehaviour of an Individual. I imputed my Misfortunes, in a great Measure, to my Employment

ployment, military Persons being generally esteemed licentious. But, be that as it may, the Fair Sex always had, and always shall have my warmest Esteem. I even had some Respect for the Memory of a Woman, with whom I certainly might have lived very happily, had she not too easily received malignant Impressions from some over-busy People, perhaps from Relations to those whose Addresses she had neglected.

At length, to my great Joy, the Army marched to oppose that of the *Turks*. I shall pass over, and I wish I could forget, the unfortunate Campaigns in *Hungary*. It is well known, that the Imperial Court, apprehensive of being attacked from another Quarter, was obliged to make a disadvantageous Peace with the *Porte*. I had been honoured with a Captain's Commission, a little before the Taking of *Nicea*. This Place being open on all Sides by Breaches, the unfortunate Governor, fearing it would be carried the first Assault, capitulated, for which he was broke; though, I believe, his Conduct was rather owing to a Mistake, than Cowardice. He was allowed to withdraw

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his Garrison, among which was our Regiment. The Men had, indeed, been very sickly, occasioned by continual Fatigues and the Heat of the Weather. I myself, at that Time, was so ill of a Fever, that the Physician declared, if they moved me, I must die immediately. My Brother-Officers, at taking their Leaves, informed me, that the Sick had been recommended to Bashaw Osman, who was appointed to command in the City; and that he had promised the greatest Care should be taken of them; but the Distemper had reduced me so low, as to render me unfusceptible of Hope or Fear.

The Noise and Tumult of a City passing instantly into the Power of a victorious Army may be easily conceived.—The Confusion was so general, that I was, as it were, forsaken for three Days; during which Time, a little Water served me both for Nourishment and Physic. On the third Day a *Turk* came into my Room, and, asking me my Name and Rank, set it down in a Kind of Rocket-Book, and went away without speaking a Word. Some Hours after, I was visited by another *Turk*, who seemed to be

be a Person of Distinction : His Vest was of the richest Stuff, his Turban and Sabre adorned with Diamonds and other Jewels. This I found to be the Bashaw *Osman* himself. He was tall and well-shaped, and his Air full of Majesty and Sweetness. I paid him my Respects in the best Manner I was able ; and this worthy Mussulman, sitting down by my Bed, told me, in *Italian*, that my Situation was more fortunate than I expected ; that he would keep me himself, not as a Slave, but a Friend. ‘ I have had an Account of you, added he, and, from this Instant, look upon me as your Friend. You shall be immediately carried to my House, where you will be free from Noise and Confusion. Be not cast down, Brother-Soldier, continued he ; I have a Specific for Fevers, and I dare give you my Word, that you will soon find the Benefit of it.’ Upon his Going away, he ordered a Slave not to leave me, and obey me in every Thing.

Towards Evening I was removed, and laid in a good Bed, which had been set up on Purpose in a quiet Apartment. My Slave, whose Name was *Zimar*, was very

diligent, and even tender; he could also speak a little *Italian*. The first Time he brought me some Broth, I observed him to pour some Drops of a very red Liquor into it, which, it seems, was the Bashaw's Specific; and, indeed, in a very few Days, I was wonderfully recovered.

Zimar, after Making many humble Excuses for his Freedom, advised me to learn an *Arabian* Compliment, to pay to *Osman* at his next Visit. I readily complied, and not only learned the Compliment, but also a great Number of *Arabian* Words; so that I hoped, in some Time, to speak that Language fluently. The next Time *Osman* did me the Honour of a Visit, I repeated my Lesson to him, which pleased him so, that he said, 'Well, I see you are for deserving all I can do for you. Apply yourself to our Language, as far as is consistent with your Recovery, and you shall not repent the Pains you take to acquire it.' At his Departure, he presented me with a large gold Snuff-box full of Sequins. My Acknowledgments of his Generosity were interrupted by an Officer, who came to acquaint

acquaint the Bashaw of the Arrival of an Express. It was a Fortnight before he paid me another Visit, when he greatly commended the Proficiency I had made in the *Arabic*; for at that Time I was so great a Master of it as to talk without Hesitation. He whispered me, that he believed his Stay would not be long at *Nicea*; for, being in great Favour with the Grand Seignior, he knew that Prince would soon want him at *Constantinople*. 'I intend, added he, to take you with me; but be not, continued he in a lower Voice, any way apprehensive with Regard to your Religion; that is left entirely to you. A virtuous Christian is more a Man of Virtue than any other, and I should not like you the better, were you disposed to abandon such a respectable Appellation. But, added he, there are two Things I must desire of you: The first is, That you be very cautious, in not censuring any of our Customs; and the second, That you conform to our Habits. These Things are all I require of you, and these I must insist on; but I dare say you will readily come into them. You shall continue in

your Apartment till we set out for *Constantinople*; I have ordered Clothes to be made for you against that Day.' *Osman*, at Leaving me, gave me some Jewels to adorn my new Head-Dress, and desired me to keep close to the *Arabic*. Some Days after, *Zimar* told me, that we should soon set out, and that my Clothes would be brought very early the next Day. Indeed, he himself brought them; and I was no sooner dressed, and the faithful *Zimar* had got the Horses ready, than we followed *Osman*, who had set out about Half an Hour before us. Upon my Appearing before him in my new Dress: 'Now, said that brave General to me, that Dress will do, and you may safely bear me Company. You will also be so kind as to alter your Name for one I give you out of Friendship.

My dear *Zulim*, continued he, taking me very affectionately by the Hand, answer the sincere Friendship, I have for you, by the same Sentiments.' From this Time I constantly rode by *Osman's* Side, and we arrived at *Constantinople*, after a very delightful Journey.

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On the very Day of our Arrival, *Osman* ordered his Steward to signify to all his Household, that I was to be treated with the same Respect as himself; but, knowing I had a particular Regard for *Zimar*, he said, 'I give you that young Man, he is now your own, you may do what you please with him.' I thanked *Osman* for this Present, which was a very acceptable one. This Slave was in his twenty-fourth Year, of a good Understanding, active, and very fond of me. When *Osman* went to the Seraglio, I was shewn into a magnificent Apartment, where I found Plenty of every Thing necessary for my new Decoration: Linen, Turbans, Vests, and Sabres, all of a distinguished Richness. *Zimar* was placed in a little Room, from whence he could come to me, on the least Noise; but what most surprised and pleased me was, that, the next Morning, on surveying this large Apartment, I found a Library of *Arabic*, *Latin*, *Italian*, and *French* Books. This, I thought, was Running a great Risque, considering the *Turkish* Maxims; but *Zimar* told me, that the Bashaw, in that and se-

veral other Particulars, had a formal Dispensation from the Musti.

I did not see the generous Mussulman all that Day, being kept till Night by the Grand Seignior at the Seraglio, whither he went to pay his Court; so that, after inquiring about me, he withdrew to the Women's Apartment.

The next Day he sent for me; I found him sitting on a Pile of blue Velvet Cushions fringed with Silver. After Ordering a like Seat for me, and Dismissing his Slaves, he spoke to me in the following Manner:

* *Zulim*, you may, possibly, be surprised at the Treatment you have met with, since you fell into our Hands; a Treatment very opposite, I believe, to the *Italian* Prejudices against any Thing which bears the Name of *Turk*. At the Surrender of *Nica* to our Arms, your Colonel recommended you as a Person worthy of my Protection, which I promised him, and even that I myself would see you. This was, however, impossible, during the first three Days, having such a Hurry of Business upon my Hands, that I had scarce Time to rest. I

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had ordered one of my Aids de Camp to find you out, and take all possible Care of you ; but, it seems, he did not remember it, and he has paid for his Neglect. I conceived some Esteem for you, from your Colonel's particular Recommendation ; but, that my Friendship might not be misplaced, I appointed *Zimar* to be with you. The Account he gave me of your Discourse with him, your Acknowledgment of my Favours, and (what is uncommon amongst Military Men) an Appearance of Devotion in your Way, have intirely determined me in your Favour. The Proofs, you have already received of it, shall soon be succeeded by others of greater Importance.

I am not, my dear *Zulim*, what I appear to be ; I am a Native of *Corfu* ; my Father was the Chevalier *Avelini*, of *Verona*.

At these Words, the whole Company looked at Madam *Morofetti* ; and, Dom. *Matteo's* Brother stopping, the Countess took Occasion to ask the Widow, Whether the Chevalier *Avelini* was of her Family ? Most certainly, Madam, answered *Morofetti* ; but let us not interrupt the Gen-

tleman ; I am impatient to know more of *Bashaw Osman* ; you see I am not a little concerned in it.

Madam, said *Riva Franca*, the *Bashaw Osman* treated me with so much Generosity, heaped so many Favours on me, and I observed in him so many Virtues and Accomplishments, that my great Regard for him will induce me to be very exact in every Thing that relates to him ; please to observe, that it is he who continues to speak.

The Chevalier *Avelini*, being in Garrison at *Corfu*, as a Captain in the *Venetian Service*, fell in Love with the only Daughter of a Physician, and obtained her in Marriage. Within a Year my Mother was delivered of me, but died in Childbed ; and my Father, being called back to *Verona*, by his eldest Brother's Dying without Children, left me to the Care of my Grandfather, who, as is usual, was extremely fond of me. Though he did not intend me for his Profession, he often used to communicate to me the Secrets he had discovered in his Practice ; to which I listened with great Attention, both from my Love for his Person, and

and some Thought, that what he told me might, some Time or other, be of Service to me.

After going through the several Classes at the Schools with tolerable Proficiency, and being now in my fifteenth Year, I greatly desired to go to *Verona* to see my Father, who not only had married again, but had also a pretty large Family. As I could not presume to pay him this Visit without his Consent, I requested it of him in the most earnest and submissive Letter; but, though my Father's Answer was not destitute of Tenderness, he would not grant my Request, but ordered me to remain at *Corfu*. My Grandfather was so deeply affected at this Denial, that it was thought to occasion his Death. Though I was his only Heir, my Condition was far from being splendid; for, after converting all his Effects into Money, they did not amount to above twenty-thousand Livres. As my Father had, in some Measure, refused to acknowledge me for his Son, I determined to lanch into the World, and try my Fortune. Accordingly I embarked for *Constantinople*, with an

Armenian Merchant, who gave me Instructions for my prudent Behaviour among the *Turks*; but would not admit me as his Companion, till I had dressed myself like him.

We had not been above two Days at *Constantinople*, before we heard that the Grand Seignior lay ill of a Fever, and Remedies had no Effect. I now found the Benefit of my Grandfather's Instructions; I had infallible Specifics for the different Species of that Distemper. Confident of their Virtue, I went and asked a private Audience of the Grand Vizier, when I declared to him I would undertake to cure the Emperor, on my being admitted to administer my Remedy. My Youth gave the Vizier at first no favourable Opinion of me; but the Freedom and Assurance with which I spoke, offering to forfeit my Life on any Miscarriage, altered his Mind, so that he immediately led me to the Seraglio. After leaving me for some Time with the Eunuchs, he returned, and I was introduced to the Grand Seignior, whom I found so weak and emaciated, that he had not Strength to speak, but gave me to understand by a Sign, that, if I failed in
my

my Promises, I must expect to be strangled. I was on my Knees, and almost prostrate near his Bed, but was bid to rise; for, though I was not ignorant of the Emperor's Sign, it did not in the least intimidate me.

I then drew out of my Pocket a Bottle of my Elixir, and, calling for a small Bason of Water, I mixed with it twelve Drops of my Liquor, and, pouring a little of it into a Cup I saw on the Table, I drank it off; then presented the Bason to the Grand Seigneur, and he drank the Mixture without any Hesitation.

I was afterwards carried by four Eunuchs into a Chamber, where I was alternately watched by two, several Slaves bringing us Refreshments. Ten Hours after, I was conducted back with the same Ceremony to the Emperor's Bed, and I gave him a second Dose with the same Precautions; after which the Eunuchs attended me back to my former Chamber, where I threw myself on a Sofa, and soon fell asleep; for, though I had received no Account of the Emperor's Condition, I could perceive that my Remedy

dy had done him Good, and was, therefore, perfectly free from all Disquietude.

About an Hour after Sun-rising I was awaked by a Noise in my Room, and upon Opening my Eyes saw the Grand Vizier, attended by a large Retinue. Come, said he to me, thou most fortunate of all Mankind; Come and receive the Reward of the inestimable Service thou hast done to the whole Universe, by restoring to Health the most mighty Emperor of the *Ottomans*.

I followed the Vizier, and found the Emperor entirely free from any Fever, cheerful in his Discourse, and of a lively Countenance. He began with bidding me ask whatever pleased me best. I immediately answered, that, whatever Favours he was pleased to bestow upon me, I begged he would not imbitter them by any Constraint with Regard to Religion. The Emperor, after asking me several Questions on my Birth, and Course of Life, recommended me to the Musti and the Vizier, after whispering with them for a considerable Time.

These two Ministers led me into an Apartment of the Seraglio, where the Musti
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said to me, 'Stranger, his Majesty is pleased to allow thee to live according to thine own Way, provided that thou conformest thyself to our Externals and Customs, in which thy Conscience cannot be offended. All I have to recommend to thee is, to be prudent and tractable.' The Mufti then going away without staying for my Answer, I remained alone with the Vizier.

'I am commanded, said this Minister, to give thee an Apartment in my House, till the Emperor is pleased to signify in what Manner thou art to be rewarded. Thou art, at present, but a Youth, so that thy Education still wants many Things.' I was accordingly taught to ride, and other Exercises necessary to those who are designed for the Army. Within two Years I was placed at the Head of a Company of Janisaries, and sent into *Carimania*, with a Body of Troops, in Order to quell a Revolt. Here it was my good Fortune to gain the Esteem of my Generals, and, I believe, some of them had mentioned me with Advantage to the Grand Vizier; for, at my Return, I was received by him in a Manner
beyond

beyond what I could have expected, and two Days after he introduced me to the Grand Seignior. The Emperor then said, before his whole Court, ‘*Osman*, as you have a military Genius, I reward you with the Government of *Caramania*; but you are never, without express Orders, to leave the Residence of the sublime *Porte*; you are of too great Importance to my Health, and this Instant I require of thee the Secret of your Febrifuge. The favourite Sultana is now ill of a violent Fever, and I would have her immediately recovered.’ There is no Pleading at that Court, so that I immediately offered to write the Prescription in *Arabic*, and presented the Emperor with two Bottles of my Elixir, which I had about me. The Sultana’s Indisposition had been magnified by the Emperor’s Love, for she was immediately restored to Health; and I received a Thousand fresh Tokens of that Monarch’s Generosity.

The Vizier, after this fortunate Audience, took me with him again to his House, where I continued only two Days. He had been ordered to put me in Possession of this
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House, which belonged to a rich Corsair, then lately dead, and, by his Death, it fell to the Emperor. I was attended by the Vizier to my House, where, at my Entrance, I was saluted by a great Number of Slaves, prostrating themselves at my Feet. When we were come into the first Apartment, the Vizier said to me, 'My Lord Bashaw, you are the Master, not only of this House, but of every Thing in it. May Health and Peace be added to your Prosperity.' After this Compliment, the Minister, who was informed of every Particular in it, led me through several Apartments, all furnished so richly, that I was struck with Admiration. Yet I must own, that what most pleased me, was a spacious Garden, terminated by a Wood. I had not so much Philosophy, as to bear this sudden Exaltation with Indifference; I even expressed my Joy to the Vizier, who said to me, 'This is not all, and suppose the best should be yet to come?' Then, pulling out a large Key, he led me by a Back-stair into a private Apartment, less ornamented, indeed, than the others, but, to me, more agreeable by its elegant Simplicity.

city. 'Now, my Lord, continued he, this is your Apartment, and, if you love Quiet, nothing can suit you better.' From thence, passing into a large Closet furnished with Looking-glasses, and very neat Bureaus, he opened several of the Drawers, which were filled with Ducats, Sequins, and Sultanines. Besides which there was a large Coffer, resembling an Escrutoir, filled with Bags of the smaller Coins. This is not all, continued the Vizier, putting a golden Key into the Lock of a Cupboard with Glass-Doors. At the Opening of this what an Immensity of Riches were displayed! Diamonds, Topazes, Emeralds, Sapphires, and Pearls. Surely, cried I to the Vizier, the Grand Seignior has made me richer than himself! 'You would think otherwise, had you seen his Treasures, interrupted the Minister. Besides all these Things you so greatly value, the Emperor has settled on you a yearly Pension of fifty Purfes. It would be imprudent to refuse them. Take my Advice, as a Friend, and make Use of them.' 'My Lord, said I to the Vizier, the Riches now before me belong rather to you than me, will you please to accept of them?

them? I request it with the utmost Sincerity.' 'By no Means, replied the Vizier; I take your Offer very kindly, and, not entirely to refuse it, I will accept of a Diamond, which your Predecessor never would part with to me.' At the same Time he took it out of a Case, and I thanked him for the Favour he did me. I was then a Stranger to Jewels, but, from what the Vizier told me, the Diamond was worth, at least, four thousand Sequins. Then, delivering me the Key of the Closet, we returned into one of the large Apartments, where a black Eunuch waited for us. 'Filmir, said the Vizier to him, this is your Master, be faithful to him, and you will be sure to be well rewarded.' Then, addressing himself to me, he said, 'Osman, I take my Leave of you. Filmir will shew you the other Parts of the Palace, the Treasures, which you have not yet seen, being in his Custody.' I waited on the Vizier back, desiring he would allow me to pay my Court to him. 'With all my Heart, said he, and I would advise you sometimes to shew yourself at the Seraglio.

On my Returning into my House, I ordered

dered *Filmir* to call all the Slaves and Eunuchs, whom I was for knowing by their Names and Offices. I next went to the Stables, where I found thirty fine Horses, for different Services. *Filmir* then shewed me the Place where the Carriages and Harnesses were kept. As these were rich beyond what I had ever seen elsewhere, so they were kept with a Care and Neatness as extraordinary. My Mind being taken up with the immense Riches, of which I was so suddenly become the Possessor, as I was walking towards the Garden, I did not regard some Words which *Filmir* whispered; but this Eunuch, finding that I did not hear him, staid till I was alone in the Garden, where perceiving me still to be wrapped up in Thought, 'My Lord, said *Filmir* to me, there are other Beauties for you to see, which may possibly please you better than any you have yet seen. I have under my Care twenty-five young Persons, who would be extremely mortified, if you did not honour them with your Presence.' 'I had really forgot it, replied I; come then let us visit these Beauties.' 'They have been here but two Days, answered *Filmir*, and I hope they

they will please. I followed *Filmir*, with no great Eagerness, towards the Apartment, where observing a deep Silence, I said to him, 'You are surely mistaken in the Place.' Pardon me, my Lord, answered he, they will be here in an Instant. And, passing into a very large Parlour, there came in twenty-five young Women, all very neatly dressed, and the eldest of them not exceeding Twenty. I must own I was no less pleased with their Beauty, than affected with their submissive Air. My Eyes roved from one to the other, without fixing on either, though my Heart had soon made a Choice; but, not thinking it proper or decent to declare it openly, I went up to the Slaves, and paid each a Compliment on her Beauty, asking her Name and Country. As I intended to spend the Remainder of the Day with them, I ordered *Filmir* to get ready a Supper, during which Interval several of them played on Instruments. This was very agreeable to me, being fond of Music. I was no sooner sat down to Table, than an Order from the Grand Seignior called me to the Seraglio. I was obliged instantly to obey, telling my Women not to stay for me, but

but make themselves as merry as possible. They all seemed vexed at this Disappointment, and I as much as any of them; but there was no Staying. The Emperor was in the Favourite Sultana's Apartment; and, my Name being carried in, I was ordered to be introduced: At this I was not a little surpris'd, knowing the Delicacy of the *Turks*, with Regard to their Women. The Grand Seignior stood near a Sopha, on which the Favourite Sultana was carelessly laid.

Fatima, said this Monarch, 'You desired to see your Physician: Here he is; and you may see, he has not acquired his Skill from Age and Experience.' At this the Sultana smiled, whilst I kept my Eyes fixed on the Ground. *Fatima*, seeing my Bashfulness, said, Bashaw of *Caramania*, have you pretty Women in your Seraglio? 'Madam, answered I, Time has not yet given me Opportunity of viewing them; but, perhaps, they may be sorry for the Favour his Highness does me this Evening, as I apprehend it may make me not think them so handsome as they may imagine themselves to be.' You see, interrupted the Sultan, that our Physician is not a Stran-

a Stranger to Compliments. This brought on more chearful Discourse, which lasted about two Hours. If I admired the Sultana's Beauty, I respected her Rank; and my Conversation pleased the Emperor so, that, in his Goodness, he asked me, Whether I was entirely satisfied with the Rewards he had bestowed on me? I expressed my Satisfaction with such Warmth and Liveliness, as still fixed me firmer in that Monarch's Esteem, and I left the Seraglio more firmly persuaded than ever of my Favour and good Fortune.

The next Day, having given the necessary Orders for my Household, I waited on the Grand Vizier. He told me, he was informed I had spent Part of the Night at the Seraglio, and enjoyed the extraordinary Privilege of seeing the Favourite Sultana; which, I assure you, among the *Turks*, is very remarkable. I suppose, answered I, my Success, as a Physician, procured me this extraordinary Favour, and therefore can give neither Jealousy nor Offence to any one. No certainly, replied the Vizier, at least to those who have the same good Opinion of you as I have.

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The Multitude of Affairs would allow him but little Time for Civility (which was no great Concern to me) being called Home by an unusual and secret Disquietude. As I was walking in my Gardens, *Filmir* came to me: 'My Lord, said he, here are delightful Arbors; they seem made for the Mysteries of Love.' ' *Filmir*, answered I, among the Slaves whom I saw Yesterday, methinks, I like *Amantea*; What is she?' 'My Lord, replied *Filmir*, *Amantea's* Sweetness and Discretion are equal to her Beauty.' 'Tell her then, said I, to meet me in the Jessamin Arbor; but convey her hither with all possible Privacy.' *Filmir* quickly returned to inform me, that *Amantea*, not being in her Apartment, must be walking in the Garden, as she constantly did every Morning. I will find her myself, replied I; withdraw, and do not mention a Word of this, I charge you.

I hastily went into the Wood, where I was agreeably surpris'd to hear *Amantea* singing an *Italian* Song, with the utmost Justness and Delicacy. Her Voice increased the Liking I had taken to her Person, and

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I listened to it with Rapture.—That, said I to myself, is the first and only Person I will love : May my Addresses meet with a suitable Return ! for Love abhors all Tyranny and Imperiousness.

In her Return towards the House, the Sight of me caused, at first, some Surprise, and she was for Retiring. No, *Amantea*, said I, it is you I seek ; and, as I am pleased with your Person, favour me with some farther Account of yourself. Then, with a modest and submissive Air, she thus began :

‘ I am, my Lord, of *Messina* in *Sicily* ; my Family more noble than wealthy ; on which Account, without any Inclination to a recluse Life, I was embarked on Board a Ship for a Convent in *Naples*, where an Aunt of mine is Abbess ; but, a Storm driving us to Sea, we were taken by a Corsair, who brought us to this City. It was my Fortune to be sold to the Eunuch *Fil-mir*, who told me, when he placed me here, that this Palace would soon belong to the fortunate Bashaw of *Caramania*.’
Lovely *Amantea*, answered I, entertain no
P Thoughts

Thoughts of Slavery, you are Mistress of this Palace ; I am also an *Italian*, and no farther a *Turk* than in my Dress. *Amantea* cast a Look at me, which seemed desirous of reading, in my Eyes, the Truth of my Words. I do not deceive you, continued I, adorable *Amantea* ; but tell me, Is any Gentleman of *Messina* blessed with your Love ? She declared to me, that, having been always shut up in a Convent, her Father, Brothers, and an old Master of Music, who instructed her, were the only Men she had ever conversed with, before she was put on Board the Ship. I had some Difficulty to conceal my Joy ; but I only said to her, ‘ *Amantea*, I am glad you are a Stranger to Love, I was the same Yesterday ; live here as you please ; adding, I do not forbid you to go out, but you know it would be attended with Danger.’ Upon this she retired, saying she could have no Temptation to go out of the House of such a generous Master. I remained in the Arbor for some Time, reflecting on the Happiness it would be to me to gain the Love of the beautiful *Amantea*. When I returned to my Apartment,

ment, I took some Jewels, and went into that of the Women, where I paid several Visits, before I went into that of *Amantea*. 'Lovely *Amantea*, said I to her, let me prevail on you to use these Diamonds in your Dress.' The charming Creature accepted them with a Blush. I left her endeavouring to conceal, as much as possible, the Joy I so much expected. This mysterious Conduct lasted about a Month; but, no longer able to conceal the Transport of my Heart, when I left the fair *Sicilian*, the other Women discovered my Secret. Jealousy seemed to make some Disturbance, and I found myself obliged to dispose of five of my most resentful Slaves. Among the rest I distributed Presents; and, as they lived a very easy Life, and had every Thing in a handsome Manner, I not only restored Tranquillity in my House, but brought *Amantea's* Companions to look upon her as their Mistress.

The virtuous *Sicilian* had annexed a Condition to the Gift of her Heart, and I had subscribed to it: This was, That I should prevail on the Chaplain of the *Venetian* Am-

bassador to marry us in that Minister's Chapel. A Christian Slave, whom I had then lately bought, and who is no other than *Zimar*, was my only Confident. The Affair was carried on so secretly, that no Person here knows any thing of our Marriage; and in this Manner we have lived almost five Years. *Amantea* acts her Part, as a Favourite, to Admiration; but she wanted a Female Friend, and has happily met with a very proper one, in a young *Grecian*, about her Age, called *Zereide*.

Osman concluded his History, by telling me he was solliciting his Discharge, by Means of the Favour of *Fatima*, but feared his Skill in Physic would be an Impediment. For my own Part, I led the most charming, easy, pleasant Life at the Bashaw's; I read a great many *Arabian* Books, and used to walk in his Gardens, when the Women were not there; and had been above eight Days, without intimating the least Curiosity on this Head. 'I admire, said he, your Discretion; you shew no Curiosity to see my Riches, nor my ten Goddeses, and for that very Reason you shall see them the sooner.

fooner. To-morrow you shall be admitted into my Seraglio; *Amantea* will receive you as my best Friend, and the others know their Duty. Come, continued he, Dinner waits for us.' I followed the Bashaw, and found a Table spread according to our Custom, with Chairs round it. 'Why, my Lord, said I to *Osman*, this is the same as at *Venice*.' Immediately after appeared two Ladies, who were *Amantea* and *Zereide*; both of them, in my Opinion, were equal in Beauty and Behaviour. We sat down to Table, and, being surrounded by Eunuchs, the Conversation could not but be general. *Amantea's* Address surprised me; her Attention and Officiousness towards *Osman* did not seem to be that of a five Years Marriage; the favourite Slave appeared in all her Words and Actions. After Dinner, we removed into *Zereide's* Apartment, where, being alone, *Osman* told the Ladies, with an Air of Chearfulness, that, from that Moment, he gave me Liberty to visit them, when agreeable to themselves; and that, when they desired to be alone, I might visit the Apartments of the other Women, equal-

ly with himself; confirming what he said by giving me a Seal, as an Order to *Filmir* to let me in, when I pleased. I had also Liberty to walk in the Gardens with the Women.

Osman afterwards shewed me his Treasures, which, he told me, did not amount to less than fourteen Millions of Livres. 'Two Millions, added he, must go to the favourite Sultana, for her Interest to obtain my Discharge from the Grand Seignior. If I can but reach *Messina* with eight or nine, *Amantea* and I may make a very pretty Figure: But to be happy alone is not my Inclination; and, that you may not want either Money or Jewels, take these two Bags of Sequins, and that Box of Diamonds. See them safe in your Apartment, and return to that of *Zereide*, where I shall spend the whole Day.' I was beginning to thank him, when a Messenger came from the Grand Seignior. He desired me to wait for him in *Zereide's* Apartment; where I found *Amantea*, and spent the Afternoon very delightfully, with these lovely Women, in an Alternative of Music and Conversation.

I found

I found so much Satisfaction in this Retirement, that I went Abroad unwillingly; but the Bashaw, from a kind Concern, lest such a recluse Life should prejudice my Health, took me often with him into the Country on Horseback; and, as he had no Secret to hide from me, he often mentioned his Impatience to leave *Constantinople*. ‘*Amantea*, said he, pines to be gone. I perceive her Desire, notwithstanding all her Care to conceal it; but I cannot leave this Place without Leave, and that will be attended with some Difficulty.’

A Peace being agreed upon between the Court of *Vienna* and the *Porte*, I had a Desire of visiting my native Country; but my Departure had been fixed to the same Time with that of the Bashaw. Indeed, his singular and unbounded Kindness made him both a Country and Father to me; so that I waited for the happy Event without Impatience. It would not have been surprising, as I had full Liberty of visiting *Osman's* Seraglio at any Time, and being respected by the Eunuchs, and even courted by some of the Women, if I had fallen into an In-

trigue; but *Zereide* was the Object of my Heart. Though she was not so majestic and beautiful as *Amantea*; yet, in one Respect, and which, I must own, attracts my Regard, I think she excelled the Bashaw's Lady. *Zereide* had the finest Hand and Arm I ever saw.

Here the Countess, with a Smile, interrupted *Riva Franca*, asking him, if he still admired that Beauty. Yes, Madam, answered he, though I own it is a Weakness. A beautiful Hand may belong to a very disagreeable Face; but, with me, the Hand will carry the Day; and compensate for any Defect in the Features. In this, however, I act upon a Principle, or, as some may call it, a Prejudice, which is, that a fine Hand and Arm indicate an excellent Temper. I am very glad you are still of that Way of Thinking, answered the Countess; and, after whispering to Madam *Morosetti*, she desired *Riva Franca* to proceed.

It was a considerable Time, continued he, before I opened my Passion to *Zereide*; my Looks and Complaisance, indeed, spoke loudly;

loudly ; but *Zereide* either did not, or would not, understand this Language.

One Day, *Amantea*, being seized with a Head-ach, retired to her own Apartment, leaving me with this beautiful Greek. I then declared to her my Passion. *Zereide* heard me ; and answered, *Zulim*, I am no Stranger to what you have now told me ; and, if I could have made a suitable Return, I should not have been wanting ; but I have no Heart to give. If the sincerest Friendship, and the most distinguished Esteem, can give you any Comfort, them I promise you ; and I would advise you to be satisfied. Possibly you may not be surprized at hearing the Name of my Conqueror ; but you must be astonished to hear, that this charming Man, who knows it, is concerned at his Victory, and often advises me to love you : And, let me add, that this Behaviour does not instigate my Pride. Yes, *Zulim*, continued *Zereide*, it is *Osman* I adore ; it is he, who, as he cannot himself love me, would inspire me with Sentiments in your Favour, which it is impossible I can entertain for any but himself. But, lovely *Zereide*, answered I,

Is not this deceiving *Amantea*? I should be unworthy of Life, replied she, were it so. The Bashaw's Lady well knows every Motion of my Heart. She pities me, and continues to love me; and, persuaded of the Bashaw's Fidelity, if ever she thinks on my unhappy Passion, it is only to redouble her Kindness, and give me the most affectionate Counsel. I am to go with them to *Sicily*, and, with the Bashaw's Lady, will live and die. Call this Conduct what you please; and, how much soever you may think me in the Wrong, I shall, for ever, be the same. Therefore, my dear *Zulim*, save yourself a fruitless Disquietude, which, I assure you, has given me a very sensible Concern, ever since I saw I was not indifferent to you. Strive against this hopeless Love, lest it deprive us of all the Ease and Freedom we enjoy.

What could I answer to so much Goodness and Sincerity? Loving *Zereide*, too much to displease her, I promised, that, in all Things, her Will should be my Law. Then, said she, you are welcome to my Company; you are the only Man, with whom, next to the august *Osman*, I will converse, if you will

will observe your Promise; were you a *Frenchman*, I should not speak thus to you, it would be misconstrued; but, it seems, that *Platonic Love*, which is made a Jest of in *France*, is nothing very extraordinary among your less dissolute Countrymen. Then, tell me, *Zulim*, Are you susceptible of it? If you are, we may be happy, continued the charming *Greek*, offering to me that Hand, which had first kindled in me this unfortunate Passion. Yes, *Zereide*, answered I, fixing my Lips to its irresistible Beauties, you shall be strictly obeyed. I indeed flattered myself, that, overcome by my Constancy and Submission, she would one Day make the desired Return to my Tenderness; but her Favours never went farther than allowing me to kiss her Hand; and, to one of my Turn of Mind, this was a very considerable Favour.

Upon an Apprehension of fresh Commotions, the Bashaw was ordered into *Caramania*, whither I attended him; and it was a Twelvemonth before the Tranquillity of the Province would admit of his Return. The Vizier made an advantageous Report of his Conduct to the Grand Seignior; who, on Of-

man's first Presenting himself before his Highness, said to him, 'I find thou art as well skilled in healing Disorders of the State, as in curing those of the Body: How must I reward thee?' 'I am not ambitious, answered *Osman*, the Favours of the Most Mighty Emperor of the Mussulmans have exceeded my Expectations; and I only hope, that, one Day, your Highness will crown them all, with a Permission to return to my own Country.'

How, said the Grand Seignior, is *Osman* for leaving me?—No, most excellent Sovereign, answered he, I am for only seeing my Country once more, and that is but natural. 'I allow it, answered *Amurath*, but I cannot yet grant thy Request.' In the mean Time, came an Account of the Death of the Emperor, *Charles VI.* and of the War which was breaking out in *Germany* and *Italy*; nor was *Europe*, alone, the Scene of Desolation. *Thamas Kouli Kan* found there was no keeping the Throne he had usurped, without employing the turbulent Humour of the *Persians*; and, in Order to this, he formed a Design of recovering the Places which the *Porte* had

had wrested from them in a late War. This occasioned *Bashaw Osman* to be honoured with a considerable Command in the Army, which was assembling on the Frontiers of *Persia*; which caused another Separation, which was attended with the most moving Circumstances. *Amantea* and *Zereide* intreated that they might bear us Company; but *Osman* was determined to have no Women in his Retinue.

One Day, *Osman*, at the Head of a Party of *Turkish* Horse, attacked a much superior Body of the Enemy's Cavalry; here it was, that, fighting near him, I had the good Fortune to save his Life, by shooting a *Persian* Officer, who was just going to strike him with his Sabre, whilst he was engaged with another. This was the only Affair of Consequence we were engaged in during the Expedition; and *Kouli Kan* was glad to make up Matters short of his Intention. We returned to *Constantinople*, where we had the Pleasure to find *Amantea* and *Zereide* in good Health, and overjoyed at our safe Return.

Osman

Osman had his Dismission so much at Heart, that he backed his Request, to the Grand Seignior, with very considerable Presents to the favourite Sultana and the Grand Vizier; which, I suppose, did not a little contribute to his attaining it.

In *January* last, the Grand Seignior was pleased to grant him Leave, not only to depart, but also to carry his Effects with him. Besides *Amantea* and *Zereide*, *Osman* had several very beautiful Female Slaves in his Seraglio. There was no sooner a Probability of his Departure, than he began to marry them in the best Manner he could. However, the easy quiet Life in which *Osman* indulged them, made Liberty appear to them of small Account. His next Care was to provide for his Eunuchs, keeping with him only eight Christian Slaves which he had bought at several Times.

The Day of his Departure being fixed, and every Thing in Readiness, he had an Audience of Leave of the Grand Seignior, and the favourite Sultana. At this Interview, the *Turkish* Monarch insisted on his promising that he would return to *Constantinople*, when required.

required. We had a very prosperous Voyage to *Messina*; where *Amantea*, as is natural to imagine, was received with the utmost Joy by her Parents, who had before received some Account of her Adventures. *Osman* who had already assumed the Name of the Marquis *Avelini*, met with all the Honour and Respect from them, which his singular Honour and Generosity to their Daughter well deserved. From thence we were carried to a fine Seat, for the Purchase of which the new Marquis had remitted to *Messina* an hundred thousand Crowns, on the first Probability of his succeeding in his Request. After a few Days I was for taking my Leave of the Marquis; but he stopped me, saying, Before Parting he would reward all the Actions of his Friends. You have, continued he, been unfortunate enough with us to be rewarded, especially as I am the innocent Cause of it; for, believe me, I have done all in my Power to induce *Zereide* to love you; but, to my great Concern, I have not been able to succeed. Stay with us a few Days longer; for she shall, in some Respect at least, contribute to your Happiness.

Zereide

Zereide was desirous of my Stay, but, thinking it might cost her too dear, she did not greatly oppose my Departure. *Amantea* made me promise not to leave her Lord for ever ; and I hope it will not be long before I shall see him again. At last, growing possibly not less urgent than he had been with the Grand Seignior for his Departure, *Avelini* took me one Evening into his Closet with *Zereide*. You are then Chevalier, said he, determined on your Return ; you cannot any longer live from Home. It does not become me to detain you, only let me hear often from you, and I hope to see you again, as soon as convenient. Here, continued he, shewing me a Paper, is the State of my present Fortune. I have brought from *Constantinople* eight Millions of Livres ; Six I keep for ourselves. Yesterday I bought an Estate of Four-hundred thousand Livres in *Zereide's* Name, upon Condition that she immediately embraces the Christian Religion. I may die, and this Estate will be to her a certain Subsistence at all Events ; during my Life she shall be in my House like *Amantea* herself ; the remaining Sixteen-hundred-

dred-thousand Livres I give to *Zereide*, to make a Present of them to the Chevalier *de Riva Franca*. Oh, my Lord, cried I, your Favours have already made a *Cræsus* of me; but there was no Denying, it was a Contrivance; the Marquis, *Amantea*, and *Zereide*, were all upon me, and I accepted this extraordinary Present; it had, indeed, been previously conveyed to my Room, partly in Diamonds and partly in Sequins. A Vessel for *Naples* lying ready in the Port, I departed, after a Farewel which was never surpassed in Tenderneſs, having with me the faithful *Zimar*. All the Curioſities of *Naples* could not detain me any longer than was neceſſary to turn my Money into Bills, and make a Purchase of Horſes. Upon my Arrival at *Milan*, I flew to my Mother, and being by her informed, that my Brother was with the noble Count *Braviny*, I thought I would give him the Pleaſure of a Surprize.

Riva Franca here concluded his Narrative, for which he received the Company's Thanks, and their Congratulations on his good Fortune. Upon my Word, ſaid the Counteſs, this *Oſman* is a Miracle of Generoſity, and
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I am persuaded you have a proper Sense of it ; and within these Walls a Person may be found, who would join in your Sentiments for the Marquis *Avellini*. This turned *Riva Franca's* Eyes upon Madam *Morofetti*, whom, till now, he had not viewed with any Attention ; this artful Widow, hearing what were the most taking Beauties with him, had taken off her Glove, during the Sequel of his Story, and now perceiving his Eyes to be upon her, under Pretence of setting to Rights something in her Head-dress, displayed a most beautiful Arm, terminating in a very delicate Hand ; the Effect answered, *Riva Franca's* Eyes were fixed on Madam *Morofetti*, who seemed to resemble his Patron in the Face, and Mistress in the fine Arm ; so that she soon rekindled, in his Breast, that Flame with which he had before burnt for the fair *Greek*. The Countess, perceiving the Victory beginning to declare for Madam *Morofetti*, in Order to forward the Conquest, told Dom. *Mattheo's* Brother, that Madam *Morofetti* was Sister to his dear Marquis *Avellini*. At this *Riva Franca*, in a Transport both of Love and Gratitude, threw himself

himself at the Lady's Feet; but his growing Passion immediately startled at hearing every one call her Madam, concluding she was married, and that he was again fallen into the Misfortune of loving a Person it was impossible for him to possess. Dom. *Mattheo*, who had perceived his Brother's Love, and the Apprehensions he was under, visited him early the next Morning to remove them, and asked him, how he liked the Widow *Morofetti*? Is then the Marquis's Sister a Widow! answered *Riva Franca*. Yes, said his Brother, but not a rich one. My Fortune, returned *Riva Franca*, is at her Service, and I shall think myself the happiest of Mankind, if she will share it with me. My Love to her, and Gratitude to her Brother, would both rejoice in her Consent.

Dom. *Mattheo* approved of his Brother's Intention, and undertook to make the Overture to the Lady, desiring his Brother not to fear the Negotiation's being brought to a happy Issue.

Whilst the two Brothers were together, Madam *Morofetti* was pleasing herself, that she

she should owe to her Brother, whom she had never seen, and to *Riva Franca's* particular Taste, a second Marriage, which had the gayest Prospect. She was at her Toilet consulting Art and Ornament to give an additional Lustre to her Charms, when the Countess came in. You are fully employed, said Madam *Braviny*, but the material Point is done already; *Riva Franca* adores you; he had hardly finished his History before his Eyes were fixed upon you; your fine Hands have caught him, and, I dare say, will hold him fast. But, replied Madam *Morofetti*, Nature must be adorned to make him overlook the Disparity of Conditions. That is quite out of the Question, replied the Countess; the only Thing is, whether your Inclination coincides with your Interest? Indeed, replied the Widow a little confused, *Riva Franca's* Person is not to be despised; and, if he has but his Brother's Temper, I believe I could bring myself to love him. That is, in Truth, answered the Countess, that you do love him already. Alas! Madam, replied she, how you talk? Love a Man in less than a Day! What would the World say

say of me? All I have to say to you, said Madam *de Braviny*, is to desire you to act this Part with your new Lover: Let him have some Difficulty before he gets from you that Acknowledgment which most of us make too soon for our Honour; but, as you love Dom. *Matteo's* Brother, I dare promise that you shall shortly be his Wife.

At this Instant, *Angelina*, coming in quite out of Breath, threw herself into her Mother's Arms, embracing her with Transport. Madam *de Braviny*, surprized at these Emotions, asked her the Cause; but *Angelina* continued her Embraces, without being able to speak a Word. At last having gradually recovered her Breath, she said, Madam, there is a Peace. I was just now looking out of the Window which faces the Road to *Milan*, and saw a Gentleman coming from thence, who, meeting a Coach full of Ladies, said to them, loud enough for me to hear, 'Ladies, the Government has just received an Express, that the Peace was signed at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, the 29th of *April*.' But, continued *Angelina*, should not the Chevalier *d'Arcy* be informed of it? I suppose

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it will cause him to invent some new Entertainment.

The Countess smiled at her Daughter's Joy, and lovely *Angelina*, perceiving, by her Mother's Countenance, the Reflections her Vivacity had occasioned, blushed, and retired.

Immediately after Count *Braviny* came in with a Letter, which confirmed the News. All the Company resorted to Madam *Moresetti's* Apartment, where *d'Arcy* soon came with inconceivable Rapture. Nothing but Joy and Congratulations were to be seen or heard; *d'Arcy* joined in them more passionately than any one; but his *Angelina* and he said nothing to each other; indeed, they had too much to say. *D'Arcy* left *Angelina*, and went respectfully to Count *Braviny*, to pay him his Compliments on the Reconciliation of their Sovereigns. Mrs. *Noirville*, who, till then, had continued in her Apartment, came to join in the general Joy, and take Leave of the Company, in Order to return to *Milan*. But her Son, whom we shall now call the Marquis *de Noirville*, begged her to indulge him in a longer Stay with a

Brother

Brother to whom he was obliged for his Entrance into a Profession which had proved so fortunate to him.

This happy Peace put a Period to *d'Arcy's* Captivity, and, as his Honour now suffered nothing from his Stay at *Milan*, his Situation at that Time appeared to him preferable to his Return into *France*. And, being now under no Necessity of any Precautions in concealing his Love, his Circumspection gradually wore off; which *M. de Braviny* observing spoke of it again to his Lady, who then no longer made a Secret of the Chevalier's Addresses, seconding them, by laying open to the Count the many Advantages of a Marriage with such a Person. *M. Braviny* still urged his Sister's Resentment, and the Measures which she would certainly pursue. This Argument the Countess opposed with the Chevalier's immense Riches, and concluded with saying, that Means would be found, if not to reconcile his Sister, to frustrate her Revenge; but he, still fluctuating betwixt his Esteem for *d'Arcy* and his Apprehensions from his Sister, desired the Countess to drop the Subject for
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the present. Dom. *Matteo*, in their private Discourses, had brought the Count to own that the diminutive *Mamalouqui* was by no Means a desirable Son-in-Law for him. My Lord, said Dom. *Matteo*, would you throw away the Beauty of *Milan* upon such a misshapen Ninny, and sacrifice such an affectionate Daughter? Really, answered the Count, I cannot say any Thing as to the Propriety of the Match, but, otherwise, my Sister will be piqued, and give away her Fortune. If *d'Arcy* can stand such a Loss, why must my eldest Daughter be deprived of a hundred Thousand Livres for her Sister's Advantage? Can you yourself say this is equitable? This Argument made Dom. *Matteo* pause for some Time; he did not know Count *Fiorini* well enough to imagine that he would overlook such a Sum as a hundred Thousand Livres: At last he joined in the Countess's Conclusion, that Means would be found to satisfy every body, and that he would bestow some farther Thoughts about it.

Dom. *Matteo* had now a great Deal of Business upon his Hands; to fix the Count
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on *d'Arcy's* Side was certainly the principal ; but there was also his impatient Brother continually teasing him to bring the lovely Widow to answer his Passion ; for as yet she continued to carry it in a lofty Manner, and seemed to look upon the Addresses of *M. Noirville* only as so many insignificant Gallantries ; and by this artful Management inflamed him the more. One Day, as he was reflecting on these pretended Rigours of the Widow, he cried out, ' Amidst all my Riches I am unfortunate. It has always been my Unhappiness to give my Heart either to those who are insensible or pre-engaged. Cruel *Zereide*, you began my Wretchedness, by loving *Osman*, whom your Passion displeased ! And, ungrateful *Morogetti*, you complete my Misfortune by your Insensibility ! Is this the Treatment my wife Brother assured me of ! It would be more happy for me to live on the bare Profits of a Commission, with a Heart at Ease, than to enjoy Affluence and Splendor with a tormented Breast.'

The Countess and Madam *Morogetti*, who were walking in the Kitchen-garden, hap-

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pening to see *Noirville* go into the Arbor, approached it softly, and overheard all his Ejaculations. Madam *de Braviny* called out to him, Chevalier, do not be angry with your Money, nor take away the Lady's good Name. Upon this, *Noirville* starting up, and looking towards the Place from whence the Voice came, he saw the Countess and his charming Widow; and, approaching them with some Confusion, Madam *Morofetti* said to him, Chevalier, you must own that you act the slighted Lover very unseasonably. You have not been here a Fortnight, and expect me already, like one of your *Turkish* Recluses, to declare frankly to you that I am not insensible. I do not dispute your Merit; you seem to have many excellent Qualities; but, can I promise myself that my weak Charms will preponderate the rich Offers you may reasonably expect from your large Fortune? Ah! Madam, answered *Noirville*, I owe it all to your Brother, and am too happy that Gratitude——The Present would please me but indifferently, interrupted she, if I owed your Hand entirely to your Gratitude to my

my Brother. Of what Consequence are so many Words? cried the Countess. Madam, *Noirville* adores you. Marquis, *Morofetti* does not hate you; and, as a Proof of it, she will now offer you that irresistible Hand, for which all the Mines of *Peru* are not an Equivalent. Madam *de Braviny* was all this While pulling off *Morofetti's* Glove; and the Widow, thinking it Time no longer to conceal her Sentiments for the Marquis, intimated to him his Happiness, who was not backward to improve the Construction he put on it; and which Madam *Morofetti* confirmed by declaring that she promised herself a complete Happiness with a Person in whom every Advantage concentrated. Am not I, cried the Countess, a good Friend to both? But I must require that, however hasty you may be in making Preparations for your Marriage, you will keep it secret till the Day which shall join *d'Arcy* and *Angelina*. You know the Value I have for that *French* Gentleman, and, as he is a very excellent Match for my Daughter, I am labouring to gain Monsieur *Braviny's* Consent. The great Difficulty consists

in his Fears with Regard to his Sister : However, I do not despair but, by our united Endeavours, we may overcome that Obstacle ; and then the two Marriages may be celebrated together. To this *Noirville* made no Answer ; but Madam *Morosetti* gave her Word to the Countess that she would reserve her Happiness till that fortunate Day. *Noirville*, upon this, promised that nothing in his Power should be wanting to promote it, and that he would not let his Brother rest till he had brought it to a Conclusion. *D'Arcy* also now grew more impatient than ever, laying aside all Precaution, and making no Secret of his Intentions. Even *Angelina* herself was not so reserved in her Inclinations for the *French* Officer ; for, on being complimented on it, she excused herself in such a Manner as plainly declared her Parents Recommendation of that Gentleman to her for a Husband would not be unacceptable.

Politics had abated the malignant Temper of *Smorfiona*. She was too much taken up with the Articles concluded on at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, to think on her Niece and *d'Arcy*,

cy, when she received several Informations, that the *French* Officer was constantly at her Brother's; that every body approved of the Marriage except the Count; and they were in Hopes of soon gaining his Consent. At this News, she went in a Rage to her Lawyer, insisting on his Cutting off the Entail of her Estate, without Delay.

Monsieur de Braviny, on being informed of this Proceeding, sent *Dom. Mattheo* to an eminent Counsellor, and had the Pleasure to hear that several learned Lawyers had given their Opinion in Favour of the Entail, which, on the Countess's saying that, if it failed, she had another Stratagem, induced her Husband to run the Hazard.

Dom. Mattheo was accordingly commissioned to carry on the Process, and, in the mean Time, *d'Arcy*, who did not look upon the Determination, if unfortunate, as an Exclusion of himself, had writ to *France*, relating to his Marriage; and, without letting any one into the Secret, had sent for some of the finest and most beautiful Silks and Jewels for his dear *Angelina*.

One Day, leaving his House sooner than usual, to go to Count *Braviny's*, as he was passing by the little Wood, he heard the Report of two Pistols, which seemed to have been levelled at him; and, clapping his Hand on his Sword, he ran towards the Place where he saw the Smoke, where, perceiving two Men concealed among the Briars, he cried out, 'You are dead Men, if you offer to stir.' They were, however, for making off; but a Game-keeper, who was going his Rounds, ran up at the Report of the Pistols, and seized the two Men, whom he bound, and carried to Count *Braviny's*, whither *d'Arcy* followed them. A kind Providence had protected him; for he received no Hurt, though a Ball went thro' his Hat.

The Game-keeper, arriving with his two Prisoners, spread an Alarm over all the House. Every one ran to meet *d'Arcy*, who was said to have been almost killed. *Angelina*, supported by the Countess *Ambrosio*, followed her Mother. 'They will certainly find some Way or other to destroy him,

him; said she, and I shall be the innocent Cause of it.'

D'Arcy came walking very quietly towards the Seat. 'It seems, Ladies, said he, that some People are jealous of the Favours I receive here; but my Enemies are either very unfortunate, or very awkward in their Schemes.' Count *Braviny* going into the House to examine the Prisoners, *Angelina*, being now under no Apprehensions from her Father, came up to the Chevalier with that tender and compassionate Look which expressed her Character: 'Stay no longer here, said she, your Death seems to be determined.' 'I know, answered *d'Arcy*, it would be worse than Death to me to leave you. This was my Enemies last Attempt; and, as it has miscarried, there is nothing farther to be feared.' He then, turning himself towards the Wood, saw his Valet de Chambre, and two of his other Servants, coming from thence, dragging a Man, whom they had some Difficulty to get along. 'What do I see? cried *Madam de Braviny*; it is Count *Testamatta*.' Upon their Coming up, *d'Arcy's* Men said, that,

on their running to the Wood, on the Noise of the Pistols, they saw a Horseman riding full Speed ; but, falling from his Horse, he was dragged among the Briars, and that they, in order to assist him, and know the Cause for the Pistols being fired, had, with great Difficulty, stopped the Horse. But the Gentleman, on perceiving they intended to carry him to Count *de Braviny's*, refused their Services, and defended himself, as long as possible.

Count *Testamatta*, being speechless, and, to all Appearance, not capable of knowing any body, his Life was thought to be in Danger. Accordingly he was removed to a private Chamber ; and Monsieur *de Braviny*, being informed by the Prisoners of the whole Affair, ordered two Servants not to stir out of his Room.

Dom. *Matteo* was immediately dispatched to *Milan* to inform the Government of the Affair ; and the Adjutant general, coming with a Detachment of Grenadiers, was for carrying away the three Criminals ; but Count *Testamatta* was so far from being in a Condition of being moved, that the Surgeon,

geon, who had inspected his Wounds, declared his Apprehension of their being mortal.

About Ten at Night Dom. *Matteo* came down, and desired the Gentlemen to walk up to Count *Testamatta's* Chamber, he being desirous of speaking particularly with Monsieur *d'Arcy*. They accordingly went immediately. 'Gentlemen, said the *Florentine*, you see in me an unhappy Instance of Rage and Jealousy. This is my second Attempt on the Chevalier *d'Arcy's* Life. With Regard to the Motives which prompted me to these execrable Proceedings, all here are no Strangers to them. However, kind Providence rendered my detestable Attempts abortive. He lives, and I am now hovering on the Brink of the Grave, without making any Reparation for such heinous Offences. Be so generous to a sincere Repentance as to forget my Guilt, and assure me of your Forgiveness.' *D'Arcy*, going up to the Bed, spoke in the most tender Manner to the Count; embraced him; offered him his Friendship; and assured him every Thing to his Prejudice should be bu-

ried in Oblivion. ‘Your Generosity, replied *Testamatta*, increases the Sting of my Remorse; Wretch that I am! — Here the Count fell into such a Languor, that the Surgeon desired all the Company to withdraw. The two Prisoners had been carried away by the commanding Officer, who, from the Discourse of the wounded Person, perceived the Nature of the Affair; but a Serjeant, and two Grenadiers, were left in the House for farther Security. Count *Testamatta*, having recovered his Fainting, sent again to *d’Arcy*, begging to speak a few more Words to him. ‘Chevalier, said he, be so kind as to accept of this Diamond Ring as an Earnest of your generous Forgiveness. It will render my last Moments more calm and tranquil; therefore do not deny me.’ ‘I accept of it, said *d’Arcy*, hoping to return it you on your Recovery.’ But the *Florentine*’s End was near; for he expired in this Gentleman’s Arms, who could not forbear dropping some Tears on the Fate of a Gentleman unhappily carried away by his Passions.

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Monfieur *de Braviny*, after taking all the Precautions neceffary on fuch Oceaſions, buried Count *Teſtamatta* in a Manner becoming his Rank. Such a remarkable Affair could not fail of making a great Noiſe at *Milan*; and the Marquis *Triffino*, being informed of his Friend's unhappy Fate, and fearing to be called to an Account, as he had been an Accomplice in the firſt Attempt, fled to *Venice*.

The Counteſs *Smorfiona* laid the whole Blame of this Affair on her Brother, and his Fondneſs for a *Frenchman*; but ſhe was alone in her Opinion, all the People of Faſhion being extremely concerned at this Tranſaction, leſt it ſhould draw a Diſgrace on the *Milaneſe*. *D'Arcy's* Politeness, Honour, and Liberality were ſo well known, that there was a general Joy at his Escape. The two Accomplices were to have been executed; and it was entirely owing to his repeated Requeſt, that their Punishment was mitigated to five Years Service on Board the Gallies.

This Adventure had, for a while, damp-
ed the Pleaſures at Count *Braviny's* Seat.

However just and deserved *Testamatta's* Death was, it must necessarily be a Subject of Grief, as it was occasioned by his extravagant Love for one of the Family. It was also a striking Instance of the terrible Operations of Love, when imbibited by Jealousy and Despair; but these Reflections, at last, gave Way to more pleasing Conversation, and Things flowed in their former Channel.

Noirville, by his Brother's Advice, had sent an Account to *Messina* of his fortunate Meeting with the Marquis *Avelini's* Sister; and his Friend had sent him, for Answer, That, in a short Time, he would set out for *Milan*, in Company with *Amantea*, to see a Sister, of whom he had given so fine a Picture: Adding, 'That he could not prevail on *Zereide* to take this Journey. Being so delighted with the Seat he had bought her, that her whole Income and Time were taken up in Improvements and Decorations, she earnestly begged of *Amantea* to excuse her, having travelled enough for a Woman. And she shall trouble her with no further Importunity.'

Monfieur

Monfieur *Braviny*, overjoyed at this News, faid he hoped the Marquis *Avelini* would be contented with an Apartment at his Seat. And Madam *Morofetti*, who had alfo received a Letter from her Brother, full of Tendernefs, expected him with no lefs Impatience than her intended Husband. What completed the Joy and Felicity of the Company was the Declaration of the Court againft the Intention of *Smorfiona*.

Count *Braviny* had, on different Pre-
tences, delayed informing the Company of
the Reafons which induced his Father, fome
Time before his Death, to recommend the
French to his particular Friendship. One
ftormy Day, when they were all afsembled in
the Parlour, *d'Arcy* being near *Angelina*, who
were communicating their Hopes to each
other of being foon united, and the Marquis
Noirville feated near Madam *Morofetti*, the
Countefs and *Vittorina* thought this a pro-
per Opportunity to claim the Count's Pro-
mife, and would not admit of any more
Excufes. Well, replied the Count, you
fhall have your Defire; but I muft firft
ftep into my Clofet. And, going out, he
foon

soon returned with a pretty large Box, which he placed on the Table. Now, said the Count, I am prepared to satisfy your Curiosity; and, accordingly, began as follows :

That my Father should have delayed, till very near his Death, to inform me of what I am now going to repeat, is not at all surprising. It is well known, that he did not usually reside at *Milan*; that I spent a Part of my Youth in our Capital, to go through my Exercises, and other polite Accomplishments; and that, soon after my Marriage with *Madam de Braviny*, I settled at *Milan*, whither my Father came only three or four Times a Year, and then made but short Stays. At these Times, our Talk turned only on Affairs of the Family, or the Public; however, about two Months before his Death, when I was at this Seat, which was his favourite Residence, he took me into his Closet, and said to me: My Son, since you have attained to a proper Age, we have so seldom been together, that it has not recurred to my Mind to acquaint you with an Event, which ought
for.

for ever to endear the *French* to you, as, without it, you would never have existed; and I hope, in Regard to my Memory, you will share in my Gratitude to a Nation to which I have such essential Obligations.

You know, that Part of my Youth was spent in Travelling. Such was the Hatred of my eldest Brother (the natural Heir of the Family Estate) against me, that my Father, in order to put an End to the continual Variances, allowed me to remove, and even furnished me with every thing necessary for travelling in Comfort and Credit. I first went through *Germany*; but, though the Inhabitants are a very good Sort of People, and perfectly honest, it was not long, before I found I was not made for such Company. Having little Relish for Drinking to Excess, I thought it something monstrous, that Men should spend whole Days at Table. Being tired with their Excesses, I removed to *Holland*, where, after taking a View of that curious Country, I procured Passports for *Paris*, where I proposed to stay some Time. In this City, I boarded with a Person of Credit, called
Robert,

Robert, to whom I had been recommended by a Banker at *Milan*. It was a Favour in him to accept of me; he had been a Widower for some Years, had no Family, and seemed to live upon his Estate; but, from the Number of Letters which he every Day received, and his continual Writing, I concluded he followed some very profitable Business. It must have been such from his Manner of living, never grudging any Expence to gratify himself. He took me with him to some Houses of his Acquaintance, where they played at Pharaoh, but desired me to be very cautious, and not risque much on a Game, which infallibly ruined three Fourths of those who followed it with any Eagerness. I thanked *Monf. Robert* for his Advice, and went every Day to one or other of those Houses, where, besides Playing, I had the Pleasure of the most agreeable Company. Though I had no Reason to complain of my Fortune, I was never fond of Gaming; the Conversation of the young Females, who came thither with their Mothers, took up most of my Time. However, one Evening, when *Monsieur Robert*

Robert was not with me, I ventured a Pistole on a Card, which one of the Ladies of the Company had chose for me, and was so fortunate that Night, that I carried off with me a Thousand Crowns. And, as one Piece of good Fortune seldom comes alone, at the End of the Week, I found I had gained twenty-four Thousand Livres. Being at a Loss how to dispose of my Money, I informed Monsieur *Robert* of my good Success. He advised me, with a great deal of Joy, never more to play, but for Diversion, telling me, that, for twenty Thousand Livres, he and his Friends would take me in as a Partner in a Privateer lately fitted out at *St. Malo*; displaying before me the prodigious Gain it might bring to us in a very little Time. *France* was at that Time engaged in the War preceding that of which the Succession to the Crown of *Spain* was the Cause. I accepted Monsieur *Robert's* Offer, and the same Day he sent away my Money, by a Bill of Exchange, to *St. Malo's*. I now patiently waited the Event of our Enterprize; and, as I would not so much as risque the Remainder, I never played

played, but for Diversion, and, by Degrees, broke myself of even playing at all ; nor could any Intreaties prevail upon me.

There came to the House, where I had the good Fortune to win most of my Money, several very agreeable Ladies. One of the most beautiful, and who seemed' always to rejoice at my good Fortune, desired me, one Evening, to wait on her Home. It was that delightful Time of the Year, when the Coolness of the Evening renders it preferable to the usual Time of walking. *Silvia* (as I shall call her) proposed Taking the Air on the Ramparts in a Coach ; to which I readily complied. Monsieur *de Braviny*, said she, give me Leave to warn you of something, which may be of the greatest Consequence to you. I know you are fond of young Ladies Company ; you think it an innocent Amusement. I believe your Heart is, as yet, your own ; but you sport with Love, not thinking that the little God may severely revenge your Mockery. And, when you come to be in Love (which must at last be the Case) you will be for Marrying, I suppose. The Person,

son, whom you desire, I make no Doubt, will be granted you; and then (believe me) you have nothing to expect, but Vexation and bitter Repentance. A *French* Woman cannot at all suit an *Italian*, at least not in his own Country. You see how freely we live here in *Paris*; What would a Woman, educated in this Manner, be thought of in *Italy*? Your Countrywomen, being more sedentary and more submissive, are only fit to make you happy; and, if you must marry, by all Means, stay till you return into your own Country. It became me to thank *Silvia* for such friendly Advice. In what I tell you, replied she, neither Jealousy, nor Interest, has any Concern. I have all the Reason in the World to love my Husband; I do so, and, during Life, he shall have no Occasion to complain of me; but you are a Stranger, whom I see sinking, and would, if possible, save.

This Advice of *Silvia* was not out of Season. I was going to be in Love with a very sprightly young Lady, from whom my Gallantries never met with any Frown; which I was not wanting to construe as a
sufficient

sufficient Foundation for pushing the Affair as far as possible. The Name of this young Lady was *Lucilla*; and, as *Silvia* had taken upon herself to be my Counsellor, I made her my Confident. Bless me! cried *Silvia*, Are you for throwing yourself away? Her Fortune, at the utmost, is not above ten Thousand Livres. You might have had her at the first Word; for her Parents long to be rid of her. Our Airing concluded with my Thanks to *Silvia*, and my Promise to make her Advice the Rule of my Conduct.

My subsequent Reflections confirmed me in the Promise I had made her, and, being now intirely weaned from Play, I seldom appeared in the House where *Lucilla* visited. My Time was divided between my Masters, the Theatres, and Parties of Pleasure.

It was now six Months, and Monsieur *Robert* had not told me a Word about our Ship; but my Opinion of his Probity, and the Chearfulness I observed in him after Receiving some Letters, made me very easy. One Evening, being come Home sooner

sooner than usual, he paid me a Visit in my Room, and, shutting the Door, said: 'Now, Monsieur *Braviny*, you will say you have not wronged yourself in following my Advice. Our Ship left *St. Malo* about a Fortnight after the Remittance of your Money thither; since which Time she has had very extraordinary Success. Know then, that, after the most exact Calculation, I am to pay you five-hundred Thousand Livres, besides thirty Thousand remaining in Stock for Fitting out another Ship.' At first I could hardly believe my worthy Friend; but he repeated it so seriously, that I was convinced of my good Fortune. 'I am now, added he, going to give you another Piece of Advice: I would have you lend an hundred Thousand Crowns to the Town-house at *Paris*; the Remainder carry with you to *Italy*.' His first Advice having succeeded so well, I made no Scruple of following the second.

Afterwards I found the Inconstancy of War; for our Ship was taken, as soon as she had lost Sight of *St. Malo*. And, my eldest Brother's Death happening at this Time, I was recalled to *Milan*, and gave over being

ing concerned in Privateers, returning with my Bills and Money, without which, it would have been Presumption in me to have paid my Addresses to your Mother, with whom I fell in Love, a few Days after my Return.

You see, my Son, that I have, from hence, no small Obligation to the *French*, whose Probity and good Advice, in pointing out the Dangers which are very common at *Paris*, have occasioned my rising to an Opulence, beyond any Thing I could have wished for; but I was to be farther indebted to the *French*.

About six Months after our Marriage, your Mother and I were desired to come to *Lodi*, to the Marriage of one of her Relations. In our Return to *Milan*, we were attacked by four Robbers, who began by killing the Postilion and Coachman; and, after stripping us, were consulting to take away our Lives also; when, hearing the Noise of Horses, they fled with Part of their Booty.

One of the Horsemen, pursuing them, shot one of the Robbers, and then returned to assist us. Your Mother, extended on the
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Highway, seemed too far gone, ever to be recovered ; but the Person, who appeared to be the Master of the two others, assisting me, and, having a Bottle of volatile Salts about him, my Wife was recovered. But, as no Time was to be lost in getting away from such a dangerous Place, we put *Madam de Bravigny* into the Chaise, with the Things the Robbers had left. A Servant of our generous Deliverer was our Postilion, while he and the other escorted us ; and, in this Manner, we arrived at *Milan*. I could not prevail on this Stranger to accept of my House ; he would go to an Inn, but promised to see me the next Day. Accordingly he came, and informed me, that he was a Native of *France* ; that, returning from *Rome*, where he had resided some Years, a Desire of seeing *Lombardy*, particularly the Duchy of *Milan*, had determined him to come that Way ; that he had left *Lodi*, the same Day as myself, in his Way to *Milan* ; and that, at a small Distance from our Chaise, hearing the Report of two Pistols, he spurred on, not doubting, but the Chaise, he had just lost Sight of, was attacked by Robbers, wishing he had come up sooner. I now again renewed my Instances, that he would

would accept of an Apartment in my House, during his Stay at *Milan*; but his Company sometimes at Dinner was all I could obtain of him. Your Mother, whom a Fever, occasioned by her Fright, then confined to her Bed, insisted on having the Picture of the Gentleman, to whom we both owed our Lives. Accordingly, I procured one of our best Hands to go to the Inn where he lodged, and draw his Picture; the Painter assuring me, he could do it as exactly as if the Gentleman formally sat for it. At his Departure, he promised to favour me with a Letter; but, having never heard from him, I fear some Misfortune happened to him in crossing the *Alps*. At the Close of this Narrative, my Father delivered me the Picture, saying, I also transfer to you the Duty of Gratitude to the *French*, of which it has not been in my Power to give any Proofs.

This is the Picture, continued Count *Braviny*, and, I assure you, it is well executed. Then, taking it out of the Box, he gave it his Lady, who sat between *d'Arcy* and *Angelina*. *D'Arcy* no sooner cast his Eyes on the Picture, than he cried out, This is my own Father. How! interrupted Count *Braviny*,
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Was the Count *d'Armane* your Father! Most certainly, answered he; but he left that Name for *Rosanville*, which my Brother now bears. It is not easy to describe the different Sentiments which, though all occasioned by the same Accident, shewed themselves in the Faces of the Company. Each was differently affected, according to the Degree of Pleasure it excited. *D'Arcy*, who had the Picture in his Hand, was continually repeating, It is no other than my Father. *Angelina*, running to her Friend, *Vittorina*, cried, My Dear, it is his Father.

The Marquis *Noirville* and Dom. *Matteo* lifted up their Hands, at the Joy of so fortunate a Discovery, concluding, the happy Day was not now far off. All that *Martinengo* could say, was, 'This is strange and fortunate, indeed.' The Countess *Fiorini* intimated, by her Looks, to her Husband, that there was no refusing, on any Consideration, her Sister's Hand to *d'Arcy*. With Regard to Count *Braviny*, immersed in deep Reflections, he looked at all the Company successively; but, at last, coming out of that Astonishment, so difficult to be described, he said to *d'Arcy*, 'Dear Chevalier, my Father's Orders have

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certainly a Claim to my Obedience : You are the Son of him, who saved his Life, before he had given me Being. And, since to shew our Gratitude to the Count *d'Armane* was not in our Power, we will do it to his Son. I need not explain myself any farther, Sir, added he, you sufficiently understand me. The Chevalier was for answering the Count ; but he, to avoid any farther Particulars, before so much Company, left the Room, saying, Chevalier, make your Answer to my Wife, I refer my Gratitude to her ; she may carry it as far as she pleases.

Angelina's Joy at the Effect of the Picture, still continued to overpower her ; whilst *d'Arcy*, with the most passionate Tenderneſs, was expreſſing his Happineſs, at her Feet. Madam *de Braviny* looked on them with Rapture : And, Monsieur *de Braviny*, returning ſoon after, and ſeeing *d'Arcy* kneeling before his Daughter, ſaid, ‘ Well, Children, you have my Conſent, love one another ; but, let us endeavour not to come to an open Rupture with my Siſter. It concerns us all ; and-yet, ſhe is rather more obliged than I am to the Count *d'Armane* ; my Mother being delivered of her in about
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three Months after the Adventure, which had almost cost her her Life. But, alas! added he, her Hatred to the *French* is impossible to be eradicated. Pardon me, Ladies, but it would be a Kind of Wonder for a Woman to forgive any one, who had trespassed against her Self-love.

Since I am in a Way of telling Stories, continued Count *Braviny*, I must inform you of the Foundation for *Smorfiona's* violent Hatred to the *French*. It is not, indeed, greatly to her Honour; but the Part she acted renders her quite inexcusable. A *French* Adventurer, who took upon himself the Title of the Marquis *Scrocanville*, came to *Milan*, about two Years after my Sister had married Count *Smorfiona*. This Marriage was negotiated by a very rich Aunt, by my Mother's Side; and, in Consideration of this Alliance, she left my Sister her whole Estate; settling it, however, on my Children, in case she had none by the Count; indeed, from his weak Constitution, no Heirs could be reasonably hoped for.

Smorfiona never had the least Duty, whatever she fondly fancied; but immediately became a Coquette. Her Husband, who

was as weak in Mind as Body, had not the Courage to controul her; so that, by Degrees, she got such a Power, that her Dissipation became notorious, and she led her Husband a most unhappy Life.

Scrocanville, happening to see her at some Houses where he visited, and perceiving her fit for his Purpose, pretended to be in Love with her, told her Abundance of fine Things, and brought her to believe, that what he said was actually true. She, being infatuated by this Scoundrel, without any Regard to Decency, was constantly with him.

Scrocanville, besides her Picture set in Diamonds, a voluntary Present from this fond Lady, borrowed several Sums of Money of her, which he had for Asking; and yet this ungrateful Monster could not forbear talking scandalously of my Sister in Public. At last we came to hear that the Diamonds had been sold, and the Picture given to a Woman, who was a Kind of Assistant to *Scrocanville*, in all his base Practices. Upon this we were for taking Measures for putting an immediate Stop to such scandalous Proceedings; but, our Design being known before it could be put in Execution, *Scrocanville* left *Milan* without

without taking Leave of any one. My Sister was at first inconsolable ; but her Picture, which we got from the Woman, together with a Parcel of her amorous Letters to *Scrocanville*, opened her Eyes, and rendered her Fury as excessive, as her Indiscretion had been before ; and she swore that, on all Occasions, the *French* should feel her Revenge. It would have been prudent for her to have buried this Adventure in Oblivion ; but she is continually exclaiming against the *French*, and I am persuaded, that Death alone is able to put an End to her ridiculous Hatred. However, it concerns us to endeavour to prevent our feeling any Effects from it.

The Company now sat down to Table, and Monsieur *Braviny*, overjoyed at the fresh Motives for giving a free Scope to the Friendship he had conceived for the Chevalier *d'Arcy* the first Day of their Acquaintance, diverted the Company with his good Humour.

The next Morning the Chevalier paid him a Visit in his Apartment, where he found him with Dom. *Matteo*. Sir, said he, it is now a long Time since I have been desirous of being united to you by Ties still more respectable than those of Friendship. I adore

dore *Angelina*, and that she has no Aversion to me, is what I presume to flatter myself. I come, therefore, Sir, to request her Hand of you. My Birth is known to you ; I have truly and particularly acquainted you with my Fortune, and, were it ever so considerable, it should be at *Angelina's* Service. I am aware that this Favour may be a Loss to your Children by the Resentment of the Countess *Smorfiona*. It would be wrong that the Countess *Fiorini* should suffer, and I refer the Conditions to you. Grant me only *Angelina*, she is alone what I ask ; to add any Fortune, to such a Present, would be superfluous.

My dear Chevalier, replied Monsieur *de Braviny*, I will not take Advantage of your Love, she shall have as much as her Sister ; but, if *Smorfiona* wrongs my Children, the Countess *Fiorini* must, by no Means, make so considerable a Sacrifice to her Sister's Inclination, as what her Aunt might deprive her of. My Daughter, however, is yours. Go, said he to Dom, *Matteo*, bring her hither, and desire her Mother to come with her. Away flew Dom. *Matteo*, and soon returned with Madam *de Braviny* and her Daughter. *Angelina* came with a Fluttering
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in her Breast ; but, seeing the Liveliness of *d'Arcy's* Joy sparkling in his Eyes, she more boldly approached her Father, who then openly declared his Consent and Intentions, which Favour *Angelina* acknowledged on her Knees ; but this fond Parent immediately raised her with an Embrace, telling her, that he could not put her into better Hands than those of *d'Arcy*, and that she was the greatest Proof he could give, that Ingratitude did not belong to the *Braviny* Family.

The Countess's Joy was now at its Height. She hastened to *Leonora's* Chamber, and, after informing her of this happy Event, assured her, that her Interest should be taken Care of. But this was superfluous ; the young Countess's Love for her Sister exceeded all pecuniary Considerations ; so that she immediately ran before her Mother to compliment the two Lovers. It was, however, resolved to keep the Affair still a Secret, on Account of *Smorfiona*, who was, if possible, to be pacified. An additional Joy to the Company was, that Dom. *Matteo* received an Express from *Milan*, that the Settlement had been confirmed, and Judgment given against *Smorfiona* ; and, she being
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in Court at the Time, after a Fit of Rage, fainted away, so that her Life was in Danger.

That very Evening a Letter came to M^r *Braviny*, informing him, that his Sister was given over by her Physicians ; upon which he sat out with *Vittorina*, whom *Smorfiona* desired to see without Delay.

This passionate Woman survived the Loss of her Cause but four Days ; during the two last, *Vittorina* had frequent Talk with her, and it was soon known, that she had made a Will, leaving a hundred-thousand Livres to *Mamalouqui*, and the like Sum to the Countess *Ambrosio* ; this extraordinary Legacy surpris'd every body, but *Vittorina* upon her Arrival cleared up the Mystery ; for *Smorfiona*, on the Evening before her Death, made her a Present of some Diamonds, desiring her to deliver the hundred-thousand Livres, left in her Name, to the Abbe *Fortunati*. *Vittorina* said, she was for letting the dying *Smorfiona* know, who this Abbe *Fortunati* was, but she would hear nothing ; but said, I have done with you, leave me, and fulfil my Desire. *Vittorina* added, that Mons. *Braviny* was acquainted with the whole

whole Story, and that a celebrated Lawyer, having been consulted, declared it as his Opinion, that the Countess *Ambrosio* ought to accept of the Legacy, and pay it to the noble *Fortunati*, and, consequently, to *Monf. d'Arcy*. You are therefore, added she, one of *Smorfiona's* Legatees. And, as such, answered *d'Arcy*, I now give the hundred-thousand Livres to the Countess *Fiorini*, and desire the Countess *Ambrosio* to accept of this Diamond Ring, which the unfortunate Count *Testamatta* made me a Present of on his Death-bed. The Ring was at least worth two-thousand Crowns, and *Vittorina* scrupled to accept of it; but, her Husband seconding all the Company, who urged her not to refuse the Chevalier's Generosity, she, at last, complied.

Monf. de Braviny, at his Return, was informed of *d'Arcy's* transferring the hundred-thousand Livres, which, though little more than Justice, it certainly deserved Applause; and it accordingly increased the Esteem of every one present.

The Impatience of *d'Arcy* and the Marquis *Noirville* was obliged to give Way to Custom and Ceremony, and the Nuptials were

were delayed six Weeks, on Account of *Smorfiona's* Death. During this Interval, they had the Pleasure of seeing the Marquis *de Rosanville* and his Lady arrive at the Seat, and the Pleasure this gave the whole Company was scarce subsided, when it was renewed by the Presence of the Marquis *Avelini* and the charming *Amantea*. The Marquis *de Rosanville* could not but approve of his Brother's Choice, and the Marquis *Avelini* pleasantly said, That *Angelina* would be a rich Prize for a *Turkish* Corsair. The tedious Interval being at length elapsed, both the Marriages were celebrated with a Splendor becoming the several Parties. The Chevalier *d'Arcy*, after a Stay of two Months, returned with his dear *Angelina* into *France*, whither Madam *de Braviny* would accompany her. She is still there, and, in all her Letters to the Count, never fails to relate her Daughter's Happiness with Exultation.

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